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SPECIAL
HALLOWEEN ISSUE

MAXIM

FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1998

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People Do Whatever
You Want

TURN CYBERSEX INTO REAL SEX

MAXIM GOES
TO HELL
A Travel Story

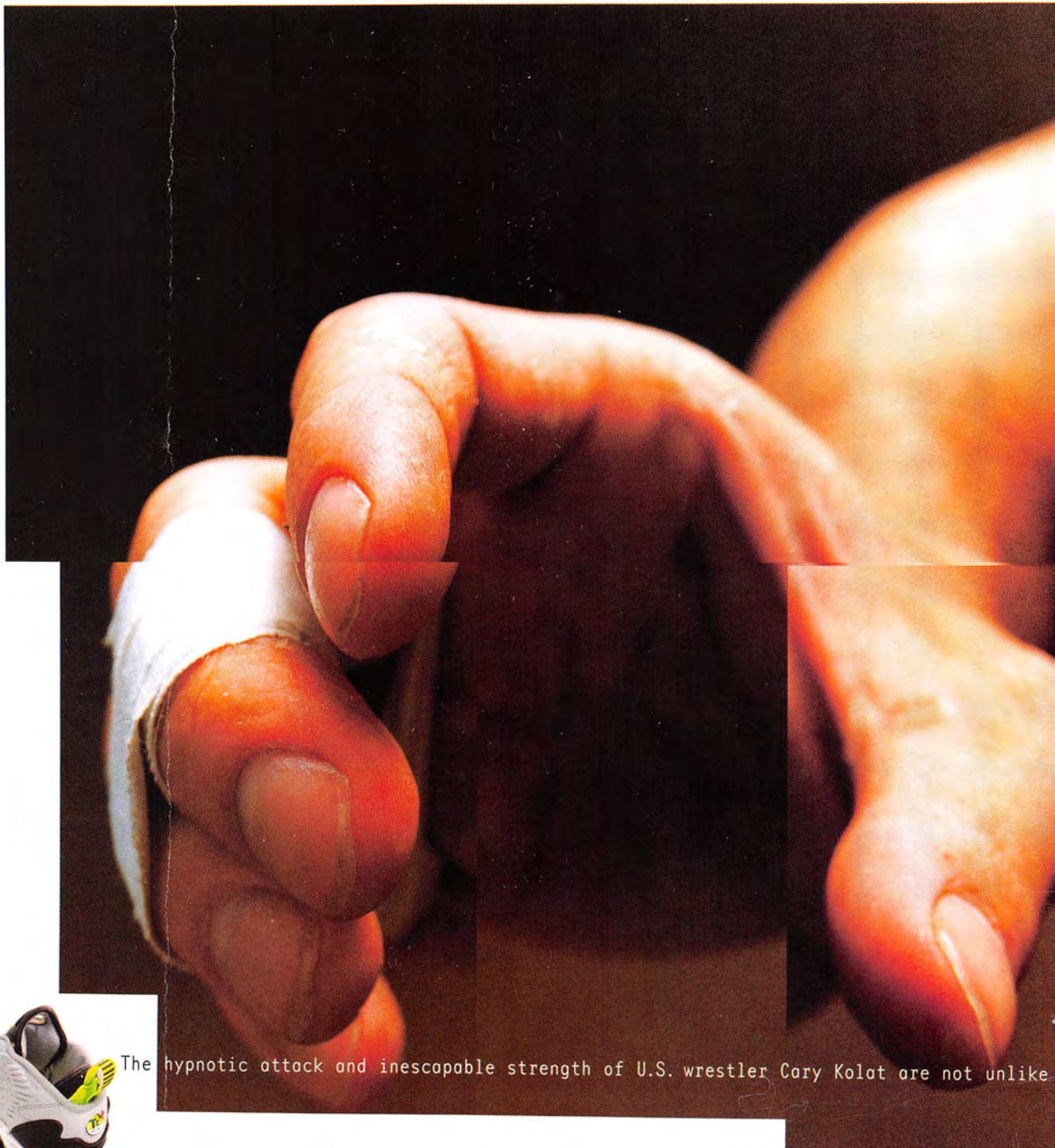
WICKED!

URBAN LEGEND'S
REBECCA GAYHEART
HAS HER EVIL
WAY WITH US pg. 94

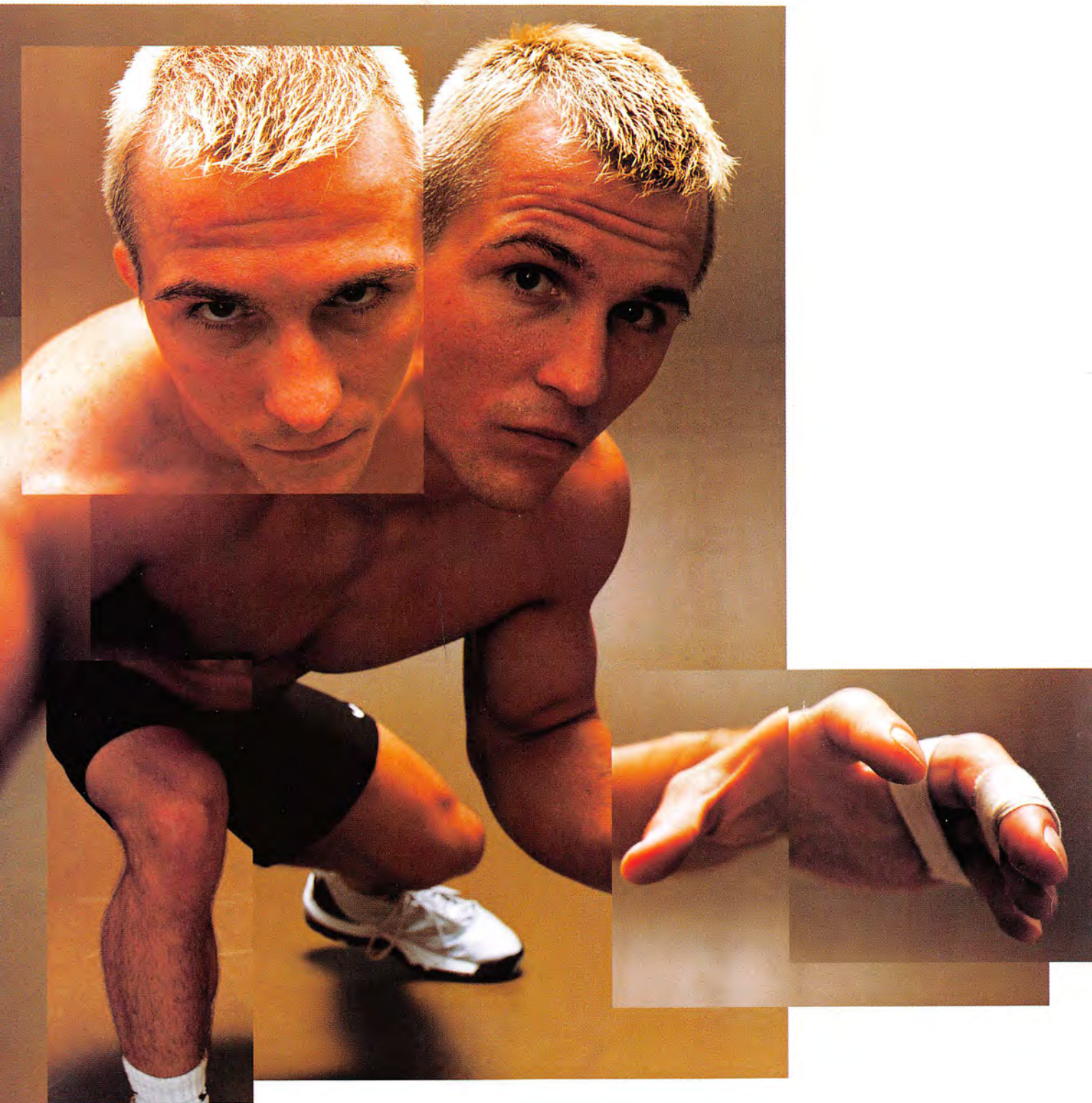
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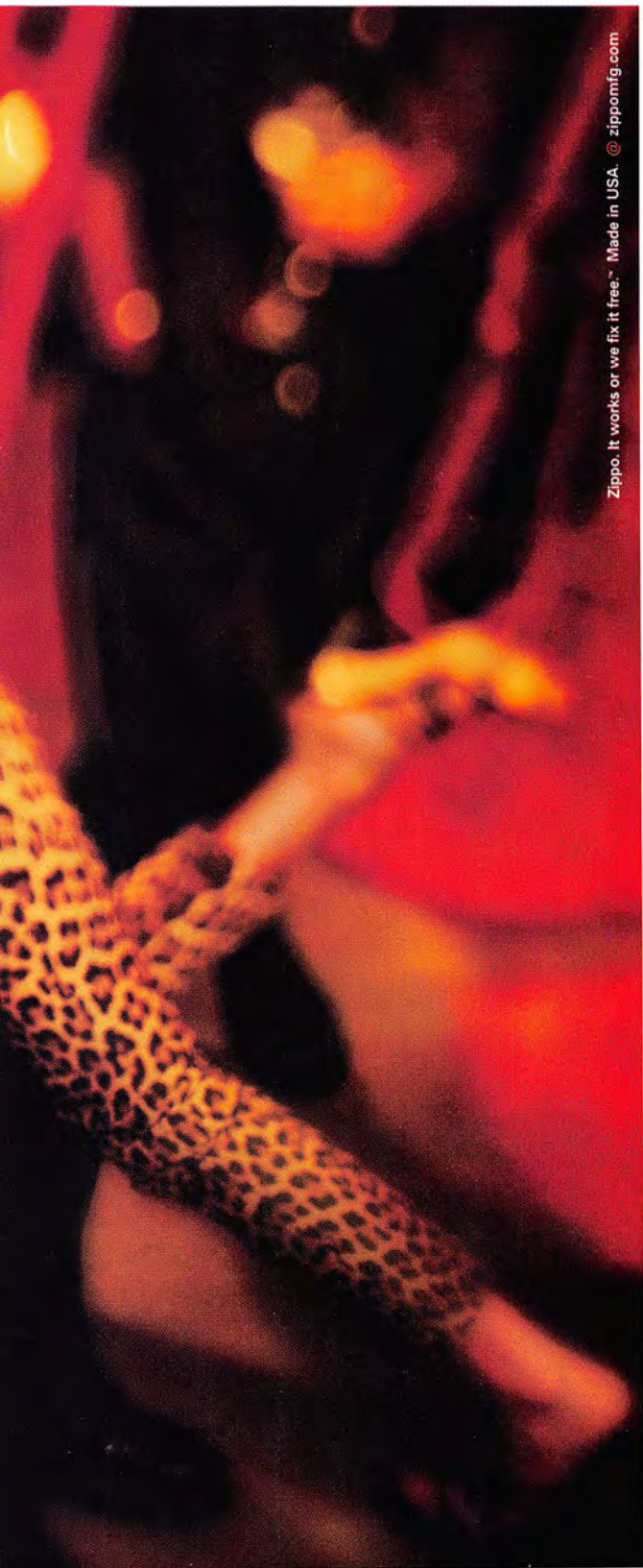
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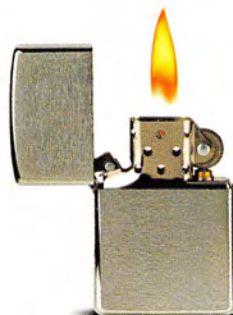
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p. 108

OCTOBER 1998

MAXIM

Features

FATAL ATTRACTION

THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST THINGS **84**

From killer viruses to fatal household appliances, we've combed the planet for people, places, and things that make the Grim Reaper giggle.

COVER SUCCUBUS

REBECCA GAYHEART **94**

The former Noxzema girl and *Urban Legend* costar checks into an abandoned motel and lets us peek through the keyhole.

CULT LEADER 101

TIPS FROM THE PUPPETMASTER **100**

These mind-control tips from the CIA, psychologists, and others will help you turn coworkers, friends, and potential dates into pliant zombies that will do your bidding.

CAREER ADVANCEMENT

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Take dares, earn points, destroy the productivity of corporate America, win money, and have fun. . . all at the same time. Here's how.



TRAVEL

GO TO HELL! **116**

We tour the underworld and bring you all the sights, sounds, and smells to be enjoyed in this ultimate tourist destination of the damned. Plus, a little face time with the Big D himself!

HEAVEN

SCREAMERS **124**

A roundup of ear- (and heart-) piercing horror-movie gals that could wake the dead.

CRUEL TOOLS

BODY SHOP **130**

In the hands of a skilled doctor, these surgical instruments could save your life. But that doesn't keep them from looking like things you'd pick up at a Spanish Inquisition garage sale.

SIN

WILD, WILD WEB **132**

MASMAN uses the Internet to locate willing women and permissive husbands all over the U.S. who want to walk on the wild side. Then he flies out to meet them.

STYLE

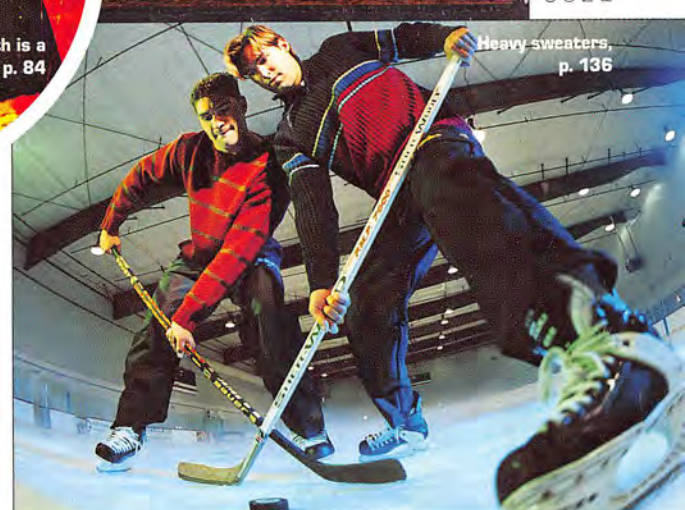
WOOLLY BULLIES **136**

The New Jersey Devils hockey team hits the ice to prove a point: Fashion doesn't have to be fragile.

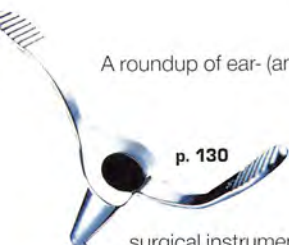


"Obey me, foolish mortal, and turn to p. 94."

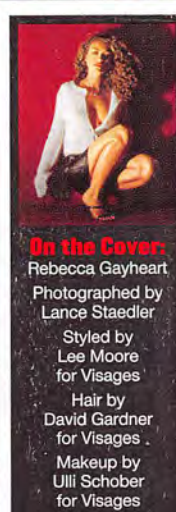
On the cover: white fuzzy sweater by Jill Stuart, black leather skirt by Maggie Barry, necklace by Sonia Cabera; Fashion editor, Karen Shapiro; photographs (clockwise from top), Lance Staedler; Clay Patrick McBride; Christian Lantry for Exposure NY; Michael Mazzeo; illustration, (top) Ryan Hughes; (bottom) Ralph Steadman (for additional credits, please see corresponding feature).



Heavy sweaters, p. 136



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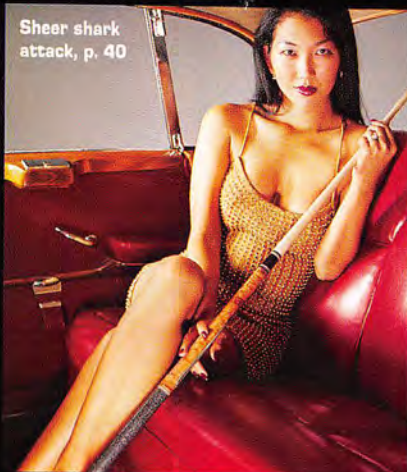


On the Cover:
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Lance Staedler
Styled by
Lee Moore
for Visages
Hair by
David Gardner
for Visages
Makeup by
Ulli Schober
for Visages

Absinthe: the
drinkable drug, p. 74



Sheer shark
attack, p. 40



"B-A-R. . . That spells
'gym,' doesn't it?" p. 60

Happy Halloween from the
Maxim staff. . . and their
new lawn ornament



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Columns

HEALTH

60 THE LAZY GUY'S GUIDE TO HEALTH

Go ahead, do push-ups till the cows come home. Or use this little cheat sheet—it can turn the biggest lard-assed couch potato into Jack La Lanne. Almost.

SAYS HER

66 LEAVE ME LIKE A MAN

Breaking up doesn't have to be hard to do. Our girl Nancy Miller gives you the blueprint for ending a relationship with minimal tears. . . or knife attacks.

SPORTS

70 SPAWN OF EVEL

Evel Knievel may have hung up his helmet, but his son carries on the family tradition. . . as well as anyone named Robbie can.

DONE THAT

74 I DRANK WITH THE DEVIL

Absinthe is not only 150 proof, it's hallucinogenic and illegal. All good reasons for Thomas Coughlin to pound a bottle in the name of science.

BUCKS

78 A DAY AT THE DRUG AUCTION

What happens to a drug dealer's loot after he's busted? Jim Thornton tries to buy a confiscated Rolls-Royce from the U.S. government for \$225 and drive home. . . with spare change in his pocket.

WINE & DINE

144 666 PACK

Screw bobbing for apples. Try bobbing for these wickedly named beers and see how fast your Halloween party goes into high gear.

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148 SCARED STIFF

The ultimate practical-joke prop.
That's all we're going to say.
Really. Not another word.



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58 TOY CHEST

Gadgets no grown-up three-year-old should be without

150 HANG TIME

Our cut-through-the-crap guide to the latest movies, music, television, and books

160 INSERT CAPTION HERE

A contest for the sick and twisted



p. 50



mr. popularity.

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BOO!

Aside from the Fourth of July, there's no better holiday than Halloween. You're not expected to send greeting cards, give gifts, or show up at a relative's house for a five-hour dinner that ends with a five-pound fruitcake.

There's only one thing to do on Halloween: Put on a mask that would normally score you a body-cavity check from a large-fisted federal antiterrorist agent and go to a party where everyone, including the girl you want to take home, has fangs.

It's a nothin'-but-fun holiday celebrating fun things...like rotting corpses, the walking dead, rivers of blood, and pumpkin-flavored beer. It's the one night of the year when seeing hideously grim, misshapen entities stagger down the street doesn't mean you're lost in midtown Manhattan. In other words, it's a *Maxim* kind of affair all round.

To put you in the holiday evil spirit, we've collected the world's most deadly things (p. 84), sent a writer to Hell for an interview with Satan (p. 116), interviewed CIA agents to learn ways to turn family, coworkers, and friends into pliant zombies eager to do your bidding (p. 100)...and photographed Rebecca Gayheart, who's so sexy it's *terrifying*.

So kick back with a pint of O positive and enjoy the magazine. Me? I'll be spending a little quality time decomposing before getting to work on the next issue.

MARK GOLIN

Editor-in-Chief



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Rants and Ravers

Mint Condition

I have been a subscriber since issue five and have only one complaint, and that is the darn mailing label on the cover. I don't know what it will take, but can you *puh-lease* do something about it, as I'd like my collection to be as flawless as possible?

Erik Schuman

Fountain Valley, CA

Buy a can of silicon-based lubricant, which is available at most hardware stores. The label should come right off. Then get a life.

En Garde!

Many thanks for the cover story on Catherine Zeta-Jones [July/August]! I've been a big fan of Catherine ever since I first saw her in the BBC movie *The Return of the Native* in 1994. She has a combination of beauty and talent that few actresses can match. I've been waiting for Hollywood to discover her and it looks as though they finally have! Thanks again for the in-depth interview, photos, and information on this terrific actress.

Richard Dransfield

East Windsor, NJ

We ran an interview?



Letter of the Month

Investigative Question

As a television reporter who reads a gazillion magazines a month, I celebrate the day when I pick something up with an inventive and fresh point of view. Your story on Brian Zembic [July/August] entranced me. I never wanted it to end. There was, however, one aspect of the article that disturbed me tremendously, and it had nothing to do with Brian or his behavior.

When looking at the photos you provided of a baring-it-all Brian, I was shocked to find that *Maxim* had chosen to censor the man's nipples. Isn't there something inherently wrong with that? He's a man for Christ's sake. Just because he had little globs stuffed under his skin on a dare, his chest all of a sudden has the same symbolism (and therefore subject to censorship) as a woman's? I found this very confusing. What if he had pectoral implants that were less round and more reminiscent of muscle tissue? These surely wouldn't be covered up. Are breasts only breasts if they are round and bouncy? If so, why do ballerinas wear bikini tops at the beach? Anyway, keep up the great work! I've canceled *Vanity Fair* and now subscribe to *Maxim*.

Toni Senecal

(via E-mail)

We wrestled mightily with the moral implications...but ended up sticking little stars over his nipples because we thought it was funny.

Ivy 2 that I got the idea that something unspoken was on their minds. If you decide to print this, maybe you should leave off my name. One of the ladies reads *Maxim*. If she sees this, I'm gonna get slaughtered, or at least not have a shot at a second night like that! Keep up the excellent service to mankind.

Anonymous

(via E-mail)

Don't miss our article next month: "Turn Foreplay into Four-Play."

Boohoo

I love your magazine, but you really lied to us in the "Carnival Games Made Easy" article. Thanks to you guys, I walked away with my head down at all three of the games you featured. Next time let's have some experts tell us how it's done.

Anonymous

(via E-mail)

Geez. We're awfully sorry about this. But you can be sure that we'll really, really research our next article: "How to Stick Your Hand into a Switched-On Blender Without Sustaining a Single Injury."

Blown Away

Your piece "Pigskin Poetry" [July/August] had one glaring error. Anyone who knows jack about terrorism knows that Ryder, not U-Haul, is the truck of choice for heavy bombs.

Marion Campbell

Macon, GA

Our address is not 1040 6th Ave.

Quilted Maxim?

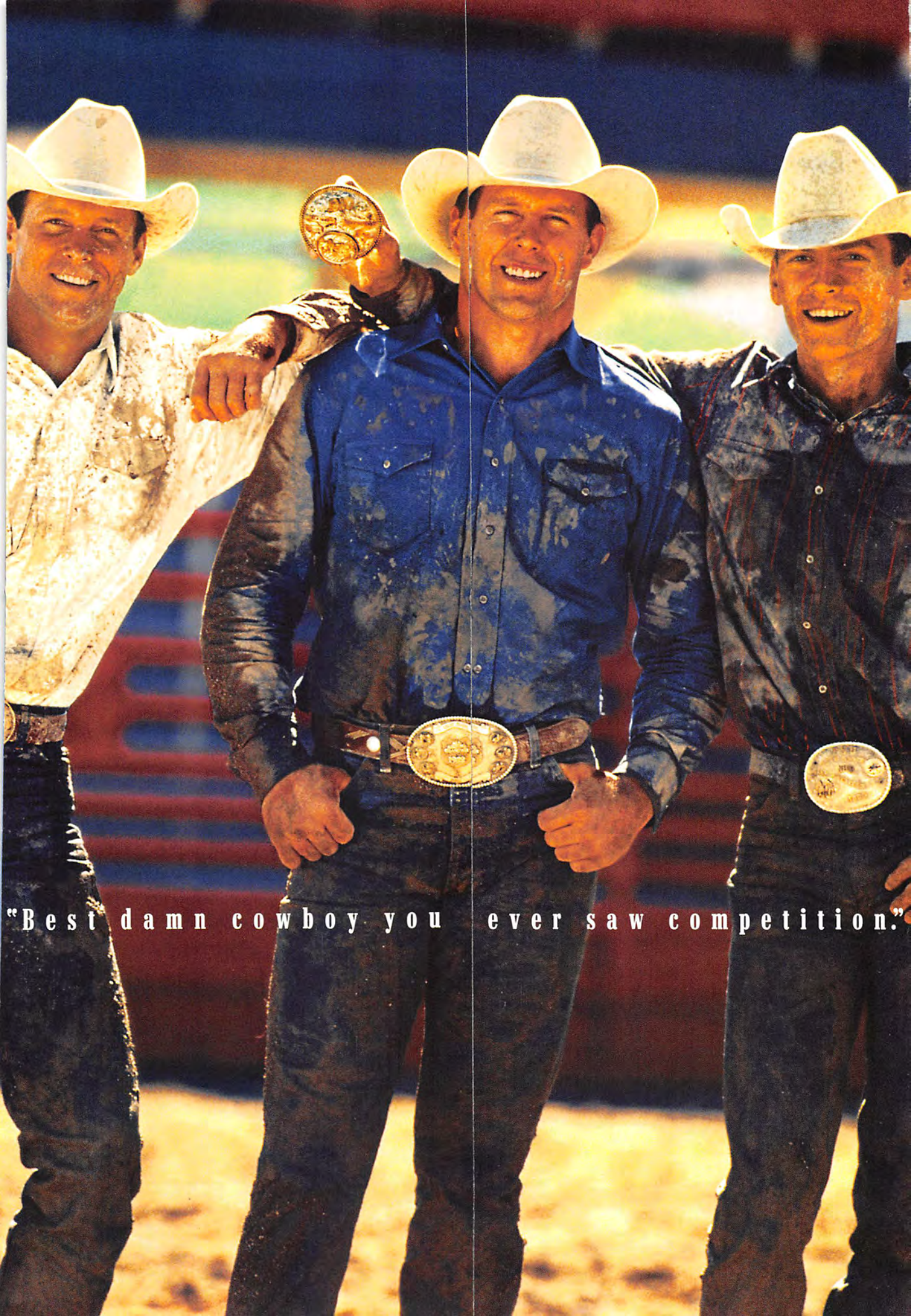
I'm sure that you won't take offense if I tell you that your magazine has found a permanent home on the lid of my toilet, being that I do my best reading there on a regular basis every morning and sometimes again in the evenings. I do have one suggestion, though. After running out of toilet paper one

Reaching Mount Everest

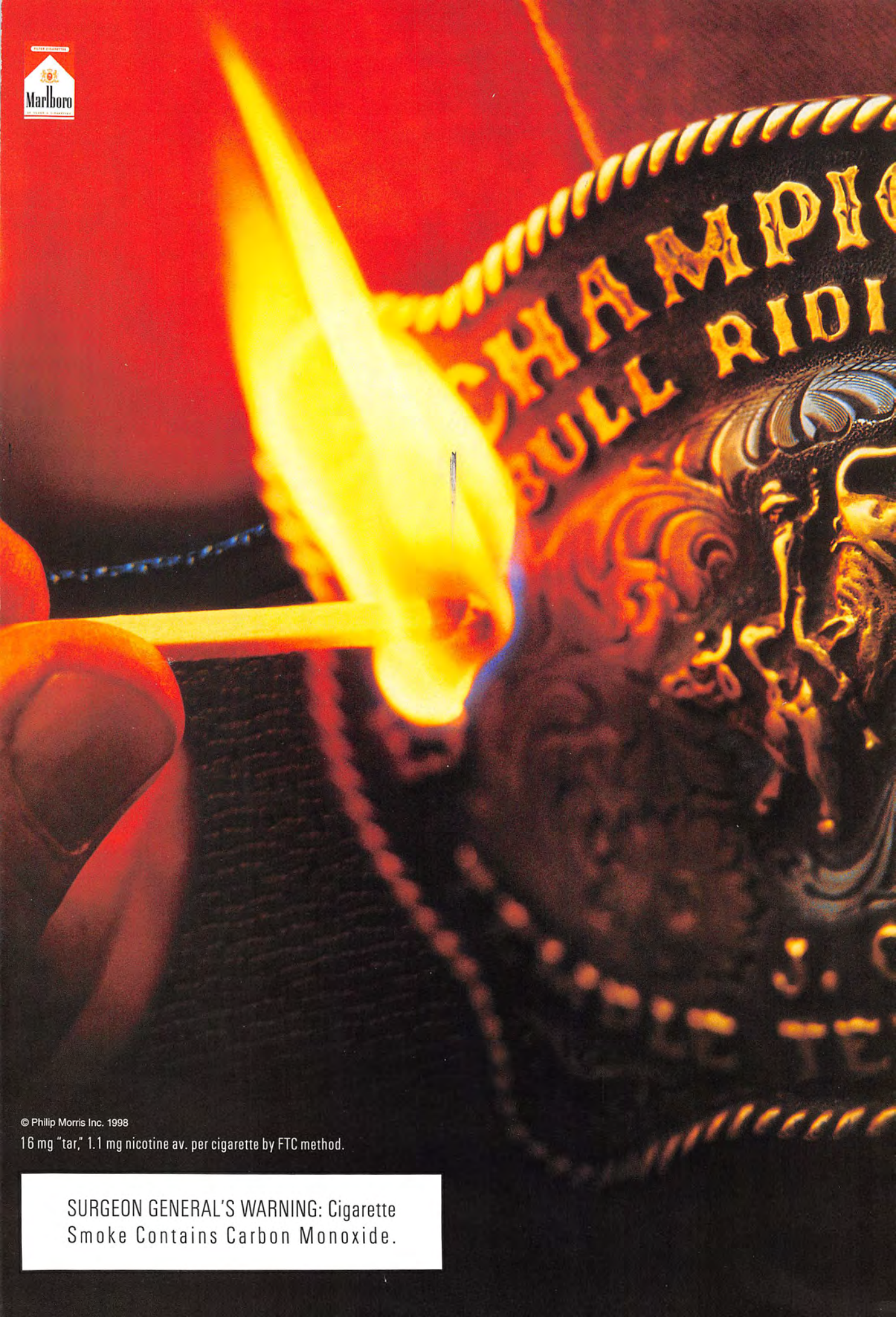
My good friends, I have just two words to say about the advice given in the June issue concerning initiating a ménage à trois: It works. Not that I had planned anything, mind you. As the article said, it was the overall casual atmosphere, more than anything, that contributed to what happened. I had known both ladies for years, though I wasn't dating either; they had just met that day. We just hung out, we went to a mall, went to a little Italian place, and went back to my place to watch some movies. That's all I expected. It was when we finally ended up choosing between *Sirens* and *Poison*



Catherine Zeta-Jones: perfect from A to Zorro



"Best damn cowboy you ever saw competition."



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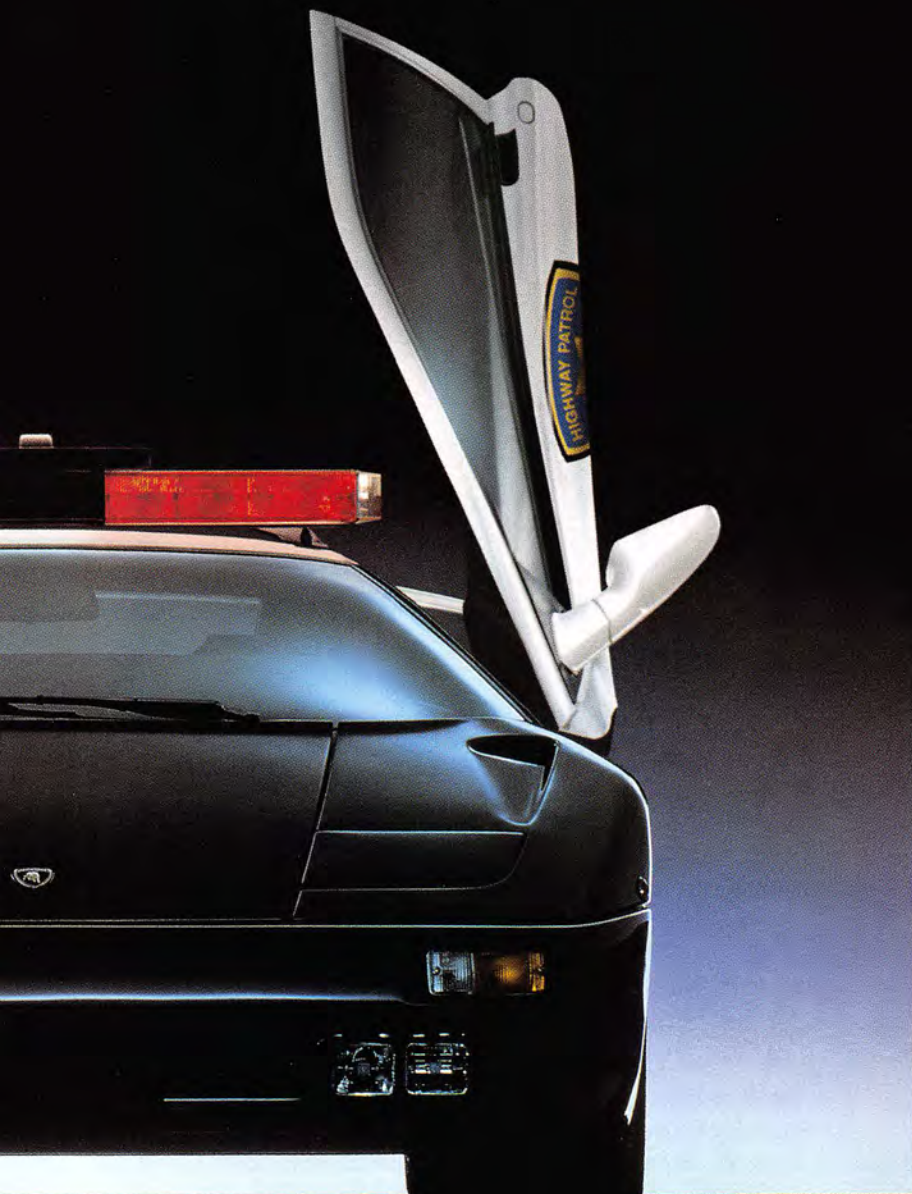
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morning, I had to resort to tearing a page or two from the *Maxim* in hand in order to finish the job at hand. Needless to say, this was not the most comfortable solution to my dilemma, but sometimes you gotta do what you gotta do. Is there any way you could have one or two softer, bottom-friendly pages at the back of future issues in case of similar emergencies? I'd greatly appreciate it.

Lincoln Freeman
Albuquerque, NM
We like your style.

Pardon

I read your magazine every month, but there's one thing you should change, your view of the French. They don't stink and they're not fat. Think before you write something. Do you stink? Are you fat? Can you judge someone? Think!

Mario Boisvert
Toronto, Ont.
Lighten up, mon sewer.

Proud of My Shoes

In your July/August issue, you featured an article on how to dress properly in shorts. I agreed with much of this article, but you advised readers to "give the Top-Siders a rest." As a lifelong prep, I take offense to this! I think Docksiders, as I call them, look fantastic with khaki shorts and a polo shirt. I can't help but criticize this advice, as it was given by a person or persons who would suggest men wear sandals!

Attention, all menaces to society!

Have Time to Kill?

Many men's magazines try to pretend that murderous convicts don't read them. Not us! We know that the 15 cents an hour you guys make busting up rocks over a 30-year period will leave you with lots of disposable income to spend on our advertisers' products once you're let out—assuming you don't blow it on crack and guns.

In the meantime, we'd like to tell your story. If you did the crime and are now doing the time, please send us a letter describing your experiences in prison. We want to hear about anything you think may be of interest to us law-abiding citizens: overpopulation, violence, gangs, guards, prison food, drugs, interesting characters, escape attempts, death row, means of entertainment, day-to-day life, and whatever else is on your mind. Our plan is to publish a compilation of your stories and run it as a feature in an upcoming issue. If you help us out, the next time you're up for parole, we'll have a talk with the man.

Please send all stories (except that "I'm innocent" crap) to: Prison Letters, *Maxim*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. Please include your name, your age, the crime you committed, and when you're scheduled to get out. All letters will be published anonymously.



penis. They all decided to go to the *Guinness Book of World Records* office and apply for records. A few hours later the first midget came out and excitedly yelled to the others, "Guess what? I have the smallest hands in the world." His friends congratulated him. Then the second midget went in and came out an hour later, exclaiming, "Guess what? I have the smallest feet in the world!" The two midgets then convinced their friend to go try for a record, too. About 30 minutes later, the midget with the small penis came out all depressed and yelled, "Who the hell is Mark Golin?"

Joshua Brooks
(via E-mail)
Mark also has bad breath, he's cross-eyed, and one arm is shorter than the other. Way shorter.

...Out of the Bag

Well, you've done it now. After 10 long years training, sculpting my skills, and numerous "field maneuvers," you've managed to divulge 90 percent of my secrets in one article, "Referral Sex." Oh, the humanity! And not in some hard-to-understand, off-the-cuff sidebar either. Why didn't you just knock on my door and kick me in the balls when I opened it. It would have been less painful. But really, the magazine is total garbage and no reader in their right mind should ever believe a word that you say in it. Total, unresearched rubbish. I'll be renewing my subscription for the next two years, just in case you write an article on how to have beautiful women pay you for sex.

Vincent Skil
(via E-mail)
Unresearched? That information was gathered through months of carefree sexual relations with the staff of Cosmopolitan magazine.

I have never seen a man who can wear sandals and look good! Well that's my two cents. Despite your article I will wear my Docksiders and shorts and look good!

Jay A. Highfield
Johnson City, NY
We apologize to our readership for wasting their valuable time with this letter.

Sad but True

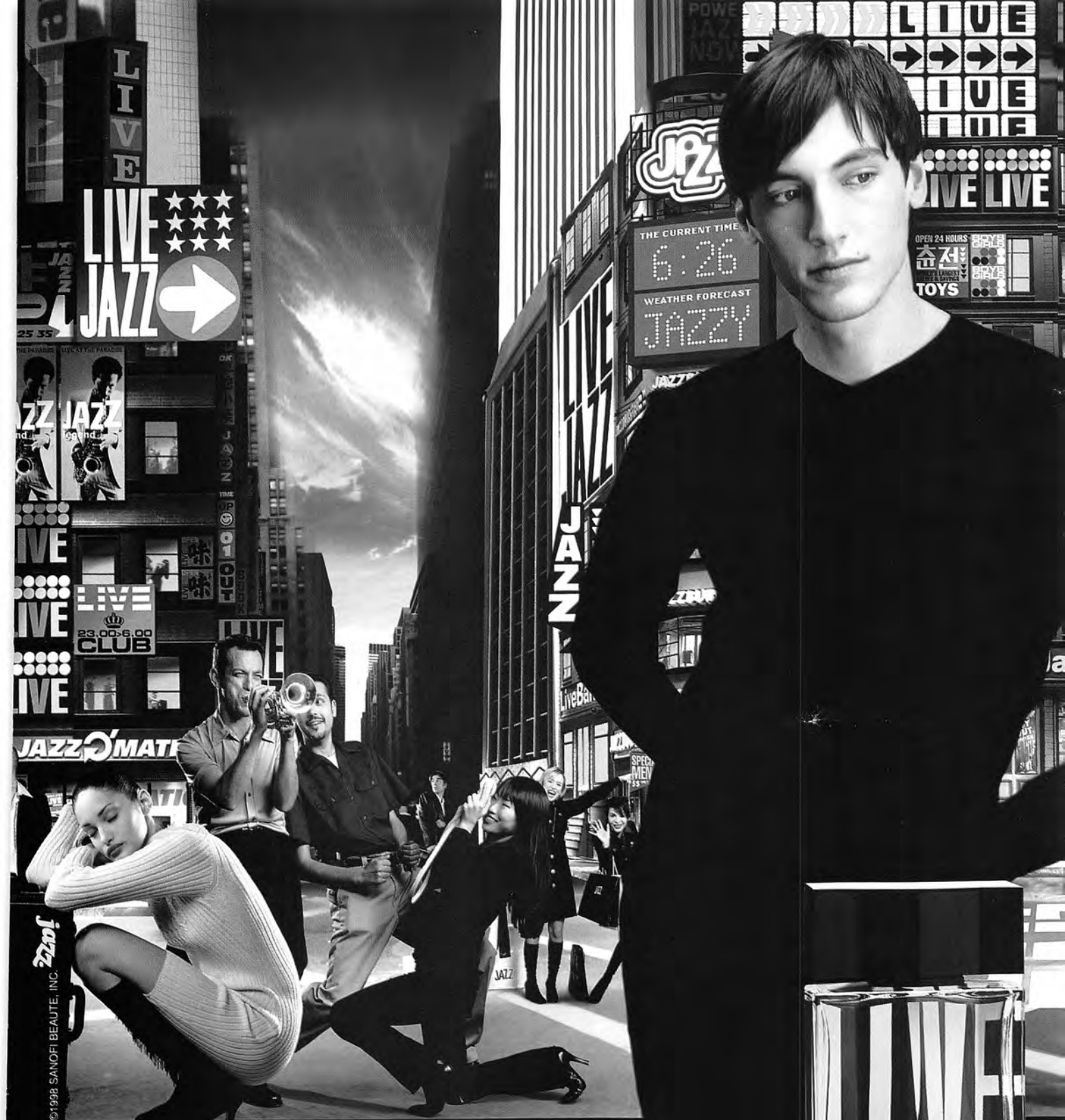
One day there were three midgets standing around doing nothing. One of them had really small hands, another had small feet, and the third had a small



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A guy walks into a bar and sees a sign that reads HAMBURGER: \$1; CHEESEBURGER: \$2; HAND JOB: \$10. He beckons to an attractive blonde behind the counter.

"Can I help you?" she asks with a knowing smile.

"I was wondering," whispers the man. "Are you the one who gives the hand jobs?"

"Yes," she purrs. "I am."

"Well, wash your hands," he says. "I want a cheeseburger."

Wicked Wish

A guy from Quebec and a guy from Ontario are fighting over a lantern when a genie pops out and grants them each one wish.

The Quebecer says, "I want a wall around Quebec to protect my culture. Make it about 150 feet high, so nothing can get in or out."

"It is done," says the genie, turning to the other guy. "And your wish?"

The guy from Ontario smiles and says, "Fill it with water."

Unnatural Gas

A little old lady goes to the doctor and says, "I can't stop passing gas. Luckily, my farts don't smell and are always silent. As a matter of fact, I've farted twice since I've been here in your office, but you didn't even notice."

"I can help you," says the doc. "Take these pills and come back next week."

The next week, the lady returns. "Doctor," she says, "I don't know what you gave me, but now my farts reek."

The doctor says, "Good, we fixed your sinuses! Now let's work on your hearing."

Skirting the Issue

Why do men in Scotland wear kilts?

Because sheep can hear a zipper a mile away.

Blue Balls

"What's wrong with me, doc?" says the patient. "My balls have turned blue. You gotta help me."

The doctor examines him and concludes his testicles have to be removed or the man will die.

"Are you nuts?" the patient cries. "I can't let you do that!"

"Do you want to die?" the doctor asks, and the patient glumly has his testicles removed.

Two weeks after the operation, the patient is back. "Doc, I don't know how to say this, but now my penis has turned blue, too." The doctor

examines him again but reaches his previous sad conclusion: If the patient wants to live, his penis has to go.

Now the man's crying. "But how will I pee?"

"We'll install a plastic pipe," says the doctor. "You don't want to die, do you?"

The man has his penis removed and everything's fine, but two weeks later he's back at the doctor's office. "Doc, the plastic pipe turned blue! What the hell is happening to me?"

"Well, I can't quite figure it out," admits the doctor. "Wait—do you wear jeans?"

Joke of the Month

Country Bumpin'

Sick of the city, Sam quits his job and moves to Minnesota, as far from humanity as possible. He sees the postman once a week and gets groceries once a month. After six months of isolation, someone knocks on his door. A huge bearded man is standing on his porch.

"Name's Lars," the man says, "from down the road. Having a party Saturday. Wanna come?"

"Definitely," says Sam. "After six months out here, I'm ready to meet some people."

"Gotta warn you," says Lars, "there's gonna be some drinkin'."

"No problem: I can drink with the best of them," says Sam.

"More'n likely gonna be some fightin', too."

"Well, I like people," Sam says. "I'll be there."

Lars starts to walk away, then turns back. "I

seen some wild sex at these parties, too."

"Not a problem," says Sam. "I've been alone for six months! Just one question, though: What should I wear?"

Lars shrugs. "Whatever you want—just gonna be the two of us."

\$150 goes to David Priest, USAF



Native Son


On the first day of kindergarten, the teacher asks each student to count to 50. Some count as high as 30 or 40; others can't get past 20. But Johnny counts up to 100 without any mistakes. When he tells his dad how well he did, his dad says, "That's because you're from Alabama, son."

The next day, the teacher asks the students to recite the alphabet. Most can only make it halfway through without trouble, but Johnny rattles off the letters perfectly. When he brags to his dad about how he did, his dad explains again, "That's because you're from Alabama, son."

The next day, after phys ed, the boys are taking showers, and Johnny notices that he is better endowed than anyone else. That night he boasts, "Dad, mine's the biggest of anyone in my class. Is it because I'm from Alabama?"

"No, son," explains his dad. "That's because you're 22."

We'll send \$150 to the reader who sends us the next Joke of the Month. Write us at *Maxim Jokes*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 23rd floor, New York, NY 10018. Or E-mail your joke to us at jokes@maximmag.com.



The beauty
of Benedictine embraces
the edge of fine French cognac

One sip reveals how a blossom of **B**ougainvillea
makes **B**arbed wire

rather inviting.

B&B. THE COGNAC LIQUEUR



Let's just say tailgaters aren't a problem.



Motorcycles



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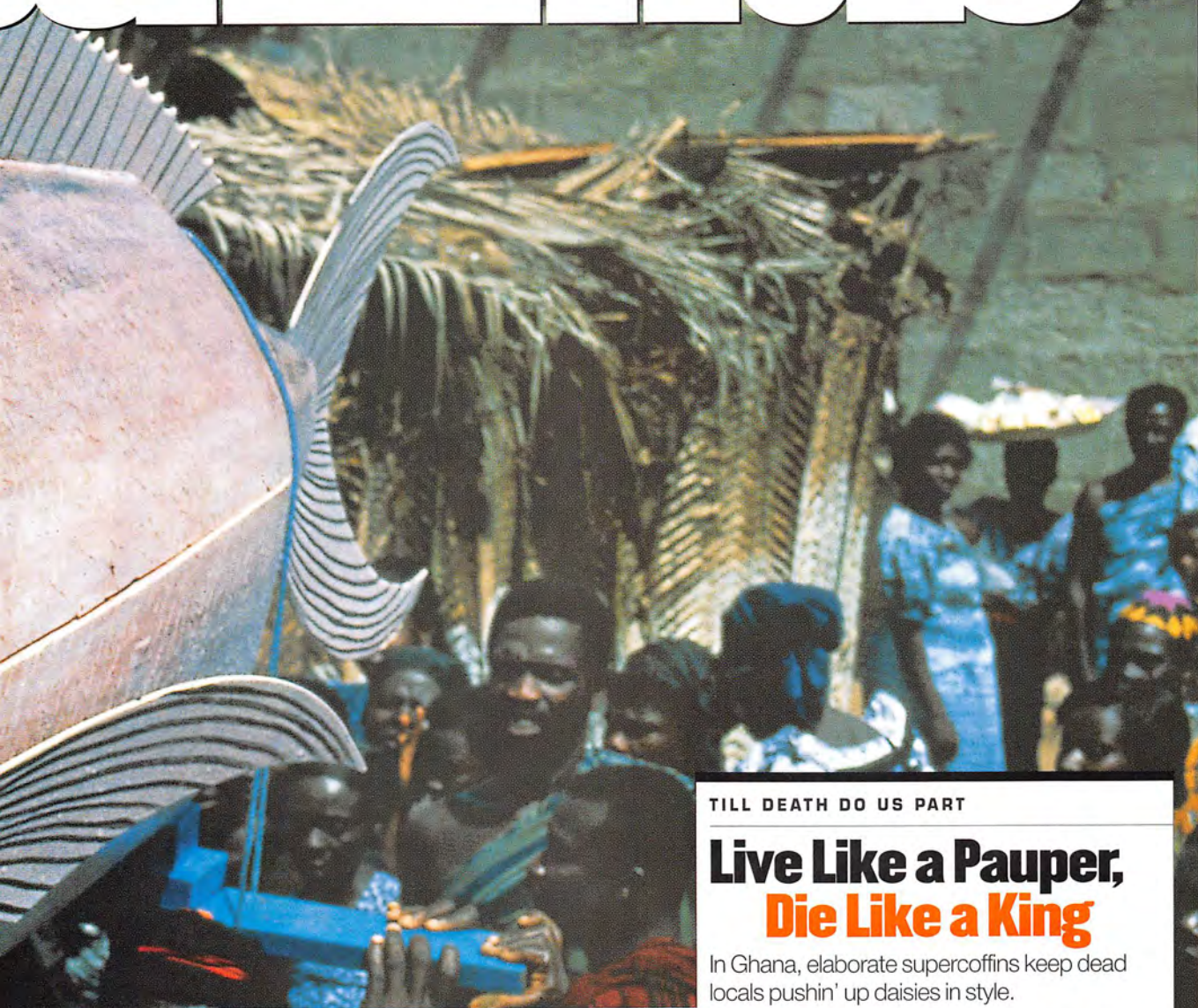
**If they're so psychic,
why don't they call you?**

Straight up. Winston

Circus IV



MAXIMUS



TILL DEATH DO US PART

Live Like a Pauper, Die Like a King

In Ghana, elaborate supercoffins keep dead locals pushin' up daisies in style.

Nice looking,
but it drives
a little stiff



Don't want no fancy funeral, just one like old King Tut? Take your checkbook to southern Ghana, where the Ga people encase their dead in wooden replicas of the deceased's most beloved objects. Custom coffins go for around \$400 apiece: not bad by decadent Western standards, but about 1.1 times what your average Ghanaian schmo makes in a year. But wait, it gets worse: The coffins only stay intact for three months after being buried in the hot Ghanaian soil (with rapidly decomposing bodies on the inside, don't forget). Just another example of the careful monetary management that turned Ghana into the global economic powerhouse it is today.

Photographs, Carol Beckwith/Angela Fisher/Robert Estall Photo Library.

"Wait—my mother's
mother's mother
was a key grip?"

FREEZE-FRAME FUN

Hidden Messages

You wanna catch these inside jokes devious directors slipped into their movies? Just press Pause.

It's not unusual for directors to slip clever and deliberate inside jokes into their films. In Disney's newest cartoon flick, *Mulan*, for example, the title character visits a temple where her ghostly ancestors live and encounters a wall of mysterious Chinese ideograms. The gag: As one quarter of the world's population would know, they're actually the credits for the film. Other examples:

Scream

When the principal (played by Henry Winkler) looks out of his office and talks to "Fred," the janitor, look at the janitor's outfit—red-and-green striped sweater, wide-brimmed hat—and you'll notice he's dressed exactly like that famous Craven villain Freddy Krueger.

Talk Radio

In this 1988 Oliver Stone movie, a radio-station employee is reading a copy of *Playboy* that features a cover interview with—you guessed it—Oliver Stone.

2010

In a long shot of the White House, the man on the park bench is Arthur C. Clarke, author of *2001: A Space Odyssey*. Clarke also appears on the cover of *Time* as the U.S. president; the Soviet premier pictured with him is 2001 director Stanley Kubrick.

The X-Files: The Movie

After Mulder gets trashed, he goes into the back alley behind the bar and urinates on a poster for *Independence Day*, a film that *The X-Files* creator Chris Carter reportedly hates.

Coincidence, no doubt.

Lethal Weapon

This flick was a smash hit in 1987, but director Richard Donner hedged his bet by prominently advertising his upcoming film, *The Lost Boys*, on a theater marquee in



the film.

Wired

In this biopic of John Belushi, when the actor who plays John Landis (director of *The Blues Brothers*, a movie which costarred Belushi) appears on the set, helicopters can be heard—a tasteless joke. (Landis' career nosedived after actor Vic Morrow and two children were killed by a helicopter rotor on the set of his *Twilight Zone: The Movie*.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind

In the complex details of the alien mothership's superstructure, careful viewers will spot a familiar android: good ol' R2D2. Artoo and his pal C3PO also make a cameo in the hieroglyphs in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*'s Well of Souls, but you'll need the clearer DVD version to spot them.



HEAD-TO-HEAD

DRACULA VS. CHOCULA

One's a serial killer, the other's a killer cereal. But which is better to sink your teeth into?



ORIGIN

Ca. 1430, in a castle in Transylvania
Edge: Drac

1971, in a Minneapolis chemical vat

ESSENCE

Dank, eternal evil

Chocolaty goodness
Edge: Choc

SUPER POWER

Can turn into a bat or a wolf
Edge: Drac

Can turn kids into hyperactive animals

FATAL WEAKNESS

Sizzles at the touch of holy water
Edge: Drac

Gets soggy in milk

NEMESIS

Intrepid vampire-hunter Van Helsing
Edge: Drac

That damned Cocoa Puffs bird

KNOWN ASSOCIATES

Frankenstein's monster, The Mummy, The Wolfman, etc.
Edge: Drac

Franken Berry, Boo Berry

SHELF LIFE

Can never die (as long as there's a Hollywood)

Can never leave ecosystem

Draw

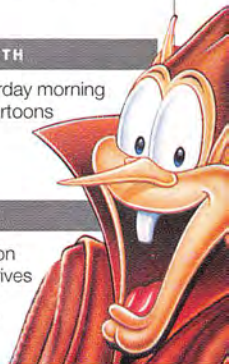
SOURCE OF STRENGTH

A fresh supply of warm blood from the living
Edge: Drac

Saturday morning cartoons

AND THE WINNER IS

Drac: With more than 500 years on the competition, the goth guru drives a stake into the heart of the tasty breakfast cereal, 6-1. Hats off to the original Man in Black!





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THOSE WHO APPRECIATE QUALITY ENJOY IT RESPONSIBLY.



Madonna's
position on
the issues

STAR POWER

Hollywood, D.C.

America has always had a soft spot for celebrity-loving politicians. Now it's time to cut out the middleman.



Bark-eating Palm Springs celebrity mayor Sonny Bono may be dead now, but his legacy lives on. With Charlton Heston the vice president of the NRA and an unofficial campaign under way in Miami to get Madonna elected mayor, it seems clear that we can expect our favorite stars to start sweeping incumbents out of office across the nation. Our predictions:



O.J. Simpson, governor of Colorado

Signature policy: Jon Benet's parents receive full immunity; governor vows to track down the *real* killer.

Complications: Lieutenant governor and a waiter are cut to ribbons.



Mickey Rourke, premier of France

Signature policy: Not bathing becomes law, not just custom.

Complications: Runner-up Jerry Lewis demands re-count.



Howard Stern, secretary-general of the U.N.

Signature policy: Peacekeeping forces are staffed entirely by Gorgeous Ladies of Wrestling.

Complications: Howard's "Towel-Head Diplomacy Initiative" touches off bloody pan-Arabian war.

Michael Jackson, U.S. education secretary

Signature policy: New, crotchless school uniforms.

Complications: Think about it.

Pete Rose, mayor of Las Vegas

Signature policy: "Mathematics of spread betting" replaces calculus in local high-school curriculum.

Complications: Mayor takes entire city budget to The Sands and puts it on lucky seven.

Circus Maximus contributors:

Rosie Amodio, Paul Bibeau, Corey Block, Michelle Bowers, Mason Brown, Charles Cox, Greg Emmanuel, Sam Grobart, Mike Hammer, Rob Hill, Jordan Matus, Nancy Miller, Tom Moran, Laura Morgan, Jeff Ousborne, Alix Strauss, John Tessitore, John White

EERIE MUSIC

The Scariest Thing in This Issue

Remember "We Are the World"? "Don't Worry. Be Happy"? Sappy days are here again.

Faster than a televangelist's zipper, more powerful than back-to-back motivational speakers, it's a bird, it's a plane: It's the *Chicken Soup for the Soul* series. No fewer than 25 of the philosophy-lite paperbacks have crawled into bookstores everywhere—that's more comebacks than Jason, Freddy, and Leatherface combined. Now it's really getting scary: Rhino Records is producing a set of six *Chicken Soup* CDs with more-than-a-mouthful titles like *Celebrating Life: Songs of Joy and Jubilation* to *Open the Heart and Kindle the Spirit* and *The Triumph of the Spirit: Songs of Encouragement, Motivation and Overcoming Adversity*. And the songs? Moldy oldies like Louis Armstrong's "What a Wonderful World," Chicago's "Saturday in the Park," and James Taylor's "Shower the People." Keep a bucket handy: This *Soup*'ll be tough to keep down.



IMAGE IS EVERYTHING

Gnash Bridges

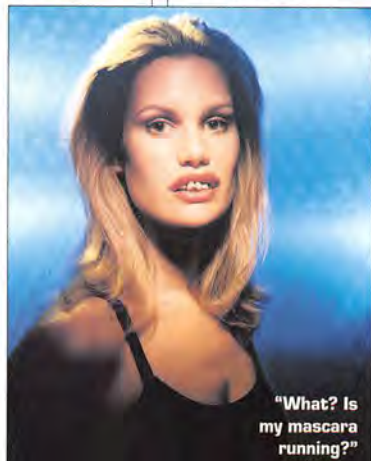
Annoyed by chatty strangers? Scare 'em away with these!

If you're as good-looking

as we are, you face this conundrum: Are your accomplishments really due to your skills and attributes, or has breathtaking physical attractiveness let you cheat in the game of life? Here's how to find out for sure: Slap on a snaggly, scraggly, sore-encrusted row of Dr. Bukk's Fake Teef and see if your fortunes fade. Available in more

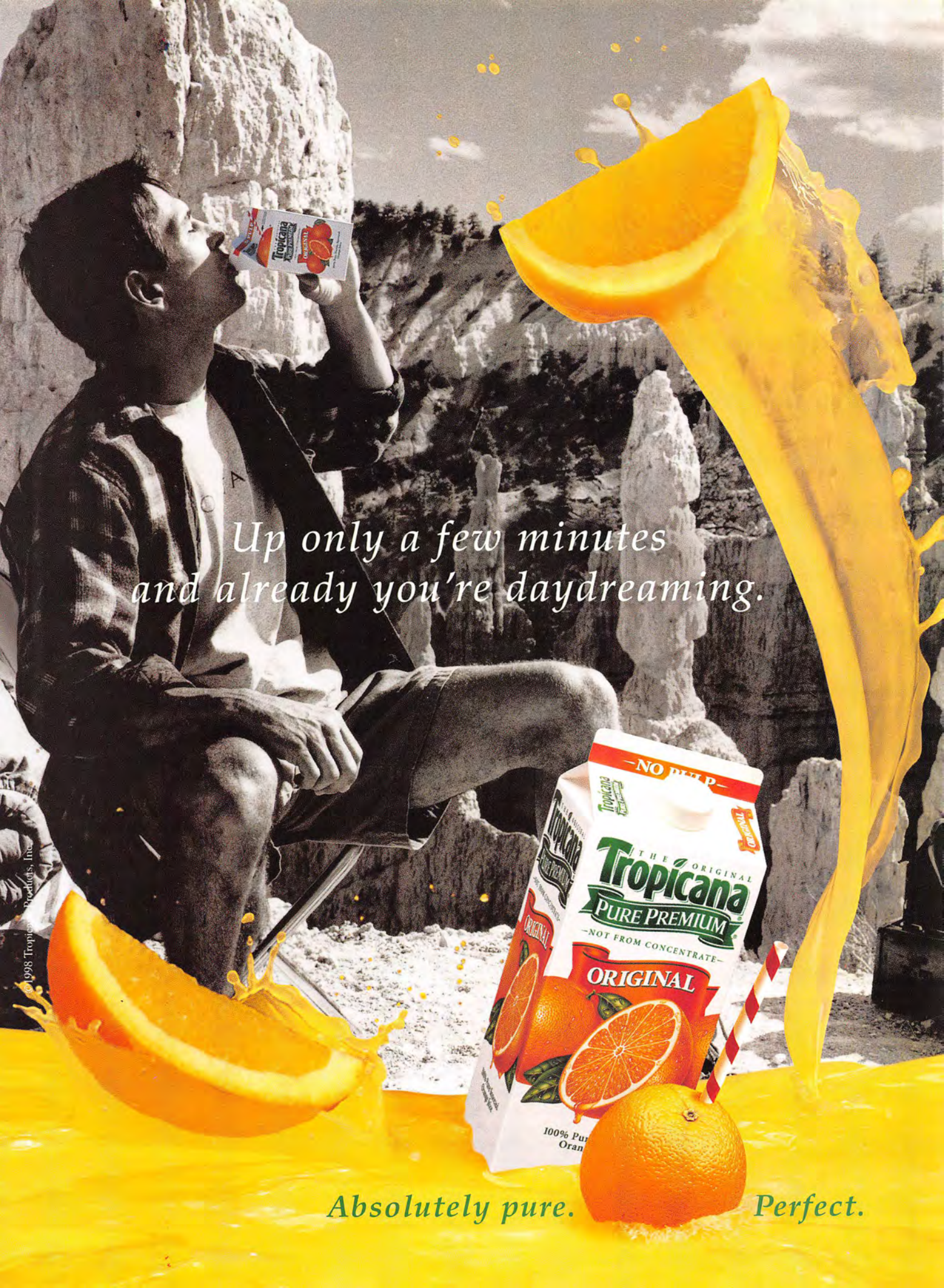


than a dozen styles with names like "Incest" (above), "Mongrel," and "Eleanor Roosevelt," these babies are custom-shaped to fit your maw like a hideous glove. At \$40 to \$50 a set, they don't come cheap. But hey, the truth's supposed to hurt. To order Dr. Bukk's catalog, call (800) 925-BUKK or fax (800) 507-TEEF.



"What? Is my mascara running?"

Photographs: (clockwise from the top) Bettina Rheims/Sygma; Robert Fishman (x2); Michael Mazzeo; hair and makeup: Olive for Utopia NYC; Archive Photos; Yannis Vlamos/Globe Photos; Andrea Renault/Globe Photos; Fitzroy Barrett/Globe Photos; R. Dominguez/Globe

A black and white photograph of a man sitting on a rocky ledge in a desert landscape, drinking from a small carton of Tropicana juice. A large, vibrant splash of orange juice erupts from the right side of the frame, with a large orange slice at its base. In the foreground, a full carton of Tropicana Original Pure Premium juice sits on a pool of orange juice, next to a whole orange and a red and white striped straw. The background shows a rugged, rocky desert under a cloudy sky.

*Up only a few minutes
and already you're daydreaming.*

Absolutely pure. Perfect.



"Stay right there, beauty-voool: I want to drink it all in."

LIAR, LIAR #5

Love Bites

Nothing turns a woman on like a guy with a cool job. And when your *real* job doesn't qualify, it's time to lie. This month you are: a Brooding Eastern European Count with Pronounced Canines.



Your Job

As a card-carrying member of the Undead, you wander the night, drinking the blood of the living for sustenance. Naturally, you prefer the napes of wide-eyed virgins, but you've been known to settle for geriatric widows in a pinch. Your duties include sneaking into the boudoirs of the unwary, keeping local peasants cowed by regularly turning into a bat or snatching the odd baby, and brooding endlessly about your horrible fate. Finally, as Lord of the Creatures of the Night, you implement policy for numerous rats, wolves, and other nocturnal critters,

commanding them to do your evil bidding. A harder assignment than most jobs, but not as demeaning as running for office.

Your Training

After spending many years as a listless, semi-inbred minor member of eastern European nobility, you died. But you couldn't rest easy in the grave because (choose one of the following): 1) you were cursed by your father or the patriarch of your local church, 2) you were born with a caul over your head, 3) a cat jumped over your coffin before it was safely interred, or 4) you were victimized by a vampire. Over the ensuing centuries, you carefully honed your maiden-seducing,

sunlight-avoiding, and carotid-artery-locating skills. You did a brief stint with the IRS.

Your Gear

Whether you're tromping morosely over the moors, kickin' back in some castle ruins, or out on the town clubbing, you're never without your trusty **cape**—classic goth styling in an E-Z-cleaning wool/poly blend. (Scrubbing gore and dried bat guano out of your clothes week after week started getting old around 1650.) Over your standard-issue white puffy shirt, you wear an **ancient medallion** to give you street cred with your Eurotrash pals: Yours was awarded to Daddy by Holy Roman Emperor Sigismund for fighting the Turks. The centerpiece of your cavernous basement is a king-size **RestEasy 2000 all-mahogany coffin** tricked out with a six-CD changer, mini-bar, and DirecTV. For traveling, you have a dozen steamer trunks full of **dirt from your homeland** and piles of old money to pay your minions with. You also keep a supply of hair oil—the wet look never really goes out, does it?—and a flask of **industrial-strength Listerine** to dispel your grave breath.

Your Lingo

Bleeders: Beautiful, buxom women, especially those with long, exposed necks.

Bat it: To leave. ("Let's bat it outta here—all the bleeders left an hour ago.")

Renfield: Moron; blithering fuckin' idiot. ("OK, which one o' you renfields ordered me the garlic pizza?")

Riceheads: Groupies who dress like they're going to Stevie Nicks' funeral and hang around your gates, looking for autographs. They're easy scores but kind of creepy.

Half pints: Affectionate term for the local village children.

Conversation in a Coffin

If she asks: "So, what's it like being 750 years old?"

You answer: "Is tedious, no? To pass the time, I search for beauty-voool voman to make my queen." [Sigh; shrug soulfully]

If she asks: "Why can't you go out in the sunlight?"

You answer: "But I *can* go out in sunlight—it doesn't kill me, as in your American movies. Is just that my powers are at peak at night. You would care for demonstration?"

If she asks: "Can I drive the Batmobile?"

You answer: "You are getting very sleepy..."

ALL-PURPOSE ANECDOTE

"I was in Vegas with Frank, Dino, and Sammy. Shirley MacLaine was visiting The Sands, and I bet Frank 50 bucks we could make her cry. We came through her hotel window hissing, moaning, and clawing at the air...and she wasn't scared at all! She was sitting at a table with candles and tarot cards, saying she'd summoned us to help call Liza Minnelli back from the dead. Frank tried to tell her Liza was still alive, and Shirley freaked, trying to stab him with a wooden pencil. I'm never going there again. That chick wiggled me out."



Illustration, Brian Hughes; Photographs, (top to bottom), Osestoski & Zoda/Envision; Everett Collection(2x)



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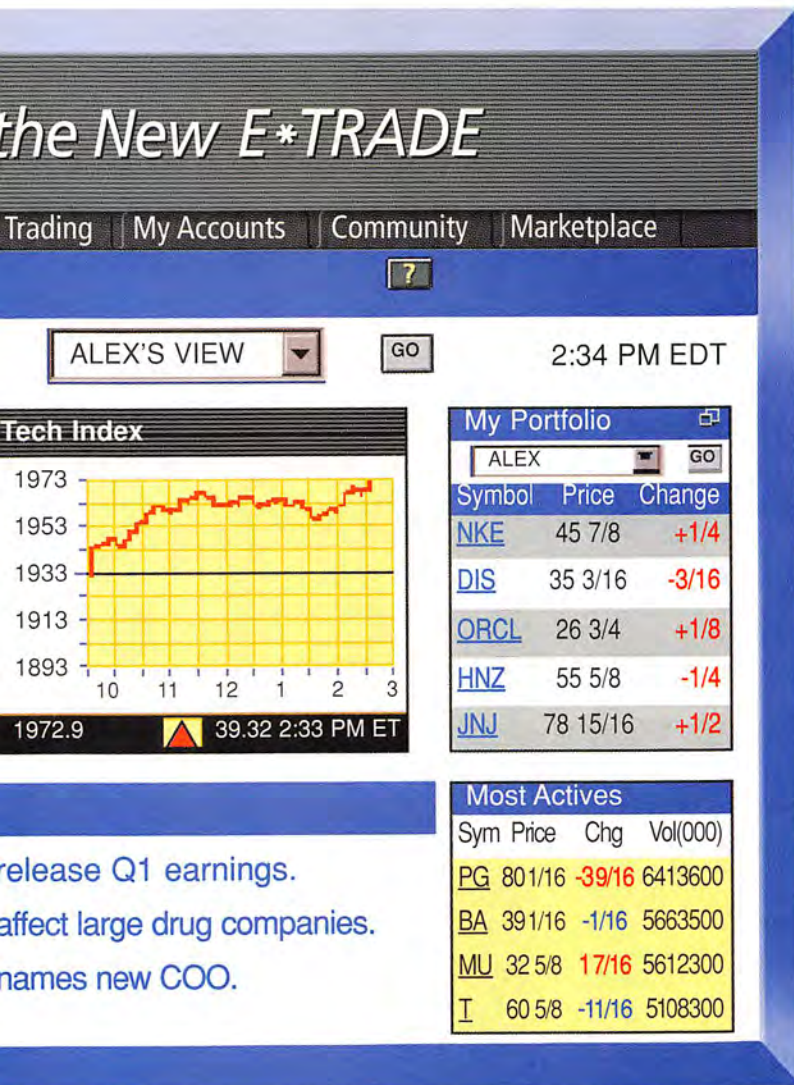
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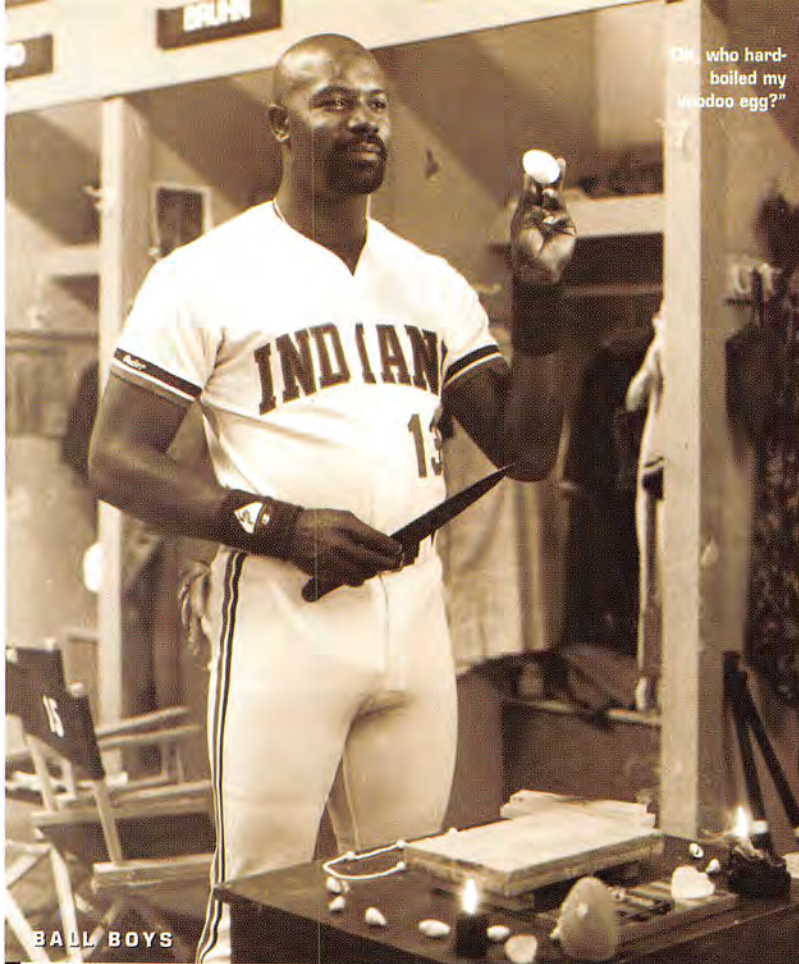
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BALL BOYS

Mudville Mojo

Weird superstitions of major-league superstars.



Professional baseball players are famously superstitious. But we've assembled the most irrational behaviors and offer their practitioners some tips for better karma.



Boggs' Bird-Burning

Wade Boggs, a lifetime .300 hitter, eats only chicken before games. But this 17-year vet must have upped his poultry tolerance: This year, with the Tampa Bay Devil Rays, he's had less playing time than ever, and has hit nowhere near his career average. **Maxim suggests:** Try ostrich meat, Wade. It tastes like chicken but has high protein for strong arms. And they keep their heads in the sand, so even a lard-ass baseball player can catch one.

Rickey, Don't Lose That Number

Base-thief Rickey Henderson won't play if he isn't wearing number 24. In fact, when he went to the Padres a few years back, he paid a huge sum to another player for the number. But nobody's complaining: Splitting his time between the Padres and the Angels last season, the major-league stolen-base



leader had another 40-plus season. **Maxim suggests:** You've been using number 24 since you were about that age, Rickey. Double the number and maybe you'll steal bases into your 80s.



Old McDonald's Fish Farm

Pitcher Ben McDonald has been eating sardines with mustard for good

luck since he wowed pro scouts at the College World Series nine years ago. But his pitching's started to smell fishy—this first-round Orioles draft pick is in danger of getting canned.

Maxim suggests: Tote a few sardines around in your glove, Ben. That salty fish oil will rub off on the ball and make it curve like Janet Jackson.

The Cleveland Clipper

Greg Swindell, the former 18-game winner now with the Red Sox, bites off a part of a fingernail before each game he pitches and puts it in his cheek. It works, but a long pennant race could give him bleedin' mitts.



Maxim suggests: Give toenails a try, Greg. They're thicker, last longer, and taste great.

HOW TO

Get Out a Stain



Just before your big interview, a ketchup-drenched hot dog squirts out of its bun and slimes your \$90 shirt. Don't panic—here's help.

LIPSTICK ON YOUR COLLAR

Solution: Rub with dish detergent and cold water; if it doesn't work, try scrubbing it with rubbing alcohol.

RED WINE ON YOUR TIE

Solution: Pour white wine or salt on stain.

GRASS ON YOUR ASS

Solutions: No quick fix; apply a "stain stick," such as Dow's Spray 'N Wash stain stick, and wash as usual.

GUM ON YOUR SHOE

Solution: Rub with ice to harden, then scrape off with dull knife.

BALLPOINT PEN ON YOUR SHIRT POCKET

Solution: Saturate with alcohol-based hair spray or sour milk.

HAMBURGER GREASE IN YOUR LAP

Solution: Again, no quick fix: Rub talcum powder into grease to absorb it, then wash as usual.

CHOCOLATE IN YOUR PANTS POCKET

Solution: Soak in cold water for at least 30 minutes.

DOG PISS ON YOUR PANT LEG

Solution: Blot with towel, then wash with one tablespoon of white vinegar in a cup of lukewarm water.

SEMEN ON YOUR INTERN'S BLUE DRESS

Solution: Just tell her to tuck it away and forget about it.

BLOOD ON YOUR BELLY

Solution: Sop with one tablespoon of ammonia; stitch up slash in shirt.



"Real mature, guys. Could someone get me a stain stick?"

Alcohol 17% by volume (34 proof brandy and cream liqueur). ©1998 E&J Distillers, Modesto, California



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Pool shark Lee:
Takes a backseat
to nobody

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

She Shoots, She Scores!



Real name: Jeanette Lee

Better known as: The lady in black kicking butt in the Women's Professional Billiard Association

Her story: Nicknamed "The Black Widow" because of her wardrobe, Jeanette, a native of Brooklyn, NY,

first got into shooting stick at 18, after seeing some older guy play a phenomenal game. "He was beautiful," she says. "His movements were perfect. After that, I went crazy—I started playing pool all the time." In one episode, Jeanette actually played for 37 hours straight and had to be carried home by her friends. "I love it," she says. "I'd play six to eight hours a day if I could."

Today she's ranked No. 3 in the WPBA, has her own signature line of cues made by McDermott, and even nabbed a role in a Touchstone picture, *The Other Sister*, to be released next year. Until then, check Jeanette out on her Web site: www.jeanettelee.com.

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2. You may enter as often as you wish but each entry must be mailed separately. No mechanically reproduced entries will be accepted. R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company is the Sponsor of this promotion. Sponsor is not responsible for lost, late, postage-due, misdirected, or slow-delivered mail. All entries become the exclusive property of Sponsor and will not be returned. Incomplete, illegible or mutilated entries are ineligible. Sponsor will not acknowledge receipt of or confirm eligibility or ineligibility of any entry(s) nor return any ineligible entries. Sweepstakes participation is restricted to smokers 21 years of age or older who are U.S. residents, except

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3. There will be 4 Grand Prize Winners. Winners will be determined by a random drawing from all entries received. The drawing will be held on or about May 31, 1999 by an independent judging organization whose decisions are final on all matters relating to this promotion. Odds of winning depend upon the number of eligible entries received. Approximate number of entries distributed: 14 million.

4. Prizes

Grand Prizes: Each Grand prize consists of a choice of one of the following lifestyle prize packages or the cash equivalent of \$300,000.* Total approximate retail value of all prizes: \$1,200,000.

* Approximate Retail Value

PRIZE DESCRIPTIONS:

Lotto Winner: Prize (ARV*) - Airstream Trailer (\$40,000), Monster Bronco (\$45,000), Satellite dish w/ installation (\$688), Satellite TV service for one year (\$1,290), Industrial barbecue grill (\$4,000), Above ground swimming pool (\$3,989), Riding lawnmower (\$12,670), Refrigerator (\$1,299), One year's supply of pork rinds (\$548), \$1,000 taxidermy gift certificate (\$1,000), Cash (\$189,516). Total approximate retail value of prize: \$300,000.

Hollywood Star: Prize (ARV*) - Cigarette boat (\$150,000), Dodge Viper (\$73,000), Astrology chart for 1 year (\$3,120), Malibu home rental for 3 months including travel for 3 trips to Malibu for 2 (\$29,875), VIP Treatment at a trendy nightclub for 1 week (\$25,000), Award show wardrobe (\$10,000), 1 year's supply of hair gel (\$105), 4 cell phones (\$3,400), Watch (\$5,500). Total approximate retail value of prize: \$300,000.

Trial Lawyer: Prize (ARV*) - Mercedes SL600 (\$135,845), a career's worth of legal pads (\$1,559), 18-sheet capacity paper shredder (\$1,895), Condo in the Cayman Islands for 2 weeks including travel to the Cayman Islands for 2 (\$9,700), 20-channel police scanner (\$473), Golf clubs (\$2,095), Toll-free number for 1 year (\$5,475), 10 pinstriped suits (\$7,950), Cash (\$135,008). Total approximate retail value of prize: \$300,000.

Suburban Gold Digger: Prize (ARV*) - Jaguar XK8 (\$75,280), Range Rover 4.6SE (\$65,125), 1 year's supply of bon bons (\$700), Tanning bed (\$2,500), Champagne for 25 baths (\$37,500), 1 year's supply of diet cola (\$364), Condo for 1 month in Palm Beach, Florida including travel to Palm Beach for 2 (\$13,000), Cash (\$105,531). Total approximate value of prize: \$300,000.

*ARV-Approximate Retail Value

Automobile as Prize

Prize winners must be licensed drivers at time of prize acceptance. Registration, title, licensing fees and insurance costs if applicable are solely the responsibility of the winners. Prize winners do not have choice of car color or options.

Travel as Prize

Travel must be completed by May 31, 2000. Restrictions and blackout dates may apply. Accommodations are subject to availability and change without notice. Trip

companions must also sign and return a liability/publicity release prior to travel. Taxes, tips, alcoholic beverages, ground transportation not specified herein and all other expenses not specified herein are solely the responsibility of winners. All air transportation will be round-trip coach, unless otherwise specified herein, from airport nearest winner's home location. The difference between any stated value and actual value will not be awarded to winners. In the event of cancellation by winner, the ability to reschedule will be allowed only at Sponsor's discretion.

5. Provisional prize winners will be notified by mail by 6/30/99 and will be required to sign and return Affidavit of Eligibility/Liability and Publicity release within 20 days of delivery. Noncompliance within this time period or return of any prize/prize notification as undeliverable or refused may result in disqualification and an alternate winner may be selected. Provisional prize winners are subject to age verification. All federal, state and local income and other taxes, licenses, fees and insurance are the responsibility of the winners. No substitution, transfer of prizes, or election of cash in lieu of prizes will be permitted except at sole discretion of Sponsor or as specifically set forth herein. One prize per household or family. Sponsor reserves the right to substitute a prize of greater or equal value if the prize chosen is not available. Any prize may be awarded in gift certificates or cash sums at Sponsor's sole discretion. All prizes will be awarded and will be fulfilled in 1999, except for travel, which may be fulfilled in 2000.

6. Any game materials including without limitation the offer, rules and announcement of winners, containing production, printing or typographical errors, or obtained outside authorized, legitimate channels are automatically void; and the liability of Sponsor, if any, is limited to the replacement of such materials and recipient agrees to release Sponsor, its parent, the judging organization and their respective officers, directors, employees and agents from any and all losses, claims, or damages that may result.

7. By accepting a prize, winners agree to grant R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company the right to use their names, biographical information and/or likenesses for promotional purposes without further compensation, unless prohibited by law. By claiming a prize, winners agree that R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, their affiliates, directors and judging organization shall have no liability for any injuries, losses or damages of any kind (including death) resulting from acceptance, possession, participation in or use of any prize.

8. For advance copies of Affidavit of Eligibility/Release of Liability/Publicity/Prize Acceptance Form or the names of prize winners (available after 8/1/99), send a separate, self-addressed stamped envelope to Camel's Mighty Tasty Lifestyles Winners List, P.O. Box 5694, Norwood, MN 5583-5780. Indicate "Affidavit" or "Winners List" as applicable on the outside of envelope.

The trademarks that identify the various prizes are the property of the respective trademark owners who are not sponsors or endorers of this promotion.

All Promotional Costs Paid By Manufacturer.

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**Legal
Mumbo
Jumbo!**

Of course, Wonderbra stays at the hotel for free

GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

Jive Token

Do not pass Go until you vote for a new Monopoly token.

The guys at Hasbro, owners of the dated Monopoly franchise, have hit upon an exciting PR gimmick to spur sales of their thrilling, pulse-pounding board game: They're bringing out a new token. At www.monopoly.com, you can vote for a plane, a piggy bank, or a sack of cash to join the racecar, top hat, wheelbarrow, et al. in the merry race around the board. But we at *Maxim* suggest that the following candidates better reflect America's changing values. Help us screw up this poll by casting your own write-in vote today!

- Wonderbra
- Armor-piercing bullet
- Crack pipe
- El Niño (let's see 'em do that one!)
- "Prince Albert" pierced genitals
- Bust of Janet Reno
- Fuzzy handcuffs
- Bloody 10" knife and glove

CIRCUS MAXIMUS

HOW TO

Perform an Exorcism

Is your girlfriend spitting pea soup and speaking in tongues again? *Maxim's* exorcise program will soon have her fit as a fiddle.

True, you may have been dumped because you're an unemployed Sega addict. But it's much more likely your ex-girlfriend has been possessed by the demon Gozer. How can you return her to her sweet, docile self? Get religion, son!

■ **Step One:** Call in the pros. Catholic doctrine says an exorcism can be performed only by a priest, with the permission of a bishop. First, he must prove the possession is real. Symptoms: Understanding languages one doesn't speak, knowing things that are hidden, and exhibiting a fascination with the WB's lineup. If you're not a priest but want to try your hand...

■ **Step Two:** Bone up on *The Ritual*. The prayer book most often used for exorcism is the Roman Pontifical. Every bishop has a copy, but if yours is out of town, the prayers can be found in "The Roman

Ritual of Exorcism," an appendix to exorcist Malachi Martin's *Hostage to the Devil*, available at www.amazon.com. Read aloud, repeating parts that make the possessed writhe in pain, and ignore whatever the demons make the victim say—they're tricksters. Who do you think told Ginger Spice to go solo?

■ **Step Three:** Sweat the small stuff. Prayers must be said in Latin whenever possible, because the language has a "special unction and disruptive value for [the] Evil Spirit." If you have some saints' relics (and who doesn't?), place them on her chest—just make sure they're not "treated irreverently" by the demon, e.g., what Linda Blair did with that cross.

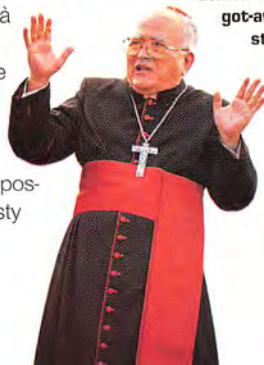
■ **Step Four:** Keep after that rascal. Some demons will go into hiding and the possessed will behave better. Don't stop,



The Ritual warns, until you see "signs of liberation." And you know what that means: Shit's gonna catch fire!

■ **Step Five:** Watch thine ass. When you see that the demon's being expelled (bodies levitate, clocks fly, windows to hell open up in her troll-doll collection), keep your heart pure or the demon will fly into you, à la *The Exorcist*, and you'll have to hurl yourself out the window to dispel it—again and again if you're on the first floor. When the coast is clear, revive the formerly possessed with some cold frosty ones. She's buying.

That old demon-that-got-away story



Sperm Busters?

Wanna be a poppa?
Keep those boys safe.

Protect the balls—it's our first evolutionary directive as men. But are we doing enough? Books like *Our Stolen Future* (Dutton, 1997) have sounded the alarm that the world's sperm count appears to be declining because of a host of environmental and other causes. To help you protect and nourish your own supply of wriggly microdependents, we've assessed a range of rumored sperm killers and tried to separate the deadly from the merely unpleasant.

Spilling a cup of coffee into your crotch

Sperm killer? Yes. Heat is the mortal enemy of sperm—that's why your scrotum's outside your 98.6° body. Avoid hot tubs and bumpy McDonald's drive-thrus.

Smokin' marijuana

Sperm killer? Regular wacky-weed smoking lowers the sperm count, decreases sperm motility, and increases the number of abnormally shaped sperm. Bummer, dude.

Getting a steel-tipped boot in the jewelry box

Sperm killer? Rule of thumb: Never let people kick you in the balls. It's bad for your reproductive chances...hurts quite a bit, too.

Catching a bug

Sperm killer? Fever, adult mumps, and STDs are among a slew of things that can hurt sperm count, some of them permanently. Almost makes you want to live in a bubble, doesn't it?

Eating three-headed fish from Lake Chernobyl

**"I've got lots
of sperm—
wanna see?"**

Sperm killer? As bad as it gets. If you're about to blast your gonads with major doses of radiation, make a deposit at your local sperm bank first.

Bicycling

Sperm killer? Bad news, Greg LeMond: Tight pants plus hot exercise plus a bike seat grinding into your nut cluster makes a man fit as a fiddle but infertile as,



"I hate rush hour."



um...a turtle. Oh, hell—it rhymes, anyway.

Getting an x-ray

Sperm killer? No. Forget the lead shield: Unless you're a bad NASCAR driver or a parachute tester, odds are you're not getting enough x-rays to worry about.



"Doc, my spear is hard and strong—but nothing comes out."

Sharing lockers with Ben Johnson

Sperm killer? Beefcake warriors beware: Steroids may pump you up, but they can give you a girlie-man sperm count (and shrink yer nuts, too). Also watch out for testosterone.

Listening to Kenny G

Sperm killer? Scientists have not been able to prove that exposure to low levels of the lite-jazz musi-

cian causes permanent sperm-count reduction. But is it really worth taking chances?

Wearing briefs/banana hammocks

Sperm killer? Tightly-white wearers can take heart: New research shows that normal cotton briefs do not reduce one's sperm count. Then again, Bill Clinton wears boxers...

SITE FOR SORE EYES

Bert Is Evil!

From his topknot to his withered, useless puppet legs, this Muppet is bad news.



You probably remember Bert as a harmless, fuzzy yellow guy with a '70s sense of style. Sure, his relationship with same-sex bedroom partner Ernie was a bit dicey...but evil? Well, surprise, surprise: Turns out that off-camera, Bert is secretly a maniacal fiend. Punch up <http://plaza.v-wave.com/bert> for photographic images of the *Sesame Street* star planning strategy with Adolf Hitler, peering darkly at Kennedy's motorcade in Dallas, and (most evil of all) sitting with the O.J. legal-defense team. In on-site interviews, Elmo, Kermit, and even Ernie testify that the affable Bert is

an addict with connections to South American drug-smuggling cartels, and that he has abused, threatened, and tried to rape many of his puppet costars. If you've got the guts to look evil in the painted plastic eye, this site's for you. (It's not even remotely associated with or endorsed by the *Sesame Street* folks, of course.)



"Ernie! It's not what it seems."

Photographs, (clockwise from the top): Tony Stone Imaging; Nick Dolding/Tony Stone Images;

pure **jazz.**

pure Henry.



Henry Butler
Shot live at Tipitina's
New Orleans, Louisiana

When Henry Butler hits the keys, his fingers find
them instinctively. Because his soul is telling them
where to look. From his soul to the piano strings
to the pure music that reaches your ears,
he's creating a personal bond with everyone in the room.
And if you're not in the room with Henry, you can still hear him
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Norelco®

PUT IT TO THE TEST.



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CIRCUS MAXIMUS

HOW TO

Cast a Sex Spell

Shell out for flowers, dinner, and dancing when it's not even a sure thing? Here's a wiccan spell that guarantees results.

Deciding we were going to hell anyway, we sent a correspondent to ask "Sabrina,"* a non-teenage wiccan priestess, to give us a spell to help us get booty. The result: a sex spell she describes as "better than Viagra."

- 1 Buy a red candle.** Red's the color of sexual passion and excitement, and candles carry phallic energy. Really.
- 2 With a red pen,** make a list of what you're looking for in your ideal sex partner. (Don't put down a specific woman's name, Sabrina warns, or you'll be dabbling in black magic.)
- 3 Place the candle and the list on a TV tray** or any other altarlike object. Add anything else you think may help. Good amulets to have, according to *Wicca Love Spells*, by Gerina Dunwich (Carol Publishing Group, 1997), are apples, a red rose, and a lemon rind that's been cut into a heart shape and dried in the sun for seven days.

4 Let the stuff sit there until October 31. Then wait until dark and begin...

5 Rub red pepper on the candle, then carve sexual symbols into it with a knife. Bad choice: a stick figure with hooters. Good choice: a circle with a plus sign attached at the bottom—the astrological

symbol for Venus, the goddess of love.

6 Clear all negative energy from around the altar by placing a quartz crystal or a dish of salt nearby. Light the candle as you chant a rhyme like this, mentioned in *Wicca Love Spells*: "Witch candle, witch candle, bright with fire/Influence the spirits to bring me my desire." Recite three times.

7 Take the lighted candle to each corner of the room and say: "By the four ancient and mystical elements—earth, water, fire, and air—bring me my love!" (This room should not be a public rest room or your boss' office.)

8 Blow the candle out and repeat the ritual with the same candle every full moon until May 1. Then sit back and wait for Rebecca Gayheart.

"You called?"



**Demonic
dating
service**

Photographs, (clockwise from top): Jeffrey Kreitz; Neal Peters Collection; Gamma Liaison; AP/Wide World Photos; Lance Stedder (additional credits see cover girl feature).

After being in his face for 21 days,
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those nasty things he said about us.

Derek Armstrong, Center
Hartford Wolf★Pack Hockey Team

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Seven Days of 007

Bored to death with peaceful island getaways? For your next holiday, try a thrill-packed James Bond vacation.

When you're ready to get in touch with your inner 007, say the word and New York's Intercontinental Investigations will spirit you and 5,000 of your dollars to an exotic Caribbean island for the James Bond Fantasy Tour, an adrenaline-pumping week of international espionage. (License to kill not included.) The tour comes with all the thrills of a real stint in Her Majesty's secret service, with no being tortured by evil geniuses. You'll engage in high-speed boat chases, terrorist hijackings, and karate skirmishes; you'll track rings of villainous microchip smugglers; you'll bone up on surveillance techniques like stakeouts and the placement of hidden cameras. And while Intercontinental can't promise Pussy Galore, rest assured there'll be plenty of deadly buxom babes to hunt down on Jet Skis. To try your hand at Bonding, contact Intercontinental at (212) 682-5222.

"Money Penny, could you shift right a bit?"



Car factory Detroit's dirty little secret

BURY COOL

Grave Reviews

Dig these tombs: our roundup of the amazing resting places of the rich and famous.

■ Oddest grave

The Cadillac Graveyard in Bushland, Texas, where luxury cars that expire before their time are buried standing on end and half sticking out of the ground.

■ Most popular grave

You guessed it: Though not everybody south of the Mason-Dixon line will admit he's dead, the grave of Elvis Presley (d. 1977) wins hands down, attracting up to 4,000 people a day. Those who can't make the trip to personally step over The King's bones wire flowers, teddy bears, and angel statues, according to Graceland

Elvis has left the planet

spokesman Todd Andersen. Traffic is especially heavy around The King's birthday, January 8, and his death day, August 16.

■ Scariest grave

Hidden somewhere in St. Louis Cemetery No. 1 in New Orleans—according to Kathy Smith of Haunted History Tours (call 504-861-2727)—are the vaults of two purported vampires. John and Wayne Carter, legend has it,

were arrested in the 1930s when police found dozens of dead bodies, drained of blood, stacked like cordwood in their apartment. A year after the Carters were executed and interred, vampire attacks plagued the area; locals opened the vaults...and found them empty.

■ Showiest grave

The white marble extravaganza of croaked vaudevillian Al Jolson (d. 1950) in Hillside Memorial Park, Los Angeles. The tomb, which cost \$84,000, has its own waterfall and a statue of the singer crooning "Mammy."

■ Most musical grave

The mausoleum of Armand Hammer (d. 1990), in which the zillionaire installed a stereo system that plays when the door opens. He used to stroll over to Westwood Memorial Park (Los Angeles) for previews on his lunch hour.

■ Most phallic grave

The tomb of Félix de Beaujour, in Paris. A stiff, hard column rising 143 feet, this Tomb of the Unknown One-Eyed Soldier is either a loving tribute from gals in the know or a way to make up for something the old boy wasn't packing in life.



Hammer time



RING MASTERS

Sage Advice from the WWF

Pro wrestlers grapple with the delicate issues of our times.

This Month: In recent months, the security of Asia has been undermined by India and Pakistan, both of which have conducted successful nuclear-weapons tests. The U.S. has issued strong statements of disapproval, and other nations have condemned the two countries. How should the U.S. and its allies handle the situation?

Rocky Maivia: "The only nuclear weapons that these two countries have to worry about are The Rock's 22-inch nuclear guns being wrapped around their necks! If this nonsense continues, then the people's champ, The Rock, will team

with President Clinton in the squared circle. A pile driver to Pakistan, a suplex to India: Turn out the lights, the party is over, if you smell what The Rock is cookin'!"

Rocky: Pain for peace!

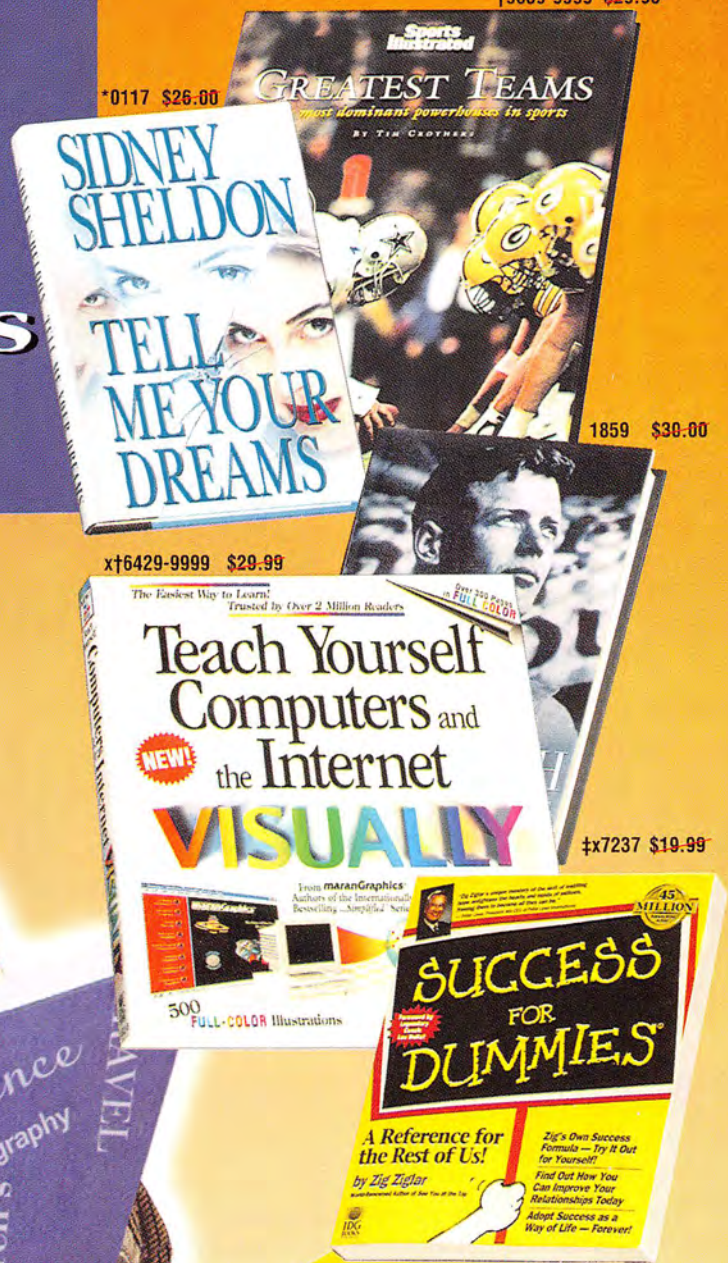


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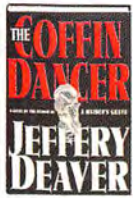
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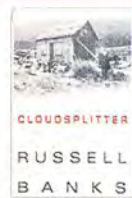
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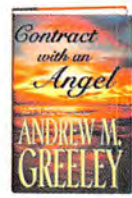
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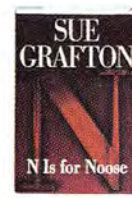
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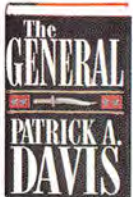
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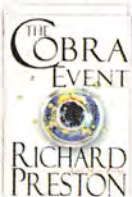
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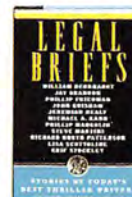
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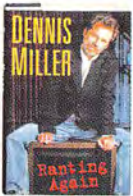


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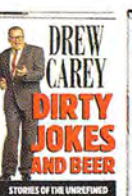
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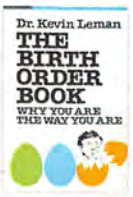


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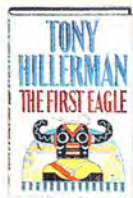
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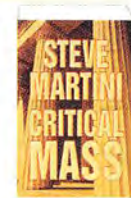
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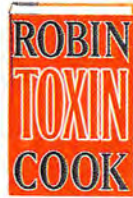
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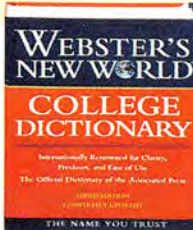
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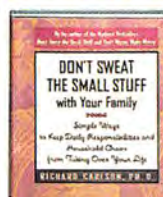


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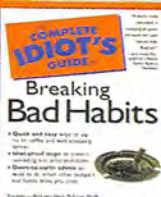
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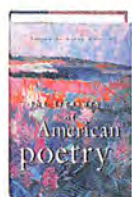


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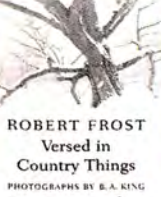


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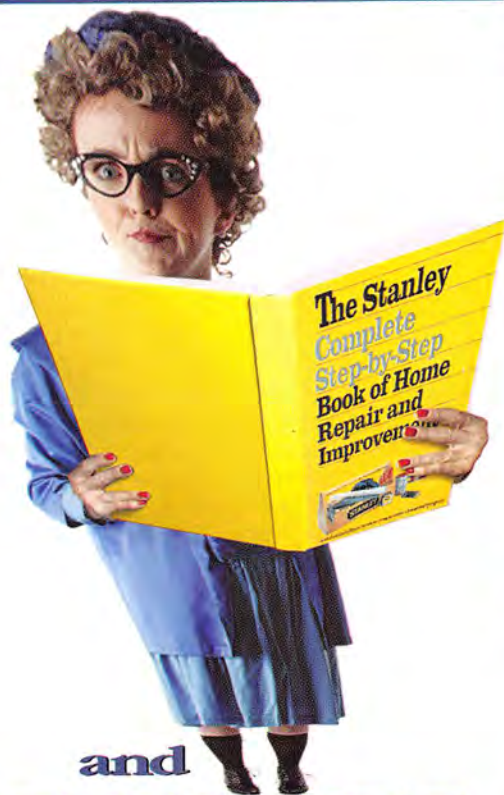


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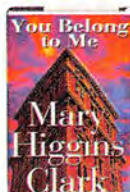
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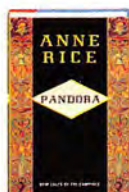
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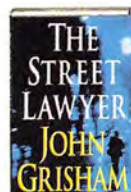
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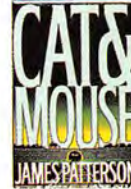
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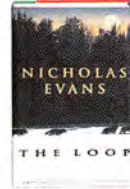
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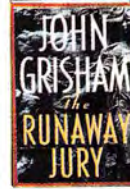
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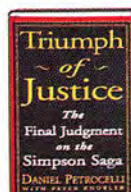


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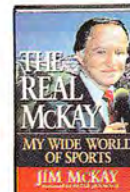
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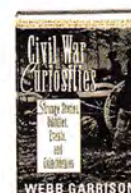
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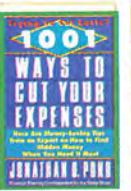
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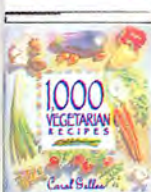
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Exercise

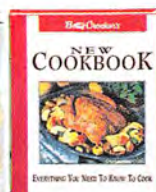
Cooking

Health

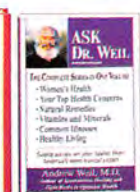
Sexual Intimacy



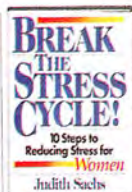
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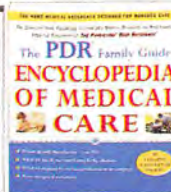
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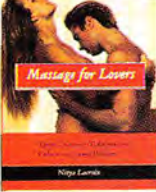
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JUST SAY WHOA

Herbal Remedies

Antidrug legislation is getting out of hand. Here's punishment to fit the crime.

Sure, nobody wants a bunch of stoners driving our school buses at two miles an hour. But proposed anti-pot-smoking legislation is approaching cruel and unusual extremes. In 1997, a Kansan proposed making pot-growing a life-without-parole offense. This year, a Georgia congressman has suggested that drug users be quarantined in abandoned military bases so they don't "infect" others, and a Mississippi representative devised a "Smoke a Joint, Lose a Limb" bill to punish marijuana smokers with the amputation of an arm or a leg. (Convict and court "must agree on which body part shall be removed.") We at *Maxim* say: Chill, dudes. These perps are stoners, not murderers. Wouldn't punishments like the following be much more effective?

■ **Proposal #1:** The convicted marijuana smoker must ingest 34 peanut-butter-and-bacon sandwiches in a single afternoon. A large pitcher of cool, refreshing water will be provided...but every sip will tack another sandwich onto his sentence.

■ **Proposal #2:** For a period of no less than six hours, the convicted smoker will be locked in a room with cops who will interrogate him by repeatedly asking, "Who are you? I mean *really*?" A big-screen TV tuned to the Game Show Network will be playing within earshot but just out of the inmate's range of vision.

■ **Proposal #3:** The smoker will have his scrotal sac pinched with roach clips, one clip for every joint found in his possession, for a period not to exceed the complete running time of a live performance of Peter, Paul and Mary's "Puff, the Magic Dragon."

■ **Proposal #4:** The smoker must recline in a hot tub filled with bong water for a period of up to three hours. He must wear a bikini and a wig of blonde, curly pigtails, and will be joined by four nude inmates who resemble the late Jerry Garcia.



WHO CARES?

G'HEAD, ASK US ANYTHING

Maxim answers all your nagging morbid questions.

Send your question to:

"Ask Anything," c/o *Maxim* magazine,
1040 Avenue of the Americas,
23rd floor, New York, NY 10018.

Q: When was the last person executed for being a witch?

A: Accurate records on witchcraft are hard to come by, but somewhere between 100,000 and 300,000 unlucky souls were put to death in Europe's witch-hunting craze of the 1400s, 1500s, and 1600s. Some of the condemned, like Joan of Arc, were burned at the stake; three women were sealed inside barrels, which were then run through with spikes, filled with oil, and set on fire (kind of like what happened to Bill during this whole Monica affair). The more socially acceptable method of snuffing witches in the American colonies, however, was hanging. American witch mania came to a head at the end of the 17th century in Salem, Massachusetts, where a total of 19 people were hanged. The final group—six women and two men—were hanged on September 22, 1692, becoming the last suspected witches executed in this country. But the practice continues in certain less enlightened lands: In 1996 in Saudi Arabia, a Syrian man was beheaded for witchcraft to please his boss, the king's nephew.

Q: What was the longest time between a murder and its being solved?

A: The Feds don't keep stats on this, but among the longest ongoing investigations in U.S. history is the 18-year FBI search to peg the Unabomber. Since there's no statute of limitations on murder cases, they can be reopened decades later if new evidence surfaces, as in the recent case against Byron De La Beckwith and his assassination of civil-rights leader Medgar Evers in 1963. According to the NYPD, the longest time between a murder and a conviction elapsed in a case that was recently solved by the Miami police department. In 1946, John Milledge, Miami's first black

police officer, was shot in the throat and killed while walking his downtown beat. Forty-three years later, in 1989, a woman reported to police that a friend of hers had seen 17-year-old Leroy Strachan near the scene of the crime, rifle in hand. The police tracked Strachan to New York City, where he'd raised a family and become a model citizen. Strachan freely admitted to committing the crime, pleaded guilty to manslaughter, and was sentenced to seven years' probation and 2,000 hours of community service.

Q: Why do they embalm bodies when they're going to bury them anyway?

A: Two reasons: sanitation and preservation. "Embalming is not generally required by state law," points out Kelly Smith, public relations manager for the National Funeral Directors' Association, "but is often required by the [funeral] home if there is going to be a visitation, viewing, or funeral. Decomposition is a nasty thing." The process takes about three days from body retrieval to interment, and a lot can rot in that time; plus, if the family plans a visitation or an open-casket funeral, it's much easier to put makeup on a face that isn't decomposing. There's nothing that will keep the body from turning to mush underground, though...essentially, embalming is just a stopgap measure to keep Grandpa from losing face until you can jam him into the hole.



"Book him and shave him, Larry!"



"This'll teach him to fall asleep in shop class."

Photographs, (clockwise from top right): Everett Collection; Tom Tracy/The Oregonian/Sigma Kerman/Gamma-Liaison; Dennis Cody/FP; Illustration, (from the top left), James Sivani; Ryan Hughes.

In a past life I was a mermaid who fell in love with an ancient mariner. I pulled him into the sea to be my husband. I didn't know he couldn't breathe underwater.



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*In a past life I was pure,
glacial spring water.*



In this game,
two horns beats
three of a kind



NEWS FROM THE SLAMMER

Cowpoke Cons

At Louisiana's Angola Prison Rodeo, the guilty are charged...by angry bulls.

Yee-haw! Every Sunday in October, 100 or so assorted thieves, murderers, and such will take the bull by the horns at the annual Angola Prison Rodeo, held two hours from New Orleans at the Louisiana State Penitentiary. Even prison life in Louisiana's not as hard as trying to ride a 2,000-pound raging bull who's had a thong tied tight around his scrotum. (And you thought them bulls wuz just naturally surly?) Aside from braving the bare-backed beasts, the felons volunteer for other "games," like "Guts and Glory," in which cons try to swipe a \$200 chit off an angry bull's head.

A con after some really hard labor

But the highlight of the evening, hands down, is a stirring round of "Convict Poker," in which four contestants sit at a table in the middle of a bullring

and try to play a hand of poker while an extra-rare side of beef charges them full tilt. Last man to leave his chair takes the prize; his balls can often be heard clanking together after the match.

Sure, the occasional pansy-assed do-gooder voices objections about inmate cruelty, but the penitentiary isn't about to buck tradition. "The animals are professional rodeo stock," says Angola's executive officer, Cathy Jet. "It's a lot safer than people think. We've had a few broken bones, but that's about it." And in case you were wondering, approximately 500 correctional officers are on hand to make sure none of the cons get any funny idears. "We do an inmate count before the spectators leave," says Jet. "If anyone's missing, no one goes home." But who'd want to escape and miss the chance to ride again next year? For more information, call (504) 655-4411. Tickets are purchased the day of the show. Adults \$8, kiddies \$4.



MODERN IMMATURITY

It Came from the Third Grade

Pranks so juvenile they're funny all over again!

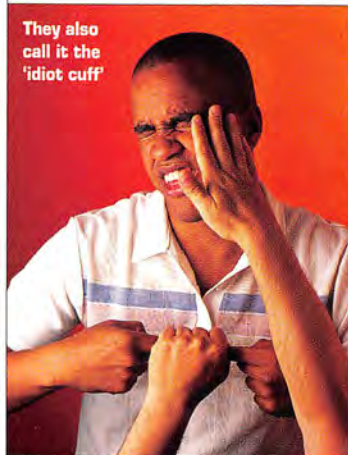
THIS MONTH: CHINESE FINGER TRAP

Situation: You and target are chatting amiably, and his guard is down.

Setup: Say "Wanna see a cool illusion? Touch your index fingers together, about a foot in front of your face."

Execution: When curious target complies, curl one hand around his touching fingertips and squeeze tight. With the other hand, slap him silly until he manages to break free (usually 3-5 whole minutes).

They also call it the 'idiot cuff'



Why it works:

Immobilizing target with one hand makes him feel weak; fooling him with such a simple play makes him feel stupid. The combo shames him to the point where—instead of fighting back—he can only weep helplessly.

Punch line: "I can't believe you fell for that, you moron."

Next: The Fall Guy

YEAR END BONUS



At last, something to show for all your hard work.

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JVC

FS SERIES

For convenience, there is a stand-up remote and a Dual Layer Fluorescent Display that allows you to choose between an elegant analog clock or digital track, time, and station information...at will. There's also a built-in 20 minute backup to make sure you never miss an important meeting or tee time.

So, if music is a big part of getting you through the day—and making the night feel right, JVC FS Music Systems are the perfect 24 hour companion.





NASTY NOSTALGIA

Trick-or-Treating Down Memory Lane

Unless you lived in Mr. Rogers' neighborhood, Halloween meant meeting some spooky, ooky adults.

Remember trick-or-treating, where you'd roam your neighborhood and get all kinds of cool candy from smiling, friendly neighbors? Yeah, we're drawing a blank too. As a matter of fact, Halloween was much scarier than people like to remember: freaks and goons giving out peanut-buttery Mary Janes, nickels for UNICEF, and other inedible crap. Let's go back, shall we?

House #1: A dusty colonial with flower boxes and window lamps.

At the door: A 220-year-old woman.
Line: "Oooh, aren't you scary?" followed by a fit of agonized coughing.
Loot: A popcorn ball with address label so your mom won't think it's poisoned.
Lesson: Old people have a lot of time on their hands.

House #2: A condo on a dicey block, with a bug-encrusted light on the porch.

At the door: A 20-year-old guy in an old T-shirt who smells funny and looks surprised to see you.
Line: "Sorry, kids. I've been, uh, busy."
Loot: A handful of take-out soy-sauce packets.
Lesson: Something bad happens if you move out of your parents' house before getting married.



House #3: Completely dark.

At the door: No one comes, no matter how many times you ring the bell.
Line: A muffled "Are they gone yet?"
Loot: Only the satisfaction of holding an entire family hostage for a half-hour.
Lesson: Shame is a powerful force.

House #4: Well-kept and tidy, with a manicured lawn.

At the door: A family man in his 40s who identifies himself as a dentist.
Line: "Here's something that will help you kids after all that candy."
Loot: Cute toothbrush-toothpaste set.
Lesson: Dentists wish they were dead.

House #5: Modest and neat, with a big cross on the door.

At the door: A couple who invite you in to tell you Halloween is Satan's holiday.
Line: "Jesus is the *real* Sugar Daddy."
Loot: A palm-size New Testament.
Lesson: Your parents ain't bad at all.

House #6: Tombstones on the lawn, jack-o'-lanterns, etc.

At the door: No one. But some 30-year-old freak jumps off the roof, almost hitting you.
Line: "Ha, ha. I really scared you, didn't I?"
Loot: Big bag of candy corn.
Lesson: Grownups can be the scariest folks of all.



"Who put a Men's Room sign on the hatch?"

HOW TO

Fall Out of a Plane

First you botched the hijacking. Then you jumped out strapped to a duffel bag. Never fear: *Maxim*'ll bring you down safe. Maybe.

In 1991, Ohio sky diver Jill Shields fell two miles with a shot chute and lived, suffering no more than broken bones. Now, we won't lie to you: Follow her lead and you'll probably croak. But every edge counts, so here are sky divers' tips for boosting your odds. If you make it, write to us, wouldja?

35,000 feet (3 minutes, 59 seconds to go)

Though 30,000 to 40,000 feet—typical cruising altitude for cross-country flights—is pretty high, you'll reach terminal velocity and stop speeding up after the first 1,600 feet or so. Sure, you'll be traveling 200 miles per hour, but only if you're holding yourself straight up. Go belly-down and spread-eagled like sky divers do and you'll slow to 120 mph. Better, bend at the waist so your ass points up and you'll cut your speed to 100 mph.

10,000 feet (1 minute, 9 seconds to go)

The ass-up position will allow you to move laterally by as much as a few miles as you plunge—known in skydiving circles as *tracking*. Use this power to avoid big blue splotches. Water, unlike dirt, is incompressible—a real bad crash pad.

5,000 feet (34 seconds to go)

Your best bet, if you can pull it off, is to angle your descent so you land moving down a hillside: You'll do a classic stunt-man roll and absorb some of the bone-splintering impact. If you can't find a hill, look for soft, plowed farmland, big piles of hay, or chef Paul Prudhomme.

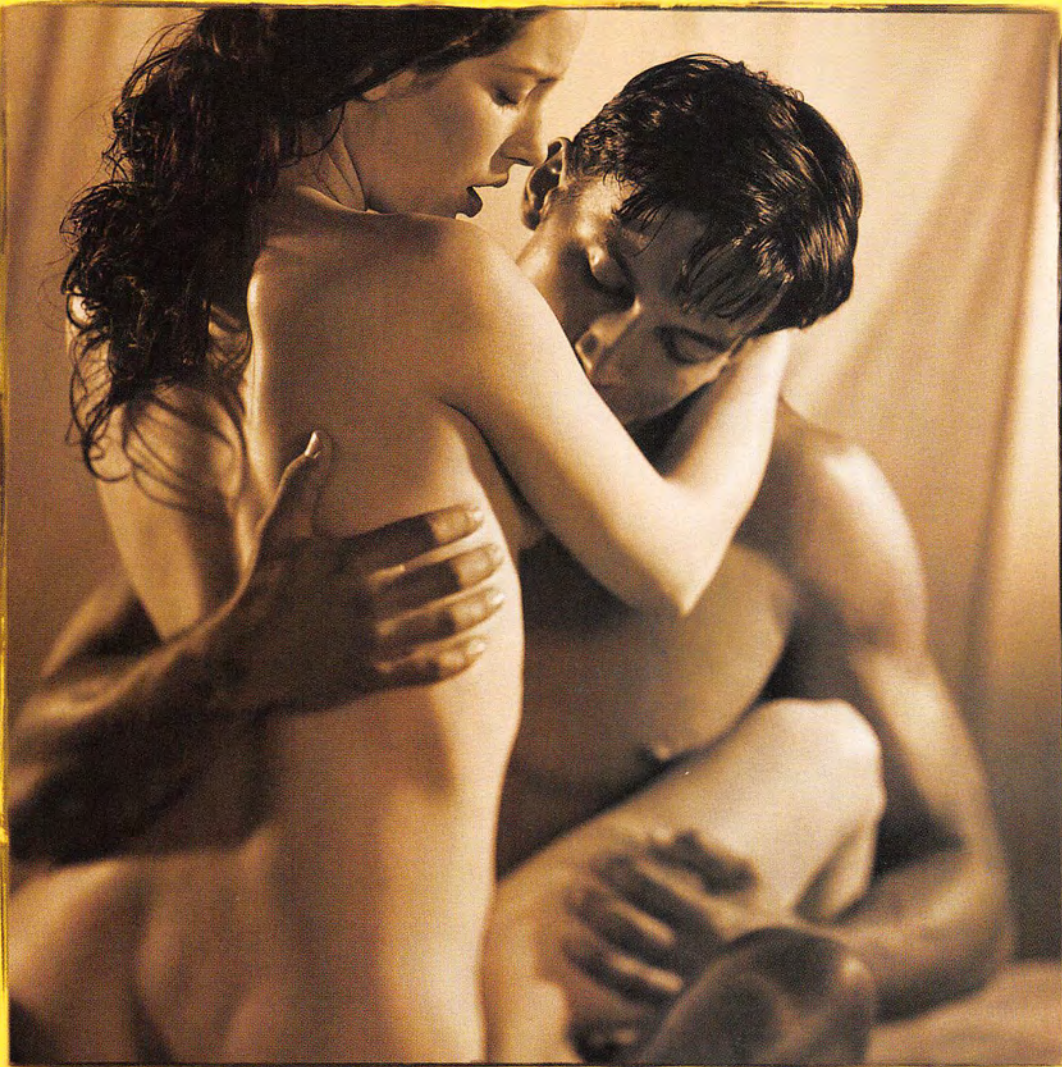
500 feet (3.4 seconds to go)

Just relax as much as possible (remember, passed-out drunks and blissfully oblivious kids survive crashes better than stressed-out adults) and give your home planet a big, wet kiss.

"Bob jumped? But I have his chute!"



Photographs: (clockwise from top left): Foto Fantasies (x2); Photofest; Everett Collection.



The human body has over
45 miles of nerves.

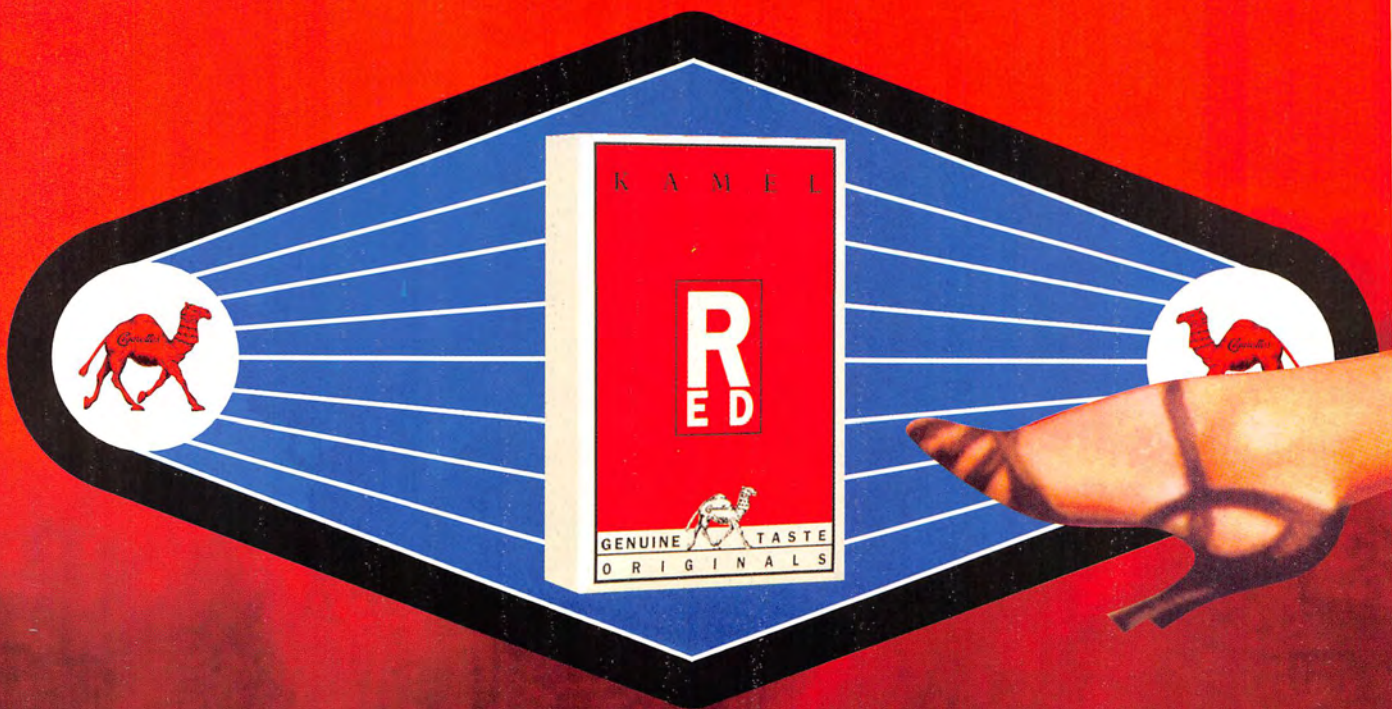
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BLAZE RUNNER (\$77)

In the grand tradition of those hell-for-leather hot rods that cruise around with orange flames painted on their sides, Airwalk trots out these flashy Scorch shoes. They don't have air-filled soles or pumpable tongues, and they won't help your vertical jump one bit. But people on the street will stop and say, "Cool sneaks," and that's probably never happened to you before. (Airwalk, 800-247-9255)



ASPHALT AND BATTERY (\$1,499)

Bicyclist's Fantasy No. 1: All roads go downhill. Bicyclist's Fantasy No. 2: The bike does half the work for you. Can't do a damned thing about No. 1, but press a button on the Charger Electric Bicycle and the bike increases your output by up to 400 percent. A sensor on the chain scans how hard you're pedaling, and then a removable, rechargeable battery amplifies it. Kinda like having bionic legs: Pedal a little, ride a lot. (Charger Electric Bicycles, 888-710-4321)



ON THE LEVEL (\$280)

Chances are you don't give a rat's ass if the shelves on your walls are crooked. Even if you do, you don't want to blow two hours with a measuring tape and pencil. So fire up the Laservision 7.0, an electronic level that uses an audio signal and digital arrows to guide you to perfectly horizontal. Or just dump everything on the floor. (Zircon, 800-245-9265)

THE SHINING (\$70)

This is what happens during a blackout: You stumble to your utility drawer, break out the flashlight, flip the switch, and...sit in the darkness, realizing that you haven't changed the batteries since 1987. Fortunately, you'll never be left lightless with the Freeplay Self-Powered Lantern, which converts your kinetic energy into a brilliant beam. Wind this battery-free gizmo for just 30 seconds and you'll get up to four minutes of light. (BayGen, 800-946-3234)

POWER HITTER (\$290)

Tap your bat on the plate and point to deep center, because the next pitch is going out of the park. The Copperhead ACX bat wraps an electronic shock absorber under the grip, cutting the vibrations by up to 70 percent and giving the stick an unlimited sweet spot—which means your piddly pop-ups will be flying farther. The Copperhead works equally well for taking out sniveling ump's. (Worth, 800-282-9637)

REEL WORLD (\$20)

You can waste your time fly-fishing in a frigid stream while trying to achieve *A River Runs Through It* enlightenment. Or you can buy Lunker Bass Fishin', a handheld video game that lets you choose from 18 lures, cast your line, and try to hook a 25-pounder. When you get a nibble, the game starts vibrating in your hand; then you've got to tug it to set the hook. Be warned: With all that tugging and vibrating, you'd be a fool to play this game in public. (Radica, 800-854-9551)

Didn't you hear? The world's coming to an end. Better spend your money while you still can.

TOY CHEST

SPEAKERS OF THE HOUSE (\$8,000)

Stereophile Guide to Home Theater, a magazine for audio geeks, recently devoted a full 10-page article to Revel's Ultima Gems, calling them among the best in the business. It went on and on about the speakers' titanium drivers, two-inch voice coils, rear tweeters, and a bunch of other stuff that we *Maxim* editors couldn't be bothered with. All we know is that when we cranked Megadeth to 11, it sounded really cool. (Revel, 818-717-0770)

The Lazy Guy's Guide to Health

Eleven no-sweat health tips for the slacker in all of us.

By Jeffrey J. Csatari



When weight training, one set is as good as three.

Back when life was less complicated, staying healthy was as easy as having enough sense not to drink 15 beers at a frat party. But right about now (even if you haven't hit 30 yet), age is beginning its long, slow shrivel. Even your measly six-pack a week is starting to hang around your middle region like mashed potatoes. Perhaps for the first time in your life, you realize you've got to make an effort to stay in shape and start paying attention to

staying alive. But you're still as lazy as you ever were.

So *Maxim* searched the medical journals and tracked down the experts to smoke out the best health and fitness tips we could find, keeping this edict in mind: Maximum results for minimum pain in the ass.°

Now pass the tacos.

1 Ten-Minute Fitness—No Sweat.

No time to get to the gym for three hours of lung-searing training? No problem.

You can stay healthy by accumulating as little as 30 minutes of exercise a day in three 10-minute bouts, three days a week, according to the American College of Sports Medicine's 1998 position on cardiorespiratory fitness. "You don't even have to break a sweat," says Glenn A. Gaesser, Ph.D., an associate professor of exercise physiology at the University of Virginia.

Some easy ways to sneak in those 10-minute sets of exercise:

- Park your car in the lot spot farthest from your office and walk briskly, or get off the subway or bus a few stops before your usual one.
- Have sex.
- Climb the stairs of your building at lunchtime.
- Have sex.
- Go to a nightclub, skip the beer, find a babe, and dance.
- Have sex. This time not with yourself.

2 Do Nothing; Burn Calories All Day.

Muscle is up to 25 times more metabolically active than fat. In other words, while body fat just sits there taking up space like your portly uncle Mel (burning a maximum of two calories a day), a pound of muscle burns 35 to 50 calories a day just existing. This may not seem like a huge difference, but say you add four pounds of lean muscle to your frame. That's as much as 200 extra calories burned off daily. Think of this as nearly three beers a day. Or, if you're trying to drop some lard, a pound of fat is equivalent to 3,500 calories; gaining muscle mass will help you peel off pounds. ▷

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The best flesh-shedding strategy is *not* to sacrifice your favorite foods.

3 Spend Less Time Lifting Weights. You don't have to waste your life humping iron to build that calorie-burning muscle mass. One set of high-intensity training is just as effective as three sets, say researchers at the University of Florida's Center for Exercise Science. In one of their studies, two groups of 25 subjects each weight-trained three days a week. One group did just one set each of the given exercises, while the other did three. At the end of 14 weeks, the two groups experienced similar improvements in strength and muscle mass. But the one-set group had better social lives.

"It's the law of diminishing returns," says exercise physiologist Gaesser. "Sure, you'll get something out of doing more sets, but the biggest strength gains will be seen with just one." Do one set each of eight exercises (eight to 12 repetitions per set) that focus on the major muscle groups: arms, shoulders, back, chest, abdomen, hips, and legs. For each exercise, use a

weight that's heavy enough that you cannot do more than 12 reps without help. The bare-minimum strength workout can be done in just 20 minutes twice a week.

4 Play with Your Food. Here's a no-brainer way to ensure that you're eating right, recommended by Yvonne Bronner, Sc.D., R.D., L.D., assistant professor and registered dietitian at the Johns Hopkins School of Public Health: Fill your dinner plate so half of it is made up of vegetables and fruits; a quarter is meat; and a quarter is grains, such as rice, pasta, bread, or cereal.

5 Clobber Cholesterol. A new study suggests that the key cholesterol-lowering ingredients in soybean foods such as tofu are compounds known as isoflavones. Researchers at Wake Forest University, Winston Salem, North Carolina, found that when they gave patients with high cholesterol a daily soy beverage containing isoflavones, low-density lipoprotein (LDL)—or "bad"

cholesterol—dropped by 10 percent. A group that drank soy without isoflavones experienced no change. Two good sources of isoflavones: Take Care Beverage Powder (800-445-3350), which doesn't taste bad mixed in O.J., and Beanitos Roasted soy nuts (800-233-3668), also available in health food stores.

6 Men in Tights Don't Pull Muscles. Want better endurance without having to add wind sprints to your workout? Wear those tight-fitting Lycra athletic shorts. A study at Pennsylvania State University showed that so-called compression shorts reduce fatigue-causing vibration in the muscles, which may translate into more power and fewer strained muscles. Tip: Wear a pair of baggy nylon shorts over the tights to avoid looking like you're auditioning for *Swan Lake*.

7 Rise and Shine on Four Hours of Sleep. Optimally you should get nine hours of sleep. So how can you make a killer presentation at 2 P.M. after a night that ended at 3 A.M.? Strategic napping. A Swedish study on napping and alertness found that when people who got only four hours of sleep took a half-hour snooze late in the morning—about 30 minutes before they needed to perform a task—they scored as well on an alertness test as they did after they had seven hours of sleep.

8 Make a Mountain Out of a Molehill. Raise the treadmill to at least a 10 percent incline and make sure not to lean on the handlebars. You'll burn up to 40 percent more calories than you do when it's flat.

9 Get the Biggest Workout Bang for the Buck. At about 10 bucks, "a jump rope is the best fitness investment you can make," says Edward J. Jackowski, ▶

*Maxim recommends: before participating in any exercise program, consult with a qualified medical doctor.

author of the book *Hold It! You're Exercising Wrong* (Simon & Schuster, 1994). "You can burn more fat with rope jumping than with any other exercise."

Rope jumping fries 600 to 1,000 calories an hour (at 120 jumps a minute) because it works the arms as well as the legs. (By comparison, a 175-pound man will burn roughly 550 calories in an hour of jogging.) If you jump for an hour three times a week, you can burn up a pound's worth of calories. Rope jumping also improves cardiovascular fitness, balance, and agility, and it's easier on your knees than running. Skipping rope does take more endurance and skill than running does. But with practice—and an incremental increase in the length of time you jump every week—within a couple of months you can skip like Ali used to, though we can't guarantee you'll float like a butterfly or sting like a bee.

"You can burn more fat with rope jumping than with any other exercise."

10 Take a Stand. Whenever you talk on the phone, get up off your butt. By standing just one extra hour over the course of the day, a 175-pound man will burn 90 more calories, according to calculations in the *Journal of the American College of Sports Medicine*. You'll lose nearly seven pounds in a year just by standing around. Bonus: Your voice will sound deeper and richer and will have more impact if you stand up while you're speaking.

11 Give Creaky Knees a 10-Second Lube. Legs stiff after sitting all day at the job? Lube them, says Richard T. Braver, a sports podiatrist with Active Foot & Ankle Care Center in Englewood, New Jersey. The following 10-second exercise, called quad pumps, will cause the cartilage to bathe the knees in nutrients and lubricants, thus reducing stiffness, he says: Sit on the edge of a chair and extend your legs, keeping your heels on the floor. Tighten your thigh muscles for a few seconds, then release. Repeat five times. **M**

LOSE WEIGHT THE EASY WAY

This won't hurt a bit.

Eating plans that make your life miserable don't help you lose pounds. They make you miserable. The best flesh-shedding strategy, according to the American Dietetic Association, is not to sacrifice your favorite foods, but rather to trim calories (3,500 of which equal a pound of fat) where you won't miss them. Some simple ways to drop nearly 20 pounds in a year.

■ Eat one fewer serving of large fries a week and in one year you'll save yourself up to 1,000 fat grams, which is roughly equal to 9,000 calories. Weight loss in one year: 2.5 pounds.

■ Instead of ordering a margarita, have two light beers. Depending upon the size of the mixed drink, you can save yourself as much as 150 calories. Weight loss in one year at one night out per week: 2.2 pounds.

■ Instead of spreading two pats of butter on your toast every morning,



eliminate one. You'll still enjoy the buttery flavor but will dodge about 50 fat calories. By the end of the week, you'll have saved nearly 350 calories. Weight loss in one year: 5.2 pounds.

■ Be wary of juices, sodas, and sports drinks, all of which are loaded with hundreds of calories. Instead, try those lemon/lime and raspberry-flavored seltzers, which contain no calories, or bottled water. Weight loss in one year, at one less juice per week (at 150 calorie minimum): 2.2 pounds.

■ Switch from mayonnaise on your sandwich to yellow mustard and save yourself 10 grams of fat and 88 calories every weekday lunch. That's 440 calories a week, 6.5 pounds in a year.

Total: 18.6 painlessly lost pounds.

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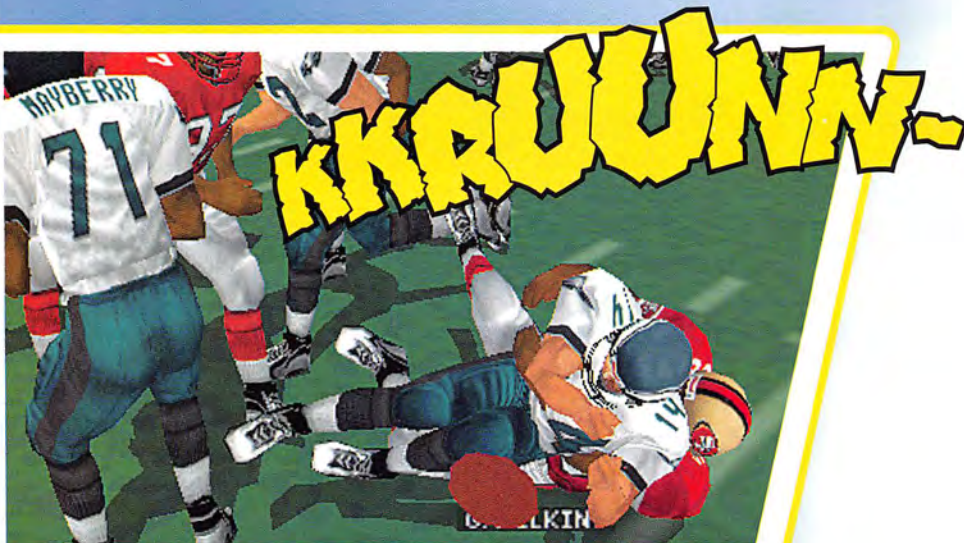


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Leave Me Like a Man

If you're going to dump me, dump me right—and you just may live to see another woman naked again. By Nancy Miller

Ouch. After four months, the man who made me laugh beer through my nose, who picked up the tab every other meal, and who gave it to me regular (twice on Sunday) vanished. Without warning, the daily phone calls just died. Period. After two weeks with no ransom note, no shot of him with a jacket over his head on the news, no picture of him on the side of a milk carton, I gave in to the nagging suspicion I'd been dumped.

Then I did what any other woman who had been left in this manner would do. I started to talk shit about him to whomever would listen. I told every one of my girlfriends how rotten he had been to me, thereby ensuring that if he ever wanted same-species sex again, he'd have to move to another state.

It didn't have to be this way. Had he just called me up and said, "You know, doll, you're perfect, but you're just not perfect for me," things could have been so different. I would have said, "Oh. Well, OK." Click. And I would have hung up, rejected, yes, but with the dignity of knowing where I stood. I would have taken a walk to the corner bar, ordered a glass of cheap brandy, and given the relationship-that-never-was a proper Christian Brothers burial.

But instead I became a bitter, character-assassinating psycho.

Don't Piss in the Dating Pool

We women can handle getting the heave-ho; we just can't take the crap a lot of men pull in their feeble attempts to avoid conflicts, ugly scenes, recriminations...and tears. My ex-boyfriend's AWOL technique is one way guys do an

"Go ahead.
Dump me.
I dare ya."



If I ask you if you're leaving me for someone else, I hope you have the class to lie and say no.

end run. The reverse double-dick is another. This is the slow-burn method whereby you intentionally behave so badly that she finally gets fed up with your raunchy antics and cuts you loose...thereby making it *her* decision (and her fault). The trouble with this tack is that within the hour, her friends will be singing a chorus of "Eeew!" after every dirty detail of why she pink-slipped you. You're subhuman. They'll think you cook animals on a stick. You can forget about ever getting laid in this town again...but that's pretty much true if you use *any* spineless "technique."

The best dump is the straightforward shaft, merciful in its quickness and best for your future. Though it may take me a

while to get over the sting, if you've been a gent I will ultimately have to admit to my friends that in the end, you were a pretty decent guy. A little later, you and I may even be able to be pals; and most important, my friends—loyal but not stupid—will remember your decent dump of me, too. Maybe six months from now, when you ask my friend Kate out, she'll consider it. You're the decent guy, remember?

Punting 101

So, how do you lose a nice girl nicely? A couple of things worth noting: If you two have been dating more than a year, the

standard dumping template that follows is of no use to you. You and she have been together so long and know each other so well, it comes down to one thing: Is you is or is you ain't getting married? You just tell her gently—and *in person*—that you don't picture the two of you growing ancient together and you don't want to waste her time. On the flip side, if you've gone out with her on more than three dates but for less than three months, a phone call rather than a face-to-face is sufficient if not preferable. She knows you but doesn't really *know* you, so it's OK if AT&T helps cushion the blow. But if you've been seeing her long enough that she's moved from matchbook to address book, you >

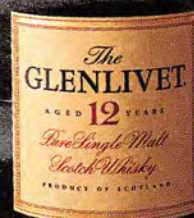
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need to buck up and do it face to face. Here are a few cribnotes to help you navigate the murky waters of a shallow dump.

The Ditching Script

Realize she's looking for a sense of *closure*. A word sprung from the land of Oprah, I know, but valid nonetheless. Closure means sealing the deal, officially ending it, and providing reasons it's over. By reasons I don't necessarily mean the truth. At five months, the real reason you may want to bow out with your chiquita is that she hasn't gone down on you since the fifth date or that her jokes always end with "Wait—I didn't tell that right." You don't have to say as much. Nobody wants that brand of excruciating honesty from the lips of someone who's recently seen them naked. Instead, carefully fish-wrap your



rejection of her in the form of a compliment that ends with an undeniable kicker. For example: "This is hard, because you're cool and smart, and I am definitely attracted to you. But I know that you sense as much as I do that there's just something *missing*."

She may not have sensed anything but the swell of violins all

around you, but by including her in the *assumption* that things were somewhat amiss, you are giving her a generous out. Maybe she did feel it. Maybe not. Either way, she'll register that this is her chance to step off in a cool, dignified way and will most likely sigh and say, "Yeah, you know, things *have* felt a little off."

Now Lie Like a Dog

I can't speak for all of us, but if I impetuously asked my formerly doting dumper if he was tossing me for someone else, I would hope he would have the class to lie and say no. Even if your new honey is waiting for you back at your place with nothing but a full bottle of Mrs. Butterworth's, for the love of God don't tell me that. And when I ask you how long you've been feeling unsatisfied in this relationship, be a smart guy: Don't cop to anything more than two weeks. Any longer and I can't help but want to squeeze you in a headlock and say, "You've been sleeping with me all this time, played golf with my dad, borrowed my car three weekends in a row, and now [tightening grip], *now* you're telling me this?"

Most important, stick to your guns. You've decided you don't want me, so there's no turning back, particularly at the bar pay phone at four in the morning. You'll also have to accept that I am now free to date any one of your mutt friends and dashing arch-enemies. Hurts, don't it? But them's the breaks.

And finally, resist the guilty urge to force me into the buddy system. As my pal Winnie puts it: "You just dumped me. The last thing I want to hear is that you want to be my damn friend." Give a girl time to get over studly you: somewhere between three weeks and three months. Better yet, let *me* call you.

And by the way, don't call any of my girlfriends for six months, you scumbag. ■



GREAT ESCAPES

What these Houdinis lack in backbone they make up for in get-in-and-get-out ingenuity.

■ "I dated a beautiful Mexican girl who worked at the café where I got my coffee

every morning. After a couple of months, I decided I just wasn't that into her, but she kept hounding me, including calling me at all hours of the night. I was afraid she was going to poison my coffee if I didn't do something. I knew she was in the country illegally, so I called the INS and had the café busted. What exactly happened I don't know. But I never heard from her again—and I went back to having my coffee in peace."—**Joseph, 31, architect, El Paso, TX**

■ "When we were young, a friend of mine desperate to get out of his relationship went to the emergency room, pretending he had amnesia. The doctors were baffled at his condition, as were his friends and family when he couldn't recall any of their names. He was admitted into the hospital and everything. When his girlfriend came rushing to his side, he looked at her for a moment, then asked, 'Are you my sister?' She was really upset. After a few days, he

remembered everybody else, but somehow he couldn't recall her. Eventually she gave up."

—**Brandon, 32, artist, New York, NY**

■ "A woman I no longer wanted to date kept calling me. One night a buddy was at my place when she phoned. He picked up and said, 'This is Jason' and pretended to be me. He told her he was sorry but we couldn't see each other anymore and suggested she move on. He broke up with my girlfriend much better than I would have, and she didn't know the difference."—**Jason, 26, bank accounting manager, Baltimore, MD**

■ "I took this woman home one night, and after we had sex, I couldn't sleep. I lay there for hours, wide awake, just wishing she would leave. At 5:30 in the morning, I jumped out of bed, started throwing on my clothes, and said, 'Quick—get dressed! I forgot I have to do a telephone interview with this famous writer and have to be in my office in 15 minutes!' She got up, a little stunned, but she got dressed pretty fast, and we jumped in the car. I peeled through the streets at 85 mph as she yelled, 'Left! Right! Left!' until we got to her place. She jumped out of the car, and I raced...back home and back into bed."—**Rick, 29, newspaper journalist, San Francisco, CA**



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Spawn of Evel

Given his DNA, it's no wonder that Robbie Knievel spends half his time in midair and the other half in the hospital. But will he ever be as famous as his dad? By Matt Toll

Evel Knievel did some pretty crazy shit back in the 1970s, and if you had a TV and a pulse, you probably watched him do most of it. You and your buddies would truck over to some kid's house, crowd around the tube, and watch this nut case in a red-white-and-blue outfit hurl himself over limos, buses, fountains, canyons, whatever, on a motorcycle. You watched the warmup wheelies, the wave to the crowd. You watched him rev the bike, then gun it up the ramp. As he flew through the air, you held your breath. "No way. No way," you and your buddies shouted at the TV, "he's never gonna make it."

Often as not, you were right.

All those jumps, all those bone-breaking crashes went down a generation ago. Ancient history. Evel's getting on in years now, living in Montana, recovering from hip-replacement surgery, waiting for a new liver. And he no longer holds the record for the longest motorcycle jump.

No, Evel Knievel was booted from the books last February 24 in Las Vegas, by a 223-foot jump. And he was booted by...his own son. Today the 36-year-old scion of the icon perpetuates the family name as Kaptain (not a typo) Robbie Knievel—motorcycle jumper, daredevil, cheater of death. But on his tax return, he lists his occupation as "entertainer."

Raised by Evel

Robbie Knievel's childhood memories are different from yours. You grew up riding in the back seat of the Custom Cruiser wagon, Dad behind the wheel, Mom passing out the road snacks. Robbie grew up riding in ambulances. "We'd get in the ambulance with Dad,"



"That's the last time I fill the front tire with helium."

"They put me to sleep to get the pavement out of my ass."



Robbie says, recalling trips to the hospital after some of Evel's, uh, less successful jump attempts.

"And every once in a while, he'd say, 'Look at me...*Don't do this.*'"

Robbie ignored that advice, despite the fact that it was coming from a guy who'd racked up 14 major operations and some 35 broken bones, all earned by plowing headlong into asphalt at ridiculously high speeds.

Truth is, the Kaptain never really had a choice regarding his career. "I was kind of spooked by it when I was seven years old," he says, sounding exactly like the old man: speaking in slow, measured sentences that are in no hurry to get out. "But by nine I was jumping off ramps on his Harley. It's in the blood, for sure." He started helping out at Evel's shows—a wheelie here, a wheelie there—before Dad took the stage. That gave young Robbie an up-close

view of every crash. But rather than frightening him off, all that splintered metal and shattered glass had the odd effect of energizing him. "I looked at my dad," he says, "like he was a superhero."

Oedipus Wrecks

After a while, however, the superhero began showing his human side. He limited Robbie to jumps of "only" 10 vans; Robbie wanted to fly farther. For a time Robbie thought it was the old man's concern for his son's safety, but he came to understand that Evel was holding him back for other reasons. "I started to think he might be jealous," Robbie says. "It was almost like he didn't want to pass the torch. I was his biggest fan. I just wanted his support."

But it wasn't there. So, at 17, Robbie left home and began his career as a daredevil. Which meant that he also began his



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career as a hospital patient. "Yeah," he reminisces, "they've put me to sleep three times to get the pavement out of my ass." Two other career low points:

Honolulu, 1989: Robbie sets down short of the landing ramp, his rear wheel missing it altogether. The bike does two flips, Robbie does one. (But get this: He comes back *the next night* and lands the jump successfully.)

Atco, New Jersey, 1991: The Kaptain makes a 180-foot jump over the usual assortment of vehicles. Unfortunately, his landing ramp ends at 179. A flip here, a roll there, a broken leg, a broken ankle, a concussion.

"A couple of times, I knew a crash was coming," he says. "Sometimes you get a bad feeling. Maybe it's the weather, maybe I'm feeling rushed, whatever. But when there's a crowd there, how can you back down? You gotta go. And on the way down, all you can do is grind your teeth and wait to



hit." Give the guy credit. This happens to *you* even once and you're an accountant for life.

A Place in History?

One stunt put Kaptain Knievel on the map. Succeeding where the old man failed, Robbie cleanly jumped the Caesar's Palace fountain in April 1989. Evel's spectacular fountain crash in '68 is replayed almost as often as the Zapruder film: Midway through the jump, you know he's screwed. When Evel hits the landing ramp, he bounces ass over teakettle along the pavement and flattens out like road kill. But Robbie's run was flawless. He later trumped that performance with an event at the Astrodome, jumping a stock car that was flying right at him in midair. Dad never tried that one. And last February, in a jump at the Tropicana in Vegas that was shown on TV, the Kaptain nailed the 223-foot leap into history. Perfect takeoff; perfect landing. And Evel was there to see every inch of it.

And yet, although Robbie Knievel holds the record for the longest motorcycle jump, it's his father's name that remains locked in America's consciousness.

Does that piss him off?

Does it bother him that Evel has an advice column (think about it: Evel Knievel offers *advice*) on the Internet and there is no www.kaptainknievel.com?

"Nah," Robbie says. "My dad was flamboyant, and I'm not like that. He created his own sport,

and you can't take that away from him. Back then there was Elvis, Muhammad Ali, and my dad." In fact, the 1970s *were* a perfect time for Evel Knievel and a thousand other over-the-top acts (see *People*, *The Village*) that somehow passed for entertainment. He spawned not only the Evel Knievel Stunt Cycle toy and the companion Evel Knievel Scramble Van, but also a big-budget film that will go into production next year. To date, there have been no Kaptain Knievel stunt cycles, trading cards, lunchboxes—really no Kaptain Knievel anything. "To tell you the truth, I would never want to be as famous as that," he says. "That's not why I'm doing this."

While there's always the possibility of a big payday, the Kaptain has yet to achieve one. His take for jumping the Caesar's Palace fountain was reported to be a million bucks; that notion draws something like a guffaw from Robbie, who lives in a modest waterfront house in Washington State.

But even without the fame and fortune, the Kaptain soldiers on. Sure, there's big plans for an upcoming jump between two nine-story buildings. And there's talk of skydiving the Colorado River next May. And who knows? Maybe there'll even be a crack at the Grand Canyon, a not-so-veiled attempt to one-up his dad after that Snake River fiasco.

In the meantime, Robbie's still jumping new cars at an auto dealership, old cars at a rinky-dink holiday resort, and covered wagons at Homesteader Days in a small Montana town. In fact, the Kaptain will jump pretty much anywhere he can draw a crowd, because, at heart, Robbie Knievel *is* an entertainer. Just like it says on his tax return. And if the big money never comes and the TV specials don't pan out, he will continue to entertain. "I'm gonna keep doing this as long as I can," says the man in the Captain America ripoff suit. "I'm the last of the gladiators." **M**

TOUGH QUESTIONS FOR KAPTAIN KNIEVEL

Sure, Robbie can jump over 25 cars on a motorcycle, but can he stand up to a *Maxim* interrogation?

Ever worn your costume to the grocery store? I never put it on unless I'm doing a performance. It's not like I'm Liberace or something.

More important, do you hand-wash it, or does it have to be dry-cleaned? I've got four of them at the moment. They're leather, so it's soap and water. I've gotta get a new one every time I crash.

OK, Mr. Big Shot Daredevil, ever go bungee jumping? I tried bungee jumping once, and it kind of spooked me a little. You just keep waiting for that damn bungee to pull

back, and you think you're gonna stick your dick in the ground.

What's your favorite painkiller? Advil?

I take what my dad taught me to take: a good strong shot of alcohol.

How's your driving record? Excellent. I haven't had a speeding ticket in about five years. I only get crazy when I get paid for it.

If you weren't a daredevil, what nine-to-five job do you think you'd have? Orthopedic surgeon.

Orthopedic surgeon.



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I Drank with the Devil

It's 150 proof, it's hallucinogenic, and it's been illegal since 1912. But none of this stopped Thomas Coughlin from downing a bottle of absinthe to see why thrill-seekers are sipping it in secret again.

A magical mystery pour



There was no mistaking my absinthe connection when I saw him: He was an acquaintance of an acquaintance, and I'd been warned he was a major hippie. Sure enough, he pulled up in a late '70s Saab covered with rust scabs and Phish stickers, wearing a Cat in the Hat rave lid and a scraggly beard. He was about 24 and brewed absinthe in the basement of a defunct commune in Brattleboro, Vermont, mainly for friends.

We eyed each other dubiously. I gave him \$90; he handed me a plastic thermos and drove away. I got into my car—figuring that if anything looked more like a drug deal in broad daylight, I'd never seen it—and uncapped the jug.

There it was. The French curse. The Green Fairy. Bottled madness. The drug of Oscar

Van Gogh cut off his ear after an absinthe binge.

Pernod family of France had gotten hold of a palatable recipe (for the anise-flavored brew recognizable as modern absinthe) and was soon producing and selling the intoxicant by the case.

Absinthe quickly became so popular that the French happy hour became known as *l'heure verte*, or the green hour. It was particularly big with bohemian

Wilde, Picasso, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Baudelaire (and a lot of talent-free French drunkies). It smelled right: medicinal, herbal, sort of like Pine-Sol mixed with licorice. I split.

Birth of the Booze

It was a drug deal, of course: and the drug, in a lethal 150-proof alcoholic suspension, was the mild hallucinogen oil of wormwood. It gets its name from its former use—centuries back—in treating tapeworm. Apart from killing worms, wormwood makes those who drink it high; so despite its bitter taste, people began taking it for the buzz. By the 1790s, the

of artists being visited by the Green Fairy, and copious still lifes of the bottles and glasses it came in. They also incorporated the whacked-out colors and quavering lines of absinthe-induced hallucinations. Poets, too, succumbed to its charm, writing of it and on it, in a style that made great use of dream symbolism and color.

But then the wormwood turned, so to speak. By 1913, the French were guzzling 10 million gallons a year of what is literally 70–80 percent alcohol laced with poison. Poet Paul Verlaine died from drinking too much of it; Van Gogh cut off his ear and later killed himself, supposedly after absinthe binges; and prohibitionists blamed it for “rotting brains” and basically all of society's ills. By 1915, the temperance movement won and absinthe was banned in France. Today real absinthe is sold only in the Czech Republic, Japan, Portugal, and Spain. And the Pernod you see in your local liquor store in the U.S. is but a licorice-flavored aperitif. No wormwood, only 80 proof.

The myth of the real deal lives on, however, and absinthe seems to be fashionable once more, what with Nine Inch Nails' “Perfect Drug” video, dripping with absinthe imagery, and New Orleans goth kids (think pale skin and black lipstick) as well as neo-hippies all over the States brewing it in their kitchens. That said, it took me two weeks of searching to make my hookup.

Summoning the Green Genie

Anyway, after I bought the bottle in Vermont, I hightailed it home to Northampton, Massachusetts. At the last minute, a second ▶



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"Waiter!
There's a
naked woman
in my drink."



bottle of the stuff, smuggled from Portugal, came through.

In my circle of friends, saying you've got two fifths of absinthe kind of guarantees houseguests, but to make sure there was enough for everyone, I kept the crowd small: Mike Ruffino from the Unband, and two other friends. Between the four of us, we accounted, as they say, for two bottles. We did it properly, too.

The greater part of absinthe drinking is the ritual. We "composed" our drinks: An ounce of absinthe goes into your glass. Then you put a sugar cube in a slotted absinthe spoon, which fits over the top of your glass, and you drizzle cold water over the sugar cube so that it spills, sweetened, into the glass. Absinthe, as I said, is bitter, and enormously alcoholic. The water dilutes it till it's drinkable (how much you pour is very much a matter of taste), and the sugar helps too.

When viewed raw in the glass, absinthe is gold-green. Water turns it slightly cloudy, but the primary impression is of a pale and fairylike green. Diluted, absinthe has a light, delicate

Absinthe is a social drug, much more so than cocaine.

taste; but your mouth becomes numb, and you can tell something is going on. We sat drinking absinthe and watching videos, and getting frankly high.

Party Flavor

Because the thujone in absinthe is similar in molecular structure to the THC in cannabis, a lot of people are deceived into thinking that it gives a pot-like high. For me, that's not a recommendation. I've never been able to smoke pot without deciding I have bone cancer, the house is on fire, and the FBI has a tap on my computer. But wormwood's different. The hypnotic effect begins with sharpened colors and blurred line (you can see why impressionist painters drank it), but the sharpening effect is well balanced by the sedating effect of alcohol.

Absinthe is a very social drug, much more so than cocaine. I didn't feel impaired in the least and (with a probable blood alcohol level of .25 percent) passed a sobriety field test in my kitchen. As we got to the second bottle, we agreed that you could fight battles on the stuff, easy. It's been claimed that Napoleon's army (as well as the emperor) was addicted to absinthe; this may well be the reason they walked into musket

fire and overran Europe. As for France's military record in the 20th century? Well, absinthe was banned in France in 1915. You can draw your own conclusions.

Music was a little irritating, so I didn't want to listen to any. I wanted to smoke half a billion cigarettes and talk (very animatedly) to my friends. The conversation got higher and higher: We invented a TV show called *Let's Have a Drink*, with a special segment called "Monkey's Choice" in which a monkey, strapped into a small chair on a roulette wheel surrounded by bottles, was made to "select" a beverage that everyone would drink.

I suddenly remembered having wanted to write a comic novel called *The Mystery Palace*, about an extremely wealthy person who decides he is a god and starts to pull some shit. I hadn't remembered *The Mystery Palace* for years. Now I held forth for about an hour as people rolled on the floor. I gave a complete history of something called the Universal Fruit Company.

The Best Part of the Trip

The second stage of serious absinthe drinking as I experienced it is best described as Mike described it: like an ascent into



care in the world."—Paul Gauguin, in *Tahiti*

"Wormwood is supposed to have grown up along the path by which the serpent took exile from the Garden of Eden."

—Barnaby Conrad, from *Absinthe: History in a Bottle* (Chronicle Books, 1988)

"If absinthe isn't banned, our country will rapidly become an immense padded cell where half the Frenchmen will be occupied putting straitjackets on the other half."

—French temperance advocate, 1907

WORMWOOD TONIGHT

Eloquent tongues (some of which have actually been numbed by the stuff) weigh in on absinthe.

"I sit at my door, smoking a cigarette and sipping my absinthe, and I enjoy every day without a

"...that opaque, bitter, tongue-numbing, brain-warming, stomach-warming, idea-changing liquid alchemy."—Ernest Hemingway

"The first stage is like ordinary drinking, the second when you begin to see monstrous and cruel things, but if you can persevere you will enter in upon the third stage where you see things that you want to see, wonderful curious things."

—Oscar Wilde

"The human body gets a huge shot of drunkenness. People fight, puke, kill each other, go crazy. They get blind drunk and mess up my bar."—Glen Emery, who has stopped serving absinthe in his expatriate pub, Joe's Bar, in Prague, Czech Republic



Photographs: Satoshi (x3) (previous page), courtesy of Musée de Pontarlier; (this page), Gauguin: Archive Photos; Wilde: Corbis-Bettmann.

bright, brilliant madness. I became a little more inward at this point, and less social, but however much I drank (and we drank until 3 A.M.), I remained entirely lucid—maybe a good deal more lucid than I am normally. I found out that evening that you can write competently on absinthe. It's not like pot or acid (neither of which I've ever liked), where you feel as if you're a genius of Shakespearean proportions and then in the morning find pages covered with crap.

After my friends left, I went into a third stage: being alone and on absinthe. After I wrote a little, I had to—wanted to—lie down. It was then that the profoundly unsocial and deeply agreeable part began. When you lie in bed and close your eyes after drinking absinthe, you experience twilight visions, those sorts of waking dreams that you can pilot, and which I can totally

recall today. I found myself creating a full-on CinemaScope production, complete with orchestral score, of a historical screenplay I'd been writing. The whole nine yards: battle scenes, frigates firing broadsides. It was riveting and vivid. I entertained myself for two hours, just lying on a couch with my eyes closed, occasionally smoking a cigarette.

When I finally fell asleep (suddenly drunk, as if the drug had let me go) I had wild, romantic, hallucinatory dreams, which, as a person who seldom remembers dreams, I wouldn't trade for the world. They weren't narrative



Diluted and sweetened, it's still the devil's piss.

dreams: there were images passing like cloud ships. I know that James Joyce drank absinthe: "The heaviest of stars hung with humid nightblue fruit" is an absinthe line if there ever was one.

The Kick in the Head

I woke in the morning with the most horrific hangover I've ever had. I wasn't nauseous, but I had a blinding headache (short of a migraine, the worst of my life) and was sensitive to sound.

Wormwood is a poison: I felt brutally poisoned. If I'd been a tapeworm, of course, I'd have been dead. The vision in my right eye was blurred. The only thing to do was to go back to bed, and mercifully I fell into a dreamless sleep. The last absinthe-addled burst of creativity I indulged in, as my head hit the pillow, was simple and to the point: "Ouch," I whispered. "Ouch" is also an absinthe line if there ever was one. **M**

The next morning, I was blind in one eye. I felt poisoned, which I was.

MAXIM TATTOOED ON YOUR BRAIN?

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THE BEST THING TO HAPPEN TO MEN SINCE WOMEN

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BUCKS



A Day at the Drug Auction

Ever wonder what happens to a cocaine lord's worldly possessions when he gets busted? With \$250 in his pocket, Jim Thornton goes shopping.

Every day, federal agents confiscate all sorts of property from drug dealers, counterfeiters, bank robbers, smugglers, and tax evaders. And what do you think they do with it? Put it on the auction block so Uncle Sam can make some extra cash without working a second job.

For years I'd been seeing advertisements about these government auctions in magazines, in matchbooks, and, of late, in my E-mailbox. They all promised the same thing, that I could own a seized BMW (or Ferrari or Cadillac) for \$175. All I had to do was send \$23.30 and some company would mail me a list of the auctions. I was skeptical, of course, but when I called a company advertised in my local paper, they told me that only the week before, a man had paid \$350 for a 1997 Toyota Camry that retailed

for \$20,000. Another guy supposedly bought a computer for a dollar. When I pressed for details, I was told, "I don't have that information at my fingertips, but it really doesn't matter. The point is, the government is selling stuff for two cents on the dollar—and it's the best-kept secret in the nation." Could this be true? Had I been bah-humbugging the deal of a lifetime?

Can you actually buy a Ferrari for \$175?



A piece of the action

It was in late February that I first heard about the Rolls-Royce Silver Wraith II coming up for sale at a United States Treasury

Department auction in Edison, New Jersey. Ironically, my own set of wheels—a red 1987 Honda—had recently developed a disturbing symptom. If I drove it

for more than five minutes, then turned the ignition off, it would not start again for at least two hours. On the plus side, when operational, my car spewed the most deliciously intoxicating vapors. Funny how quickly one's worries fade when one is cruising the countryside in a rusty opium den on wheels.

Still, I knew I'd be better off with the Rolls. The auction ads had long held out the promise that such a car could be had for less than \$200, but I didn't want to take any chances. The day before the auction, I went to my bank and withdrew \$250 in cash.

And so, on a frigid March morning, I drive into picturesque Edison, home to a New Jersey State Police barracks and several CHECKS CASHED emporiums. I follow a caravan of Lincolns and Camaros to a giant warehouse ▷

A promotional poster for the TV show 'Buffy the Vampire Slayer'. It features the characters Xander and Buffy. Xander is in the background, looking upwards with a hopeful expression. Buffy is in the foreground, leaning her head against his shoulder and looking directly at the camera with a serious, determined expression. She is wearing a blue spaghetti-strap top with a small white floral pattern and a silver necklace with a cross pendant. The background consists of dark, gnarled tree branches against a light, hazy sky.

Love
is
immortal

Buffy

the vampire slayer



TUESDAYS, 8/7 CENTRAL
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www.buffy.com

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tuesday

owned by EG&G Services, which conducts auctions here for the government every nine weeks.

Inside the warehouse, shoppers flow toward the goods: young shaven-headed dudes with Starter jackets and beefy gold chains, guys in long leather coats who resemble Al Pacino, jewelry merchants with Pakistani accents. The crowd is overwhelmingly male; you can almost smell the testosterone. Well, maybe it's not testosterone, but you can definitely smell something.

I check my watch. There's a half-hour before the auction begins, plenty of time to inspect the stuff. I head to the display area—200,000 square feet jammed with the wages of sin—and drift along with other greedy bargain-hunters, eyeballing the dirty loot. In recent years, Treasury Department-confiscated items have included a Neiman Marcus-edition Humvee, multi-million-dollar mansions (including estates featured on *Miami Vice*), Jimi Hendrix signature edition guitars, Rolex watches, art by Salvador Dali, and the standard array of Cigarette Boats, Learjets, luxury cars, and bricks of solid gold.

Show me the goods

One of the first things I come to is a display case stuffed with gold



There's a case stuffed with gold bricks and doubloons!

jewelry, doubloons, and melted-down raw-gold bricks. All around me, guys with Persian accents are inspecting the gold and screaming into their cell phones. I pass two fellows in leather jackets who are scrutinizing a big honking chunk of unspecific machinery. "What is that thing?" I ask. The shorter guy says, "I don't know—that's what we're trying to find out." I find this amusing, but he looks enough like Joe Pesci that I keep my amusement to myself.

Other display cases contain hard drives and software; seaweedy Chinese foodstuffs and medicinal herbs (what fierce bidding these should provoke!); boxes of cologne, including one called Security for Men with a picture of a pistol on the front of the bottle; an art print of a basset hound chewing its own ear; a voice scrambler, a money counter, and other crack-household electronics; and a vast

miscellany of everything from thousands of cartons of cigarettes to the bottom half of a toilet. I move on.

The first glimpse of my new Rolls takes my breath away. It sports a fire-engine-red body, a beige roof, a silver angel hood ornament, a sign that reads OPERATIONAL, and an attitude that reeks of the sort of snooty British imperialism that is my personality in a nutshell, at least when I remember to shave. At last: a car that will express the inner me to an envious outside world! I name my new car Reginald.

After circling Reg several times, I retreat to an adjacent living-room-furniture set and park my weary buttocks on the black leather sofa. It slowly dawns on me that I am sitting where a criminal once lounged. Was he reclining on this very couch when he decided to have his upstart nephew whacked? Then I see a small sign indicating that this furniture was seized by the Secret Service. Is it my imagination, or can I smell the faint musky aroma of an excited Lewinsky?

An EG&G staffer passes by, and I ask her what manner of criminal owned these furnishings. She surveys the sofa, the black lacquer coffee table rimmed in gold paint, the lamps with ceramic burnished-rope detailing. "Probably a counterfeiter," she says. "The Secret Service nabs counterfeiters, and those guys always seem to have the tackiest taste in furniture." ▽

ON THE BLOCK

Going once, going twice...get this crap the hell outta here!



It's not all gold bricks and BMWs. Below, the strangest items ever to hit the floor at a government auction:

- 17,000 sets of false teeth
- Frozen pig heads (sold for 4¢ a pound)
- A 40-person underground biological-warfare bunker (\$3,500)
- Drums of black mud illegally imported from the Dead Sea



- Two trailers full of Stand-O-Matic inflatable wig stands
- 88,000 pounds of onions used to hide a cocaine shipment
- 14,250 pounds of frozen red snapper
- Four pairs of men's mink pants with matching mink hats (\$1,000 each)
- 350,000 pairs of chopsticks

—Amy Spencer



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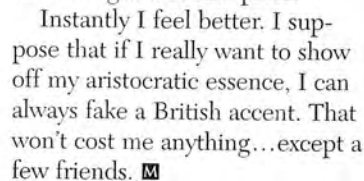
But, alas, something is happening. I was warned at the outset that the bidding goes fast, but I hardly have a chance to take a seat before a gaggle of well-heeled bidders has jacked Reginald's price up to \$14,000. And it's climbing fast... "Batta batta swing batta 18,000, do I hear 19,000 batta, do I hear 22? Twenty-two

DON'T BUY WHAT YOU CAN GET FOR FREE

customs). In addition, the Department of Justice United States Marshals Service offers a list (50¢) of companies that distribute confiscated property. Call (719) 948-3334; or look it up on the Web by visiting www.usdoj.gov/marshals.



One sprightly teenager in an orange Denver Broncos jacket bids \$12,000 on the Benz. I don't





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THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST THINGS

What doesn't kill you makes you stronger. Unfortunately, everything here will kill you.

By Phil Scott

The good and righteous people of this earth tend to celebrate life. God bless them for that. We at *Maxim*, however, pull out all the stops for death. Whether it's slow death, painful death, gory death, or spasmodic death, whether it involves a falling anvil or exploding mucous or a herd of disgruntled sheep, it makes little difference to us: Break out the party hats.

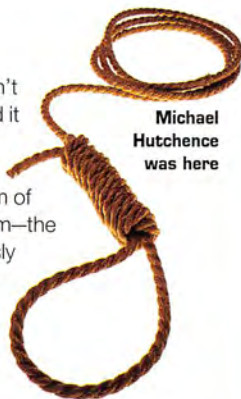
In the festive compendium that follows, we've listed the world's deadliest things. And, sweet Jesus, are they lethal! These babies will smack you, hack you, bite you, and blow the living crap out of you. In fact, in the time it takes you to read this sentence, three things in this article could kill you. Guess you'd better get started... ▷

Photographs, Clay Patrick McBride

WORLD'S DEADLIEST...

SEX ACT

When it comes to sex, masturbation doesn't get a whole lotta respect. It isn't exotic and it certainly isn't rare. It can, however, be incredibly deadly, especially when participants are chasing the aptly named "orgasm of death." Each year this form of autoeroticism—the quest to heighten orgasm by simultaneously masturbating and cutting off one's supply of oxygen (usually with the help of a noose)—claims between 500 and 1,000 lives. An estimated 25 percent of teen "suicides" are actually auto-asphyxiation sessions gone wrong: They're misidentified because embarrassed parents conceal sexual aids such as porno mags, and coroners often ignore or misinterpret evidence.



Michael Hutchence was here



Where people commute by ambulance

U.S. CITY

And the award for the country's deadliest city goes to...our nation's capital, where the average life expectancy for men (62.4 years) is a full 10 years less than the national average. Why? Because Washington, D.C., leads the country in homicides (seven times the national average), deaths from cancer (28

percent above the national average), and deaths from cardiovascular disease (23 percent above the national average). What's more, the number of AIDS cases is nine times the national average. To deal with these problems, D.C. has done the only prudent thing: cut its health-service funding by more than 40 percent over the last seven years.

THE BLACK TALON BULLET WILL LACERATE YOUR ORGANS.

POLLUTION

Residents of the not-exactly-quiet towns near the Mayak plutonium-production complex in Russia (an area described by scientists as the most polluted place on earth) can truly be said to have nuclear families: For six years, the complex dumped raw atomic waste into the Techa River, the water source for 24 villages. Then one of the contamination storage tanks burst, exposing half a million people to radiation and spreading radioactive dust over 11,000

square miles. The last straw? A lake into which radioactive waste was being dumped dried up; winds spread the lake bed's lethal dust, recontaminating the locals with amounts of radiation last seen in Hiroshima. As of 1992, about 8,000 people had died from exposure, and some 30 villages had been completely abandoned.



SHOOTING GALLERY

A time to be born, a time to die, a time to lock, and a time to load.

BULLET

What makes a handgun deadly is not the gun so much as the bullet. And the deadliest bullet, says Sgt. Scott Lowenthal, firearms trainer for New York City's MTA police, is the Black Talon. It has a razor-sharp "claw" that breaks up inside the victim's body, lacerating organs and posing a danger for surgeons trying to remove the pieces. After the Black Talon come Teflon-coated bullets designed to penetrate bulletproof vests.

PILOT

Plenty of American pilots are renowned for their fine work with firearms. Although the U.S. didn't jump into WWII until it was almost over, Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker still brought down 26 enemy aircraft. In

WWII, Richard Ira Bong hit an impressive 40 (eight times the number required to be called an ace). A few misguided Germans were also efficient: Famed WWI pilot Manfred "Red Baron" von Richthofen tallied 80 kills; Luftwaffe MVP Eric Hartmann racked up 352 kills in WWII...and we still kicked his Nazi butt.

SNIPER

As a Marine sniper in Vietnam, Carlos Hathcock, a gunnery sergeant, recorded an unheard-of 93 confirmed kills.



"Ja wohl, kill Snoopy."

Mass destruction:
where sluggers
train

Ebola: Touch this photo and you may die



There are few rock 'n' roll gigs as statistically discouraging as being a keyboardist with the Grateful Dead. The band's first, Ron "Pigpen" McKernan, kicked in 1973 from liver disease (which is to say he was a drunk). His replacement, Keith Godchaux, was killed in a car accident seven years later. Next up was brave Brent Mydland, who lasted 11 years before dying of an overdose in 1990.

[illegible]

While Florida has been a little rough on the Germans, Algeria is a goddamned

WORLD'S DEADLIEST...

POISON

No poison kills more people than humble, everyday carbon monoxide. According to David G. Penney, Ph.D., professor of occupational and environmental health at Wayne State University, every year some 3,800 Americans die from inhaling carbon monoxide—1,500 accidentally and another 2,300 to commit suicide. CO's high death toll is due chiefly to its availability: Every car without a catalytic converter spews the stuff from its exhaust pipe.

But when they're talking toxicity, Penney and other experts agree that botulinum is the most potent substance found in nature. Botulinum is a neurotoxin that causes paralysis: Ingesting just a few *millionths* of a gram is enough to put you six feet under.

Compare that with sarin, the nerve gas used by a Japanese cult to poison the Tokyo subway in 1995, killing 12 people and injuring 5,000; it has a lethal dose of .5 thousandth of a gram. The Big Botch is found in the intestines of fish and mammals; improperly canned meat is usually the culprit in the 30 or so cases that occur in the U.S. each year.

**INGESTING
JUST A FEW
MILLIONTHS
OF A GRAM
WILL END
YOUR LIFE.**

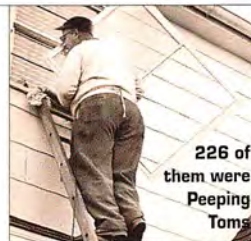


Carbon monoxide—a total gas



WHOOPS!

In 1993, after running out of things to study, the Consumer Product Safety Commission decided to track the number of people who died from product-related falls in a single year. Of the 2,561 people who tumbled to their deaths, the top causes were falling down stairs (1,091 deaths), falling out of bed (256), and falling off ladders (230). Twenty people died from falling off toilets, considerably more than those who died in falls while snow skiing (13).



226 of them were Peeping Toms

PLACE TO GO FOR A STROLL

The crazy thing about land mines is that no one can seem to remember exactly where they left them. Humanitarian organizations estimate that there are as many as 110 million buried around the globe—and they tend not to go away until someone steps on them. That happens about once every 15 minutes. Mines kill 8,000 to 10,000 people every year and maim another 20,000. As of 1997, the country with the highest concentration of land mines was Bosnia and Herzegovina, with 152 mines per square mile. But in the race for sheer numbers, B&H's three million mines



are chicken feed compared with Egypt (23 million), Iran (16 million), and Angola (12 million). Egypt's many

mines are left over from World War II and the Six-Day War, says a U.N. official.

"Egypt's taken the stance that they want the countries who laid them to come and remove them." And *Maxim* says: Good luck.



CURSE

Assuming that you buy into the whole curse thing—and why not, it's easier than taking responsibility for your own mistakes—the deadliest curse came to rest on the Hope diamond, all 45 carats of it. The gem merchant who sold it to Louis XIV was ripped apart by dogs. Louis died of something awful (historians think it was gangrene). Marie Antoinette wore it and lost her head in the French Revolution. Evalyn Walsh McLean, an American, purchased the diamond in 1911; her nine-year-old son was struck by a car while carrying it; then her mom died of pneumonia and her daughter OD'd on sleeping pills. The gem was donated to the Smithsonian in 1958. What's gone wrong since? See our item on U.S. City.

And this little piggy went to the ER



Photographs, (clockwise from top left), Garry Watson/Science Photo Library; Telegraph Colour Library 1997/FPG; Lambert/Archive Photos; Pauline Rubens-Detroit Free Press/Liaison; Gamma Liaison; SIU/Photo Researchers, Inc.; Clay Patrick McBride.

How much death could a wittle bitty insect really cause? Discounting those caused by wars and accidents, the malaria-carrying *Anopheles* mosquito has been responsible for 50 percent of all human deaths since the Stone Age. In the United States, however, the deadliest insect is the common bee. Each year bees snuff out 40 folks: Some deaths are due to allergic reactions, others to idiots who come along and start fucking with beehives.

If you were a fun-loving maniacal despot seeking a woman with a keen interest in anthrax, taking long walks on the sand, and destroying the Western world, you'd quickly set your sights on Dr. Rihab Rashida Taha al-Awazi, the world's most lethal woman. Rihab is the evil genius who spawned Iraq's biological weapons program; the



Dirty deeds Yes, Dr. Germ has potential. But Erzsebet Báthory (1560–1614) got the job done. Báthory, history's most prolific murderess, lived in—where else?—Transylvania. According to Raymond McNally's book *Dracula Was a Woman*, Báthory killed as many as 650 young girls before being sealed, with bricks and mortar, inside her home, the infamous Castle Csejthe (pronounced "Csejthe"). Legend holds that to keep her skin beautiful, she took long, luxurious baths in the blood of virgins. Today she probably couldn't gather enough virgins for a quick sponge bath.

Human rights groups find it unseemly to rank countries in order of their hellishness. Still, most allow that if they did, Colombia would be near the top. Sure, things have calmed down a bit since 200,000 folks died in La Violencia of 1946–58, but, frankly, that's not saying much: Today in Bogotá, the country's capital, someone is killed every hour. For people over the age of 10, the health department lists the leading cause of death simply as "violence." According to Robert Young Pelton, author of *The World's Most Dangerous Places*, "If you go there, you *will* be the target of thieves, kidnappers, and murderers." Another death zone? Sierra Leone—the life expectancy is 39 years.

While *The Conqueror*, released in 1956, routinely makes critics' worst-films-of-all-time lists (John Wayne as Genghis Khan—need we say more?), what really made this flick deadly was the set, conveniently located near an atomic test site in Utah. Years later, many of the cast and crew developed cancer, including Wayne; his on-screen love

"Do anything, but don't bore me," pleads film critic Leonard Maltin. The movie that nearly killed him? *Moment by Moment* (1978), in which Lily Tomlin sets her romantic sights on John Travolta, a stripper imaginatively named Strip. "It's arid," he says. "It was just like watching paint dry."



The Duke gets nuked

For sheer body count, nothing beats the Battle of Stalingrad and its death toll of 1.1 million. Before the bloody struggle, Stalingrad had a population of half a million, but when the fighting ended in January 1943 after five hellish months, only 1,500 citizens of Stalingrad were alive to see the Germans surrender.



**"Where is that
wily Hogan?"**



WEAPON SYSTEM

Should you ever find yourself getting involved in a war, make sure a Nimitz-class aircraft carrier is covering your back. The navy's deadliest conventional weapon system, the USS *John C. Stennis*, is 24 stories tall and 1,092 feet long, and can operate continuously for more than 20 years without refueling. Each Nimitz-class carrier lugs more than 50 aircraft, each of which can hold seven tons of bombs and missiles with a range of 1,600 miles. "The navy likes to say that a Nimitz is 4.5 acres of sovereign U.S. territory," explains Bryan Bender of *Jane's Defence Weekly*. Price tag: \$4 billion. Then there are Trident submarines. One sub holds 24 missiles, each of which carries 10 nuclear warheads capable of producing a 100-kiloton blast; the Hiroshima bomb killed some 140,000 people within a year and 60,000 more from radiation sickness over the next five—and that blast was a mere 15 kilotons.



Trident or Dentyne? You make the call

HALOGEN LAMPS HAVE BEEN BLAMED FOR 35 DEATHS.

TOURIST

When Spanish conquistador Hernando Cortés and his 550 men stormed Mexico in 1519, the population was 60 million. Unbeknownst to Cortés, however, an unidentified explorer had landed a year before and had introduced smallpox to the native people. After two years, Cortés and smallpox had overrun the country; by 1568, Mexico's population was down to three million, making the unknown explorer the deadliest tourist of all time.



WORLD'S DEADLIEST...

APPLIANCE

In the last six years, those cheapo halogen lamps, whose bulbs burn at 970 degrees Fahrenheit, have been blamed for more than 180 fires and for killing 35 Americans. On the bright side, you never need a cigarette lighter when you own one of these puppies. Other death-dealing appliances: Hair dryers blew away 20 people and toasters toasted 10 during the same six-year stretch.

THOSE AMAZING ANIMALS

They may look all cuddly in those nature books, but turn your back and they'll rip your lungs out.

BIRD

In 1960, an Eastern Airlines turboprop hit a flock of starlings... and then hit Boston harbor, killing 62 of the 73 passengers.

CAT

From 1902 to 1907, in the Champawat district of India, a single hungry tigress killed 436 people. Finally, Col. Jim Corbett raised his rifle and the tigress became kitty litter.

DOG

The Humane Society calculates that pit bulls killed more Americans (57) from 1979 to 1994 than did any other breed of dog. According to University of Georgia wildlife biologist I. Lehr Brisbin, most kills aren't due to aggression, but rather to an ancient hunting instinct. And what makes better snacking than a child? Most dog kills, says Brisbin, are children and infants left alone with the animals; to a dog, young children look like prey—they're small, they move on four feet, and



their squeals sound like those of a rabbit in pain.

SNAKE

Of the 8,000 people bitten by snakes in the U.S. every year, only between nine and 15 actually die. It's a very different story in tiny Sri Lanka, where snakebites kill 800 people annually; of those, 95 percent are victims of the common krait snake.

The krait is so lethal that even after receiving the antidote, half the victims still kick the bucket. According to Ken Kardong, a biologist at Washington State University, Russell's viper, found in the jungles of Myanmar, is another killer—its venom keeps the blood from clotting. If you don't get to the hospital in 30 minutes, you're a dead man.

...AND THE DEADLIEST ANIMAL OF ALL

Yes, Mr. Smarty-Pants, you're right: *Man* is the deadliest animal. But which beast do you think claims runner-up honors for the U.S. team? Grizzly bear? Great white shark? Scary Spice? Wrong, wrong, wrong. The answer: Bambi. White-tailed deer kill an average of 130 people every year. Most of these encounters are deer-auto collisions, so the murderous deer usually gets it too. (This paragraph is sponsored by the American Association of Deer Hunters.)

Bambi loves Buicks



Additional research by Charles Cox



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MX803





Rebecca Gayheart

She's a coal miner's daughter who fired our furnaces as the fresh-faced Noxzema girl. Now she's trading creams for screams in *Urban Legend*—and showing *Maxim* her dark side.

**By Steven Russell
Photographs by Lance Staedler**

It's just days since Rebecca Gayheart completed *Urban Legend*, this fall's horror flick about a campus psycho with a fatal folklore fixation, and already she's scanning new scripts in her Los Angeles backyard. She likely inherited her work ethic from her coal miner dad back in Kentucky. Such determination, not to mention her drop-dead looks, have kept Rebecca in demand—first as the nubile Noxzema spokesmodel, and now as one of the big screen's hottest young actresses—since she left home to start her career at the age of 15. Fortunately, she still knows how to lay on the Southern charm, tempting us with a comfortable chair, a Red Stripe beer, and a bowl of cherries for our little poolside chat.

MAXIM: What's your favorite urban legend?

REBECCA GAYHEART: I love the one where Mikey, that Life Cereal kid, explodes because he mixed Pop Rocks candy and Coca-Cola. There's a scene in *Urban Legend* where I'm dared to do the same thing.

M: They still make Pop Rocks?

RG: Apparently, since I had to eat them for 12 hours straight. The novelty of the crackling noise really wears thin after 10 packets, and I was getting a major sugar buzz. Eventually they got me a spit bucket.

M: Is this one of those horror movies where you don't know who the psycho is until the very end?

RG: It's going to be tough to guess. It's definitely a whodunit, and at one point or another you start suspecting everyone. I play a devil-may-care coed who doesn't believe the deaths are connected.

M: Are you a suspect?

RG: Everyone is a suspect.





M: Why do guys always take girls to horror movies?

RG: Oh, you know why: because the girl gets scared and clings to the guy, so he gets to put his arm around her without that awkward moment—and maybe even cop a feel. If the guy gets scared, of course, it blows the whole plan.

M: Is there any spooky folklore back in your hometown of Pine Top, Kentucky?

RG: Well, supposedly my family's house is built on top of an Indian graveyard; I got teased a lot about demons. Then there's the haunted bridge on Dead Man's Curve. If you tried to speed across it, a ghost would make you crash. My brother swore he saw it.

M: Besides all the supernatural activity, what did you and your friends do for excitement?

RG: Well, Pine Top has a population of about 1,000. It hasn't even scored a McDonald's. When I was a teenager, the big thing was to cruise around the Wal-Mart parking lot until the cops came to break it up. The cool kids were up partying on strip jobs.

M: Strip what?

RG: Strip jobs. That's just a big mountain where everything is stripped off because the coal is gone. I was hardly ever invited.

M: Do people there go see your movies?

RG: Sure, even if they're rated R, which means they're really supporting me. There's no theater in Pine Top, so they have to drive 30 minutes to Hazard. And apparently the Video Corral can't keep my movies on the shelf—or at least that's what my dad says.

M: Your father's a coal miner. Did your family ever have any cave-in scares?

RG: I remember being little and hearing the ambulance go by and everyone would get on the phone. Thank God my dad was never hurt, but we had neighbors who weren't so lucky.

M: Your mother was a Mary Kay Cosmetics sales representative. Did she drive one of those pink Cadillacs?

RG: [laughs] You have to sell tons of freaking makeup to earn the Caddy, and there just weren't enough people in Pine Top—everyone in town would need to look like they joined the circus!

M: If you'd stayed in Kentucky, what do you think you'd be doing right now?

RG: Probably picking up my kids from cheerleader practice and heading home to make chicken and dumplings for my husband.

M: Is that why you left at 15 to model in Manhattan?

RG: Exactly. Really, I just woke up one morning and said, "Mom, I'm going to New York, and I'll call home every night, I promise." I had to go.

M: And you hit the big time.

RG: Not for a while. I waited tables, ate peanut butter, and jumped subway turnstiles because I didn't have any money. But it really was the best summer of my life. It was a sensory overload, and I felt reborn. There was no way I could go back to Kentucky.

M: How did you convince your parents to let you stay?



RG: I laid a whole guilt trip on them, told them they were ruining my life. I threatened to become a prostitute if they made me go back home.

M: A prostitute in Kentucky?

RG: [laughs] No, I was going to run off somewhere else and be a disgrace to the family. I was so stubborn, I would have, too.

M: Were you still a bit of a Southern belle back then?

RG: A bit? I wore turquoise bows in my hair with matching socks. But once I moved into an apartment with some other models, they felt sorry for me and put me in a tight black top and black stretch pants.

M: An apartment full of models? What was that like?

RG: Pretty messed up. Two girls were always arguing

over the air conditioning, and one night they had a huge, clawing, scratching catfight, the whole time screaming, "I'm >

"Give me a bottle of wine and my Southern accent comes out."

Styling: Lee Moore for Veagas; Hair: David Gardner for Visagists; Makeup: On Camera for Veagas; Dress: black shiny bra by Sold, black skirt by Ric Owens. This page: chain top by Krizia, black leather skirt by Maggie Barry. Next page: black velvet coat by Jill Stuart, black lace bra and black lace panties by Leigh Bantivoglio. Last page: white fuzzy sweater by Jill Stuart.

"I play a vampire in my next movie. Want to see my fangs?"

prettier than you! I'm skinnier than you! I ate less than you today!" One girl ended up throwing the other girl over the staircase railing.

M: Did you have a Southern accent then?

RG: [instantly turns on thick-as-molasses drawl] Sure, honey. Give me a bottle of wine and it still comes out strong. [Switches it off again] A Southern accent is a beautiful thing. I'd love a role where I could use it.

M: If I remember correctly, Wayne and Garth named you one of the hottest babes of the year on "Wayne's World" during your early-'90s stint as the Noxzema girl.

RG: Yes! They awarded me a "schwing." I consider it a great honor. They even showed Garth washing his face with Noxzema set to opera music.

M: In *The Hangman's Daughter*—the upcoming prequel to *From Dusk Till Dawn*—your character is pretty schwing-worthy too, right?

RG: Well, I start out as a missionary who is so uptight, she refuses to have sex with her husband. But after I get bitten, I become this sacrilegious vampire and try to seduce him. Want to see my fangs?

M: Uh, yes. I think so. Yes.

RG: [disappears into house, returns moments later, and smiles, revealing a disturbingly realistic set of vampire choppers] Scary, huh?

M: Definitely. So, do women like sex as much as men?

RG: [removes fangs and licks lips] Well, I like sex a lot. Women not only enjoy it physically, they enjoy it mentally and emotionally. Sex is a big party to women. It's like, "Yes! I know I'm going to feel good after this."

M: You've made three horror movies recently. Have you perfected your screaming technique for these roles?

RG: Oh, yeah. There are several different types of screams. There's the surprise scream, like when you turn a corner and run into someone. Then there's the seeing-a-dead-body-freaked-out-of-your-mind scream. And then there's the I'm-about-to-be-killed-please-God-somebody-help-me scream.

M: Will you scream for me right now?

RG: My neighbors would probably call the cops.

M: Oh, come on. Just one good scream.

RG: [laughs] Don't make me show you my dark side.

M: One more question: Did you ever hear the urban legend about the reporter who runs away to a tropical island with this hot actress he's interviewing?

RG: Hmm, I've never heard that one. But I'm sure it has a really gory ending. **M**



Rebecca at a Glance

Vital stats: Born August 12, 1972, in Hazard, Kentucky, to parents of Italian, Irish, German, and Cherokee ancestry. Now lives in L.A. but still craves KFC: "You can take the girl out of Kentucky, but you can't take Kentucky out of the girl."

Family curse: Naturally curly, potentially life-threatening locks: "I've smothered my fiancé in my hair a couple of times—but he hasn't complained yet."

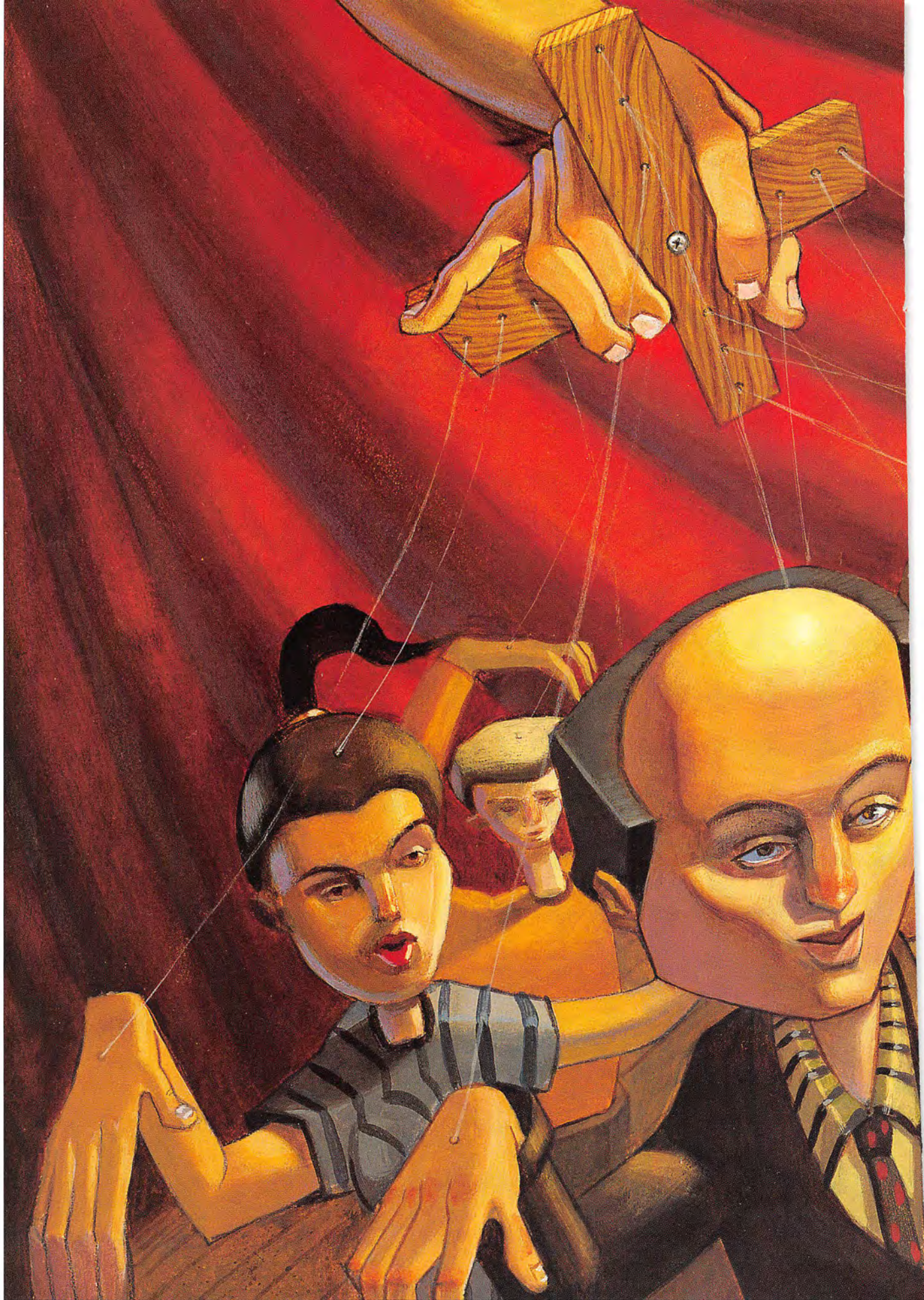
Worst modeling job: Wearing a bikini on the beach in Japan—in the middle of a freak snowstorm.

Her dark side (the early years): At age 5, she liked to fill her purse with rocks and whack little boys over the head with it.

Grungy superstition: After a good first audition, she refuses to change clothes for the next one: "I've owned a couple of lucky sweaters that *really* needed to be dry-cleaned."

Favorite Halloween look: Dead Girl, with a different subtheme every year: "Last year I was Dead Rocker Girl, with a wife-beater T-shirt and a slit throat. Another year I was Dead Hippie Girl."







TIPS FROM THE PUPPET MASTER

How would you like to make anyone you know do anything you want? Here are 22 ways to do just that, courtesy of the C.I.A., corporate hotshots, con artists, and cult leaders.

**By Nancy Miller and
Deirdre O'Scannlain**

R

asputin. Svengali. Fonzie. These were men able to move

the destinies of crowds, nations, and TV audiences through the sheer power of knowing that people's minds have more points of entry than New York City. Armed with some of their top-secret tactics, you, too, can work your mojo on all who cross your path. Even your worst enemies will never suspect you are yanking their puny strings. Think of it as stealth manipulation. It ain't necessarily evil—OK, maybe a little—but it's easy and it definitely works. And if *Maxim* can toss world domination into your bag of tricks, hey, more absolute power to you. ▷

1. Read her mind with a flick of your wrist.

If you're sitting at a bar and want to see which one of the belles is stealing glances at you, check your watch. Any woman who's been staring at you will reflexively look at hers. "It's one of those automatic things people do, even if someone is looking at you only peripherally; it's difficult not to glance," explains Charles T. Hill, a social psychologist and a psychology professor at Whittier College in Los Angeles County. What do you need, an engraved invitation? Go over and offer to buy her a drink.

2. They booze, you win.

If you need to keep your head and make sure those around you are losing theirs, arrange for it. Suppose you're meeting a client for drinks: Arrive 15 minutes early, and ask the bartender to fix you a drink with just a splash of alcohol. When your associate arrives and the two of you are ordering, tell the bartender you'll have the same drink the same way. "This is an age-old deal-making trick," says Tom Obradovic, vice president of Star Com Media

Services, an ad agency whose accounts include Coca-Cola, Miller, and Philip Morris. "In fact, that's how the Gibson cocktail originated many years ago." Apparently a lily-livered businessman named Gibson couldn't keep up with his martini-swilling associates. So he asked the bartender to pour water with just a hint of gin into a martini glass and garnish it with a pearl onion instead of an olive so he'd know which one was his (nowadays, though, the Gibson packs as much hooch as the martini). Like Gibson, by the end of the night, while your

Pause in the doorway for a second and people will remember you.

client is negotiating with a hard-to-pin-down urinal, you'll be back at the table, megacontract and pen at the ready.

3. Make a Hollywood-style entrance.

The next time you head into a job interview or morning meeting, pause for one or two seconds in the doorway and say, "Good morning" from there. "This technique 'frames' you—

SPEED SEDUCTION

It's the newest, fastest way to get a woman to bed you. Or punch you (one way or another, you'll see action).

If you've ever seen a vivacious *über-model* coiled around a fat, ugly chucklehead, you've probably assumed one thing: His girth is commensurate with his worth. Here, however, is another possibility: She is the unsuspecting victim of a technique known as Speed Seduction, an application of neurolinguistic programming developed by Ross Jeffries, author of the self-published *Secrets of Speed Seduction: How to Create an Instantaneous Desire in Any Woman You Meet* (1998). The Los Angeles-based Jeffries claims his technique "lights up" many levels of a woman's neurology and "creates an emotion that makes her want to sleep with you." Jeffries boasts 40,000 customers worldwide, and all his products—seminars, tapes, Internet services, etc.—come with a one-year-unconditional guarantee: "You don't get laid, I don't get paid!" Here is his method for worming your way into the affections of a total stranger:

STEP ONE:

After a pleasant hello, ask the Zelda you've zeroed in on questions about herself—how she chose her career as a lawyer/waitress/Keno dealer/etc. You'll engage her in dialogue that requires her to answer with more than a conversation-killing yes or no.

STEP TWO:

After a few minutes of talking—make that listening—ask her to imagine a pleasant location. You might say, "I've been working really long hours. I need a break. What's your ideal vacation spot?" As she describes her perfect island hideaway, she will feel the pleasure of traveling to this special place and, as she hears the sound of your voice, will connect it with you.

STEP THREE:

Lead her into sexual thinking by bringing up sensual aspects of the imagined place: "Do you prefer 70 degrees or a steamy 85?" "Don't you love a tropical breeze against your skin?"

According to Jeffries, your subject should now show signs of physical arousal, such as erect nipples and a flushed face (tough to tell in, say, a dark bar. But what the heck, plow ahead). Now plant the seed of desire with thinly disguised sexual innuendo—wrapped in normal conversational packaging. The two techniques:

Punctuational ambiguity:

Run-on sentences induce entrancing confusion; pausing gives words the full weight of their double meanings.

You say: "Do you find yourself coming over and over again...to the same simple conclusions?"

Subliminal message: "I could make you come and come."

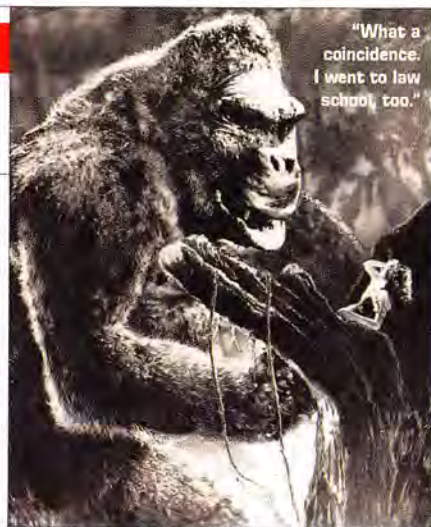
Phonetic ambiguity:

Camouflage suggestive words among other words.

You say: "Don't you want to open yourself up to this new direction in your life?"

Subliminal message: "You want to open yourself up to my nude erection."

Now, we do have to warn you that at this point, you run the risk of a sharp woman calling bullshit on your ruse and flaying you with the bartender's citrus peeler. But Jeffries claims that if you use these suggestions within the context of a conversation, you will never be snagged. And if a woman is smart enough to catch on, she's probably too smart for you anyway.



Illustrations: Justin Buja; photographs: Neal Peters Collection; Lambert/Archive Photos.

Blowing her cover:
She's watching you
if she checks the
time too.



like a Hollywood snapshot," explains Frank Carillo, president of Executive Communications Group, a corporate consulting firm based in Englewood, New Jersey. "People will remember you because you've given them a movie-style image to recall." Don't slouch or lean against the door. You want them to think James Bond, not Quasimodo. Works great at parties and when you're picking up a date, too.

4. Steal her away, courtesy of the C.I.A.

For 20 years the C.I.A. used this technique to coerce K.G.B. agents into turncoating. "Agents would bait K.G.B. captives with the promise of a life of opulence unheard of in Russia during the Cold War: money, a big house, a nice car, and a cushy job with the American government," explains Jon Elliston, C.I.A. expert and author of *Psywar on Cuba: The Declassified History of U.S. Anti-Castro Propaganda* (Ocean Press, 1998). At the same time, C.I.A. agents would "expose" the Russian government's underappreciation of the agent's obvious skill and ability. "This is one of the C.I.A. ploys that made Russian diplomats wary of sending K.G.B. to the United States for fear of possible defection," says Elliston.

So if you have your eye on a woman whose boyfriend you suspect might be taking her for granted, show her how you would express your adoration. At the same time, subtly unveil Knucklehead's inattentiveness—definitely concealing your attack in a compliment: "You know, I've got two orchestra seats for

Madame Butterfly for this Friday. Oh, but I'm sure your boyfriend's probably taken you to the opera a million times. I mean, a woman of your obvious culture and intelligence. He must whisk you away to Paris every other weekend...I know I would." She'll defect in no time, comrade.

5. Beat them with the clock.

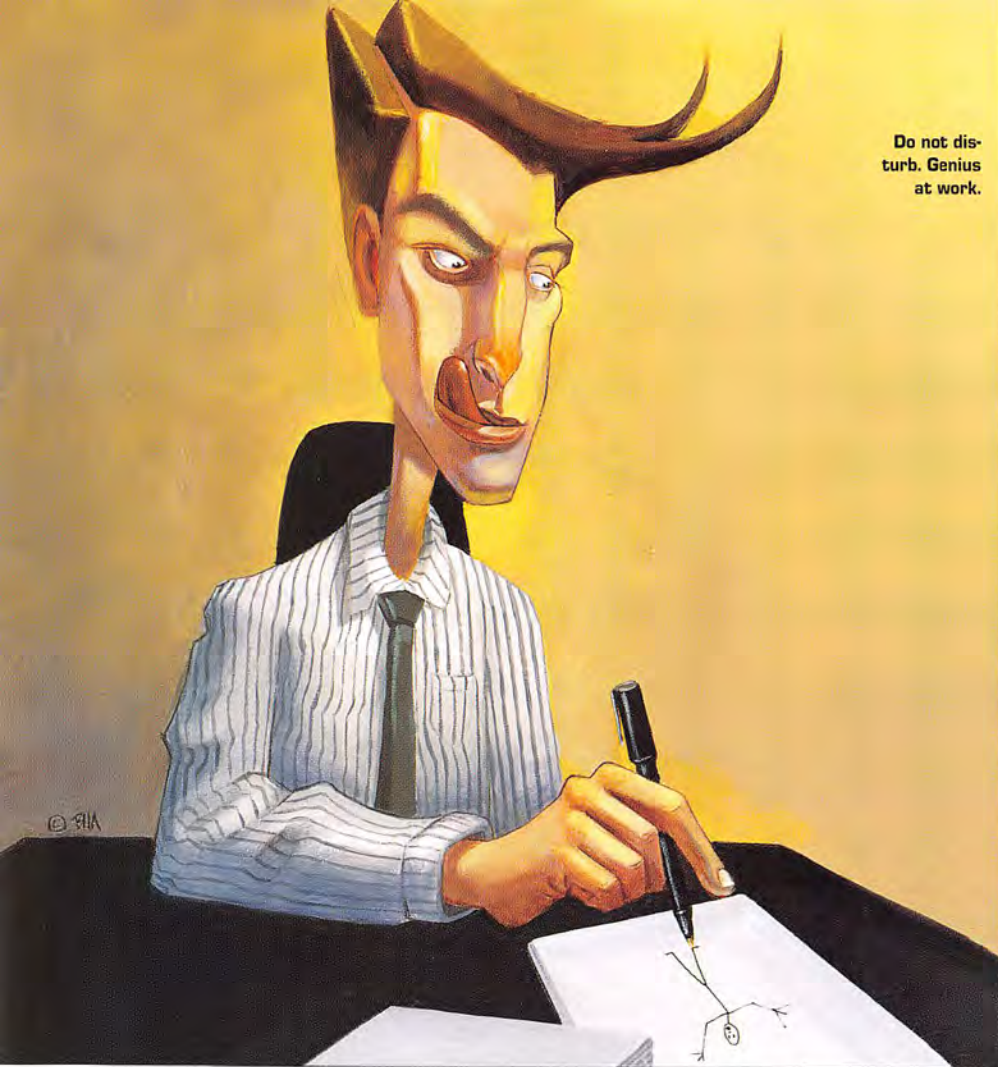
At work, people who arrive for appointments exactly on time are perceived by higher-ups as organized, industrious, and responsible. To those of equal status or below, your continual punctuality is threatening, as it imposes a standard to which they must adhere. "People react emotionally to time," says psychologist Hill. "If you're early, you'll seem over-aggressive and anxious. If you're late, you'll insult those in authority. If you're appropriately on time, you'll be seen as someone who sets high standards and meets them." Make

You can get a girl to defect from her boyfriend faster than a KGB agent.

sure to arrive early, wait until the exact moment that you're supposed to be there, then knock on the door. Punctuality equals superiority.

6. Marketing strategies à la David Koresh.

Keep them hungry, hot, and confused. "Screwing with someone's environment, meddling with sensory overload, and creating verbal confusion are three effective methods of mind >



Do not disturb. Genius at work.

8. Use her name and she won't lose your number.

"No one expects people to remember names," says social psychologist Hill, "so when you use someone's name throughout a first conversation, they're flattered and more interested in talking to you." But don't overdo it. You want to charm her, not sell her an '81 Pinto. In a 20-minute conversation, use her name three times: In the beginning ("Hi, Jill, nice to meet you"), in the middle ("Jill, you wouldn't have believed it. There I was at the top of Mount Everest, the only one with a book of matches"), and at the end ("Thanks for your number, Jill!"). For a 40-minute conversation, address her this way six times; for an hourlong conversation, nine. And if the conversation goes on any longer than that, shut the hell up.

9. Stick out your tongue and say, "Leave me alone."

If you have world-saving work to do—or at least want to look that way—let your tongue hang out while you appear to be absorbed in what you're doing. Experiments at the University of Western Australia in Perth in the late 1980s demonstrated that people are significantly less likely to disturb someone whose tongue is showing slightly. *Maxim* suggests practicing in the mirror first, to make sure you don't look like the office idiot.

10. Hey, look down—you're kissing the wrong ass.

Assistants, interns, doormen, receptionists—servicepeople by and large are treated like shit. All they need is a little acknowledgment to become your willing slaves. The receptionist you grab an extra coffee for once in a while will warn you that no, this wouldn't be a good time to ask the boss for an executive parking spot. The guy in the mailroom you swap dirty jokes with will let you send all your holiday presents FedEx come

control," says Carol Giambalvo, director of recovery programs for the American Family Foundation, a Bonita Springs, Florida-based cult watchdog group. If you want an audience to latch on to the essence of your proposal, schedule your presentation an hour before lunch. Kick up the thermostat to a balmy 80 degrees. Then launch into a complex monologue complete with flow charts that look like maps of the Japanese subway. As they mop sweat from their throbbing brows, they will begin to worry that they're not getting it—and feel stupid. Then, over the grumbling of their stomachs, you sock them with your main pitch: "The bottom line is, spending equals growth. Growth equals profit. Give me a million dollars and I'll make it work." They will grab hold of that concept like a life preserver and accept it as true: It's the only thing they'll have understood, and they'll want everyone else to think they comprehended the whole blob of nonsense.

7. Shaking hands with your palm down says you're the boss—even to your boss.

"Much like animals, humans establish dominance through gestures," explains Tom Metcalf, a professional speaker and corporate communication consultant based in Marietta, Georgia. "Extending your right arm, palm downward, then shaking hands is a subtle physical posture that says 'I'm in charge'" even if you're no more in charge than the copy machine repairman.

"Like animals, humans establish dominance through gestures."

December. A bartender you tipped well on the first and second rounds will float you a freebie on the third and fourth. So spread some love—and watch it come right back at you.

11. Grab them with your grammar.

People who speak about themselves in the present tense are perceived to be more competent and desirable than people who do so in the past tense, according to a recent study by Southern Methodist University in Dallas. "I'm reliable and always come in under budget" is stronger than "I've never >

gone overbudget." Similarly, phrases such as "I'm a great lover. I can make a woman squeal in delight" are more seductive than "I was known as a good lover in college. I made a girl squeal once."

12. Cop a feel without getting slapped.

"A fleeting, almost imperceptible" touch awakens a woman's body to the possibility of more physical contact—even before her mind consciously considers it, according to Leil Lowndes, New York-based communications expert and author of *Talking the Winner's Way: 92 Little Tricks for Big Success in Business and Personal Relationships* (Contemporary Books, 1998). "One of the best things to do," she says, "is help a woman put on her coat or give her a hand when getting out of a taxi. This way she has a choice to touch or not. In fact, she practically initiates it."

13. Keep your office lights low for high marks.

When working in your office, dim the halogen and passersby will be more likely to assume that you are slaving away. In a 1990 study by the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, New York, subjects rated workers' performance higher when they viewed them under low illumination. Presumably, however, workers sitting in total darkness were perceived as just plain weird.

14. Make the two of you an instant item.

Communications expert Lowndes suggests that when you're with a woman you use "we" statements to plant the suggestion that you've been together as long as Roy Rogers and Trigger. Example: "Should we have another drink?" instead of "Would you like another drink?"

15. Glom on to your boss's power.

"In a meeting, position yourself as closely as possible to the boss," recommends Dr. Lillian Chaney, professor of management and distinguished professor of office management at the University of Memphis in Memphis, Tennessee. This sitting at the right hand of the Lord will fool coworkers into assuming that you share the Big Cheese's authority.

16. Everybody loves a loser.

You know that Woody Allen has to have some complex psychological voodoo working with women. His secret pull? It's what's known in psychologists' circles as the strategic pratfall effect. Steven Berglas, a clinical psychologist and management consultant at Harvard Medical School, and author of *Your Own Worst Enemy: Understanding the Paradox of Self-Defeating Behavior* (HarperCollins, 1993). Mild self-deprecation

and exposing one's own vulnerability—as in an occasional "Man, did I screw that up"—endear you to those around you. And if you can permanently fuck up relations between a First World and Second World country, hey, more power to you. According to Berglas, John Kennedy's popularity peaked when he flubbed the Bay of Pigs invasion and admitted the error of his ways. "It showed he was fallible but also honest and forthright."

17. The pen is mightier than...a picture of Mom.

A pen-and-pencil set perched on the desk subtly conveys authority, while personal mementos imply personal weak- ➤

COLD READING FOR A HOT TIME

How to convince a complete stranger that you know her inside and out

You don't need to be The Amazing Kreskin to know that the only thing people like more than talking about themselves is listening to others talk about them. And for \$1.99 a minute, psychics, palm readers, and astrologers profit from what's known as the cold read. Cold reading is a technique that creates the illusion of knowing someone within moments of meeting them. "It's a pre-memorized, generalized reading that will fit just about anybody," says Ray Hyman, Ph.D., a cognitive psychologist, renowned paranormal skeptic, and professor at the University of Oregon in Eugene. Each person will find within these generalities their "unique" set of character traits, and as they unwittingly feed you more information about themselves, they will simultaneously be stunned by your intuitive power—and intrigued.

Imagine that you see a beautiful woman in a bar. She's nursing a drink, and she seems a little uncomfortable, as if she's waiting for someone.

You: ["accidentally" brushing against her with your shoulder] Excuse me, I'm sorry.

Her: That's OK.

You: Let me guess: You're the one who is always standing around, waiting for the friends. [She nods and smiles] And probably the person they call at four in the morning when they have a problem. [She nods some more, rolls her eyes, smiles] But they must be cool people. You strike me as someone who knows instinctively



whether someone is a good person or not. [According to Philadelphia-based con-artist expert Travis Dacoliias, most women feel they have above-average intuition. Play to that.]

Her: Well, yeah, unless you're talking about ex-boyfriends! [Typical self-deprecating remark, out of embarrassment]

You: Well, you're right to keep high standards. That's the curse of being a perfectionist. [According to Dacoliias, everyone considers himself a perfectionist in one regard or another.]

Her: How did you know that I'm a perfectionist?

You: Because you seem smart. And most smart people are pressured to measure up to something. That's probably why you might be a little too hard on yourself. [The best cold reads are 80–90% positive and 10–20% negative] "Hey, that drink is all watery. What is that, a gin and tonic? [It's clear, it's got ice, it's got bubbles, it's in a rocks glass—go, Merlin!]

Her: Why, yes...it is.

You: Can I venture to guess you'd like another one until your friends get here?

Her: Sure.

ness. "Family pictures are particularly ineffective," says Chaney. "In this country we keep our family and our work separate." The exception: The photo is a shot of your wife sitting on the pope's lap.

18. Let her twist in the wind.

The next time you meet a woman, wait until just after your conversation has ended before asking her out—even treat it as an afterthought. "People unconsciously assume they're deserving of your attention if they feel like they've worked to get it," explains communications expert Lowndes. For example, after talking to a woman at a party for a while, wrap up the conversation with a polite "Well, it was a real pleasure meeting you." She'll be slightly stunned and say with quiet disappointment, "Oh, OK, take care." You are now more attractive to her because you haven't asked her out. She's gone from indifferent to bummed. As you turn to walk away, wait a beat, then turn around and say, "Hey, you know: I just remembered the director's cut of *The French Connection* is playing this Saturday—want to check it out?" You've virtually guaranteed she'd go to watch your brother cut off his own finger, out of relief you've suddenly determined that she's worthy.

19. Utilize the home-court advantage.

When conversing with equals, meet at your own desk or office. The power edge always goes to the home team. When you're meeting with a superior, try taking him out of the corporate structure by suggesting a quick walk around the block. "People feel very comfortable in their own environment, but when you get out into the 'real world,' hierarchy doesn't hold up for very long," explains Jo-Ellan Dimitrius, Ph.D., a professional jury selector based in Los Angeles (she advised O.J. Simpson's criminal defense team) and coauthor of *Reading People* (Random House, 1998). You want to borrow the company car? Don't stand in front of the boss' desk, like a student begging for an extension on a paper. Wait until you're both sitting at a restaurant table, waiting for a client. And try not to bounce up and down on the banquettes as you make your request.

20. Get her pumped to jump you.

A shot of heart-juicing adrenaline bolsters feelings of arousal and attraction, no matter the activity that generates them. "The physical manifestations of arousal are similar whether caused by fear, exercise, or sexual excitement," says Galdino Pranzarone, Ph.D., a professor of psychology at Roanoke College in Salem, Virginia. Take her hiking, biking, or, if you're



in lousy shape, to a scary movie.

21. Tap the truth out of people.

Lawyers pull this one quite often, explains Dr. Donald Moine, an organizational psychologist and vice president of the Association for Human Achievement, based in Rolling Hills Estate, California. People inadvertently add details to responses as they repeatedly answer the same, slightly rephrased question. For example, you recently heard your boss mention your name to his assistant several times behind closed doors. You may ask the assistant, "Was Mr. Tate just saying something about me?" Let him give his guarded answer before you ask, "What was he saying?" Let him answer again; he'll elaborate slightly. Then say, "I thought I heard him mention my name a few times. Was it anything important?" Remember, no badg-

When meeting with a superior, take him out of the corporate structure.

ering the witness. Let him take his time and wait a second before you ask each question, making sure to keep him focused on your line of questioning. He'll sing like a canary.

22. Set up a small table and extra chairs in your office.

"It shows others that you are important enough to receive visitors," asserts professor of management Chaney. Even if your office is a cubicle, see if you can ratchet up its grandness by fitting an extra chair in there. ■

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By Michael Anthony

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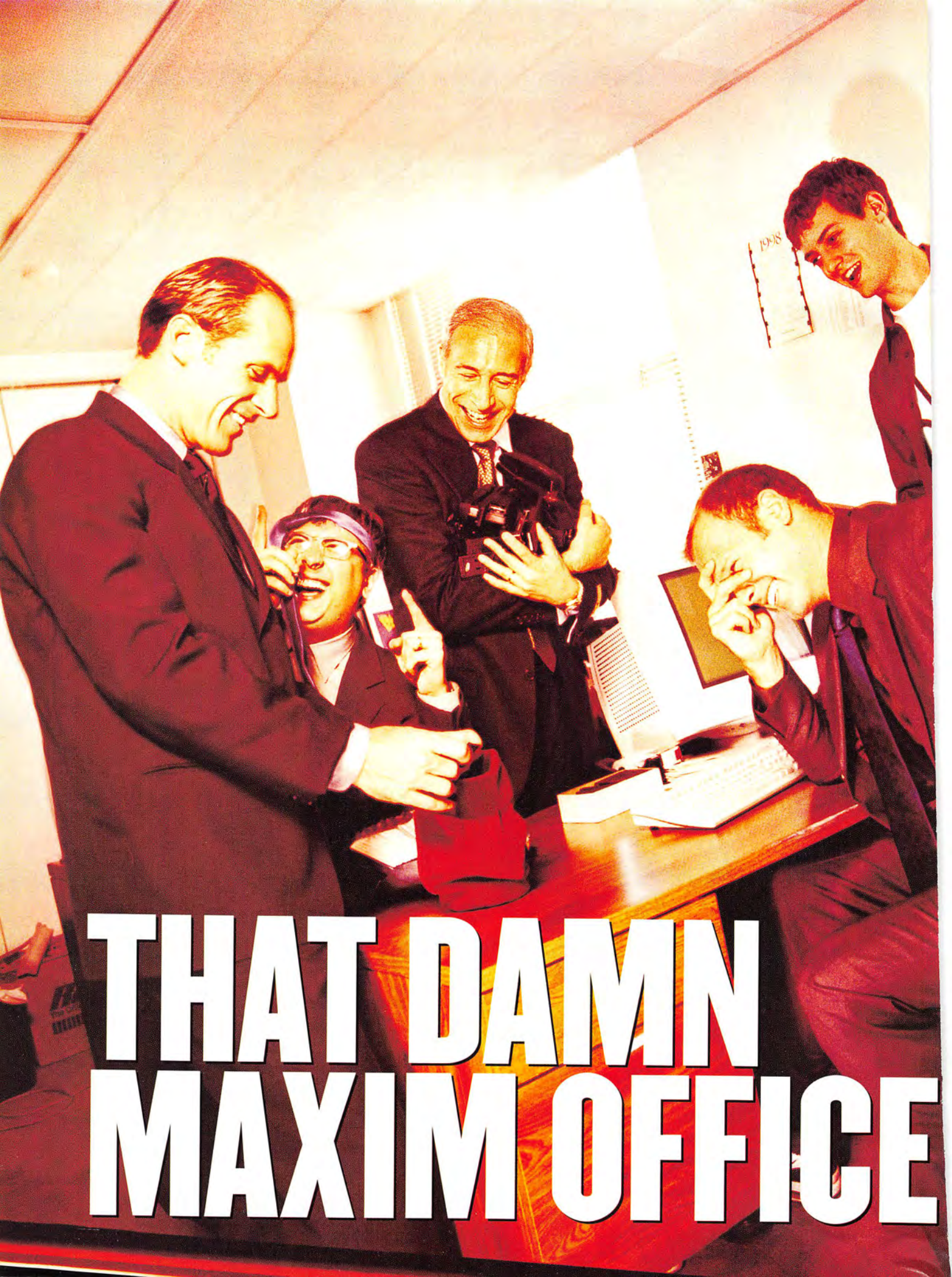
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**THAT DAMN
MAXIM OFFICE**



Is your job a hellish bore? Turn it into hellish fun with our game of nasty pranks. Grab a roll of toilet paper, shed your sense of decency—and see how much torture your coworkers can take.

GAME

Here at *Maxim*—as in any typical office in America—we're frequently so bored that we throw interns out the window. (For the record, Peter, a chubby self-starter from Salt Lake City, bounced the highest.) Unfortunately, the police complained. And so was born...That Damn *Maxim* Office Game, a fast-paced free-for-all of pranks and dares that lets you abuse your colleagues, wear your necktie like a headband, start nasty rumors with breakfast cereal, and order pizza in the boss' name—yet does not involve a prison term!

Eager to get started? Here's everything you and your office pals will need. (But be advised: Play at your own risk. *Maxim* assumes no responsibility for the consequences of your actions—especially any sudden changes in, say, your employment status. Not suitable for children!)

OFFICIAL RULES



The goal: To earn the most points—and win a pool of money—by performing the greatest number of pranks in a workday, from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Pranks range from the elegantly simple (public burping) to the fiendishly complex (hiding tiny alarm clocks in your boss' desk). See the full list, starting on page 110.

Who can play: Two to six coworkers.

The crucial rule: Under no circumstances can a player tell a nonplayer that he (or anyone else) is involved in The Game, no matter how desperately his behavior calls for an explanation. Yap to outsiders and you're instantly disqualified.

HOW TO PLAY

1. On the day before The Game, each player contributes 20 bucks to the pool. Then, while clutching a stapler, he takes That Damn *Maxim* Office Game Sacred Oath (below). Though this is an emotional moment, no crying is allowed.

2. Each player gets a copy of this article to carefully study the prank lists, form a strategy, and bring any props required from home. Punch out the 20 "Bag of Destiny" cards from the cardboard insert and place them in a bag. Store it in a player's drawer. To conclude the opening ceremonies, staple the prize money together.

3. Play begins at 9 A.M. on Game Day. You can score points in three basic ways:

The Pranks: Complete any of the pranks listed on pages 110–113; they are divided by degree of difficulty into One-Point, Three-Point, and Five-Point categories. Note: A prank is not valid unless at least one nonplayer witnesses it.

The Bag of Destiny: At 2 P.M., players gather in private and take turns choosing one card, designating a special dare, from the Bag of Destiny. Luck is a factor: You'll either draw an easy challenge or a god-awful one. Carry it out before 5 P.M. to earn 25 points.

Bonus points: To boost your score, you can also collect items from the Scavenger Hunt list (see page 113).

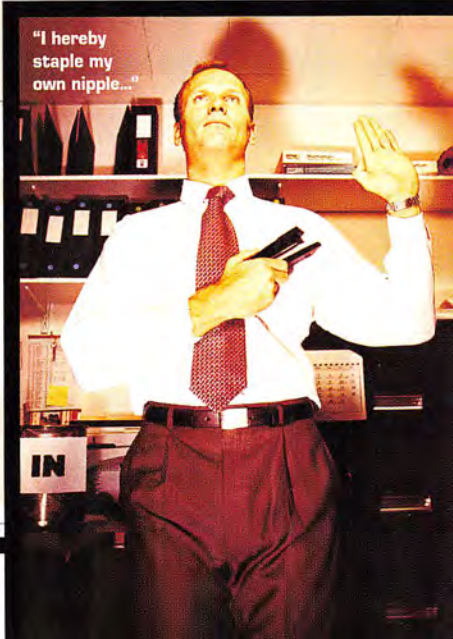
4. Each player keeps track of the points he earns. On a notepad, he records each prank plus the victim/witness.

5. Play stops at 5 P.M. No, really, we mean it. The final scores are tallied. A winner is declared and presented with the pool. Unless he is a total asshole, he then invites all players to the local bar and blows his winnings by buying countless rounds of frosty beer.

THE SACRED OATH

That Damn *Maxim* Office Game works on the honor system. To ensure that Honesty Prevails, each player in turn must repeat the following oath aloud at the opening ceremonies while holding a stapler to his heart:

"I, [your name here], do solemnly swear to uphold the honor system while playing That Damn *Maxim* Office Game. I will neither falsify my score nor divulge any information regarding The Game to outsiders. Should I break this pledge, I understand that I will never, ever get to have sex again, not even with myself, and will end up French-kissing [name of your boss here] in hell!"



"I hereby staple my own nipple..."

IN

THE PRANKS

ONE-POINT PRANKS

- Run one lap around the entire office at top speed
- Groan out loud while in a bathroom stall (at least one other person must be in the men's room), then say, "Geez, that burns!"
- Wear no socks for an hour
- Hand a paper to some office schmuck, tag him, and say, "You're it," then run away
- Sneakily pour most of someone's fresh cup of coffee into your mug, leaving him with an inch or two of brew
- Exchange the light bulb in someone's desk lamp for a "racy" red one
- Leave a copy of *Penthouse Forum* (open to a "good" letter) in the photocopier
- Ignore the first five people who say hello to you in the morning
- Phone a coworker you barely know and leave this voice-mail message: "Just called to say I can't talk right now. Bye"
- Goose-step down the hallway. Repeat until someone sees you
- If someone says, "Excuse me," respond in a belligerent voice, "No, you are not excused!"
- Razor-blade the erasers off all of some poor loser's pencils
- Color all five nails of your left hand with yellow highlighter. Admire them now and then
- Put ketchup, mustard, or Vaseline on the men's room doorknob
- To signal that a conversation is over, clamp

Image is nothing.
Thirst is everything.
Obey your thirst.



your hands over your ears and grimace

- When someone hands you a piece of paper, finger it, whispering huskily, "Mmmm...that feels so-o-o-o good!"
- Stick a wad of chewing gum on the underside of the boss' desk
- After giving an underling a task, conclude by saying, "Now, mush!"

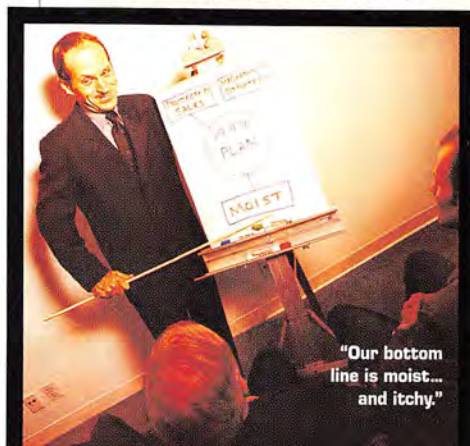
- Limp for two hours
- Turn the brightness level on the receptionist's computer monitor all the way down, so he/she will think it's broken
- Leave your zipper open for one hour. If anyone (including the boss) points this out, say, "Sorry, I really prefer it that way"
- Before a meeting, pin your hair to one side with a bobby pin

- In classic third-grade style, stick out your tongue behind the boss' back; make sure someone else sees
- Pretend to faint
- In the middle of a meeting, suddenly exclaim, "Yahtzee!"
- Refer to your assistant as "my secretary" in front of him/her
- Walk sideways to the photocopier
- For half an hour, whistle the first 10 notes of "It's a Small World" every two minutes
- Drink a beer with your morning snack

ONE-POINT PATTY

TALK LIKE A WINNER

Score easy conversational points just by using That Damn *Maxim* Office Game power vocabulary.



"Our bottom line is moist... and itchy."

Score one point each time you use any of the following power words (in a full sentence!) while meeting with at least one nonplayer:

- bittersweet
- boobie
- loins
- moist
- tentacles
- merkin (and not as in "I'm an A-merkin")
- urethra
- pucker
- heavenly
- spank
- gosh
- Siegfried & Roy
- gristle
- supercalifragilisticexpialidocious
- lubricant
- welt
- Beelzebub
- melon
- mildew
- palsy-walsy
- Rastafarian
- flipper
- Maxim
- stiffe



ONE-POINT PRANK

GET AT LEAST 10 OF YOUR COWORKERS TO HIGH-FIVE YOU FOR NO REASON



ONE-POINT PRANK

TUCK ONE PANT LEG INTO YOUR SOCK. WHEN QUERIED, ANSWER, "NOT NOW"

- Sharpen all of a coworker's pencils down to tiny stubs
- Squeeze the juice of a whole lemon into the office pot of coffee (should curdle the milk and taste revolting)
- Put a large red apple (with a bite taken out of it) on your boss' desk
- Tape signs over the MEN and WOMEN bathroom signs that read BUOYS and GULLS
- Burp, then say, "Mmmmm...tasty!" within earshot of others
- Unplug the cable connecting a colleague's keyboard to the back of his computer
- Blow your nose, then offer to show the contents of your tissue
- Put your garbage can on your desk. Label it IN. Leave it there for at least an hour
- While riding the elevator, gasp dramatically each time the door opens
- Tape your fists à la Rocky with ordinary Scotch tape
- Answer your phone by saying, "Conjunction Junction, what's your function?"

THREE-POINT PRANKS

- Wear your tie like a headband for an hour
- Say to your boss, "I like your style" and shoot 'im with the double-barreled pointed fingers
- In the elevator, ask a stranger, "Have you accepted me as your personal savior?"
- The morning of The Game, shave only one side (left or right) of your face
- Stick a sign on a victim's back that says
ASK ME ABOUT MY EMBARRASSING FOOT PROBLEM
- Babble incoherently to a fellow employee, then say crisply, "Did you get all that?"
- Page yourself over the intercom. (Do not disguise your voice)
- When no one's watching, remove the paper tray from the photocopier or laser printer and, with a felt pen, write the word *Satan* on several sheets at random. Reinsert tray
- Drop a full cup of coffee while walking
- At lunchtime, load up a small hibachi with charcoal, put it on your desk, then go around asking for lighter fluid. (If you actually light it, score 5 points)
- Pretend to vomit in a meeting
- Sneak up behind an office mate, cover his/her eyes, and (in raspy horror-movie voice) whisper, "Get out of the building!"

■ If your office has a water cooler, kneel and drink directly from the spigot. Make sure you have a witness

- If you are an assistant, refer loudly to a superior as "what's-his-name" (while jerking a thumb in his direction)
- Stand on your head in a busy public area
- Ask a male colleague if your ass "looks fat in these pants." If he says no, say, "You're just saying that"
- Shout random numbers while someone is counting
- Wear a Post-it on your forehead that reads: QUIET! GENIUS AT WORK! for 30 minutes
- At the end of a meeting, suggest that, for once, it would be nice to conclude with the singing of the national anthem. (Score 5 points if you immediately launch into the song)
- Drop a packet of red dye in the water cooler
- While everyone is out to lunch, leave a carefully formed

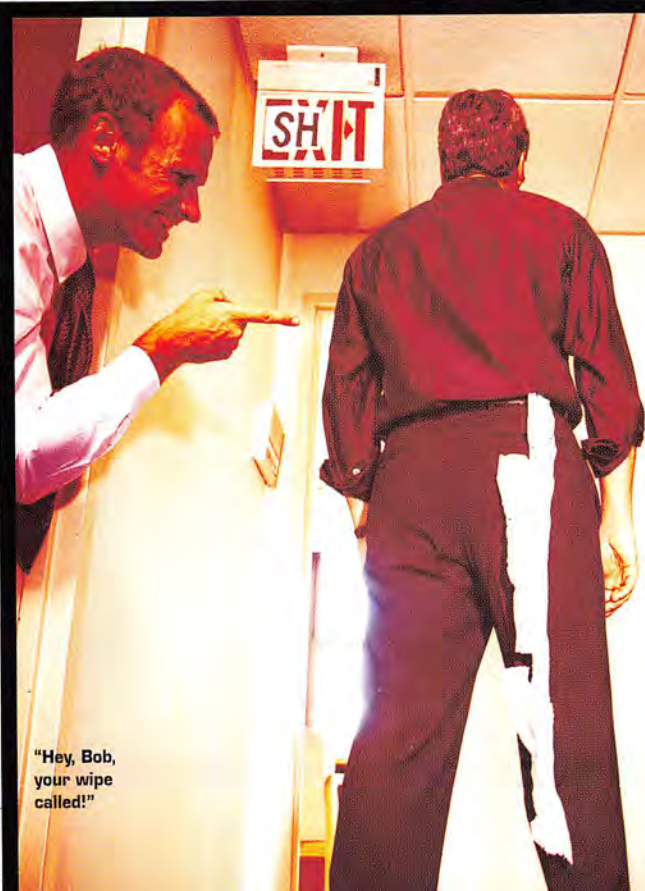
THREE-POINT PRANK



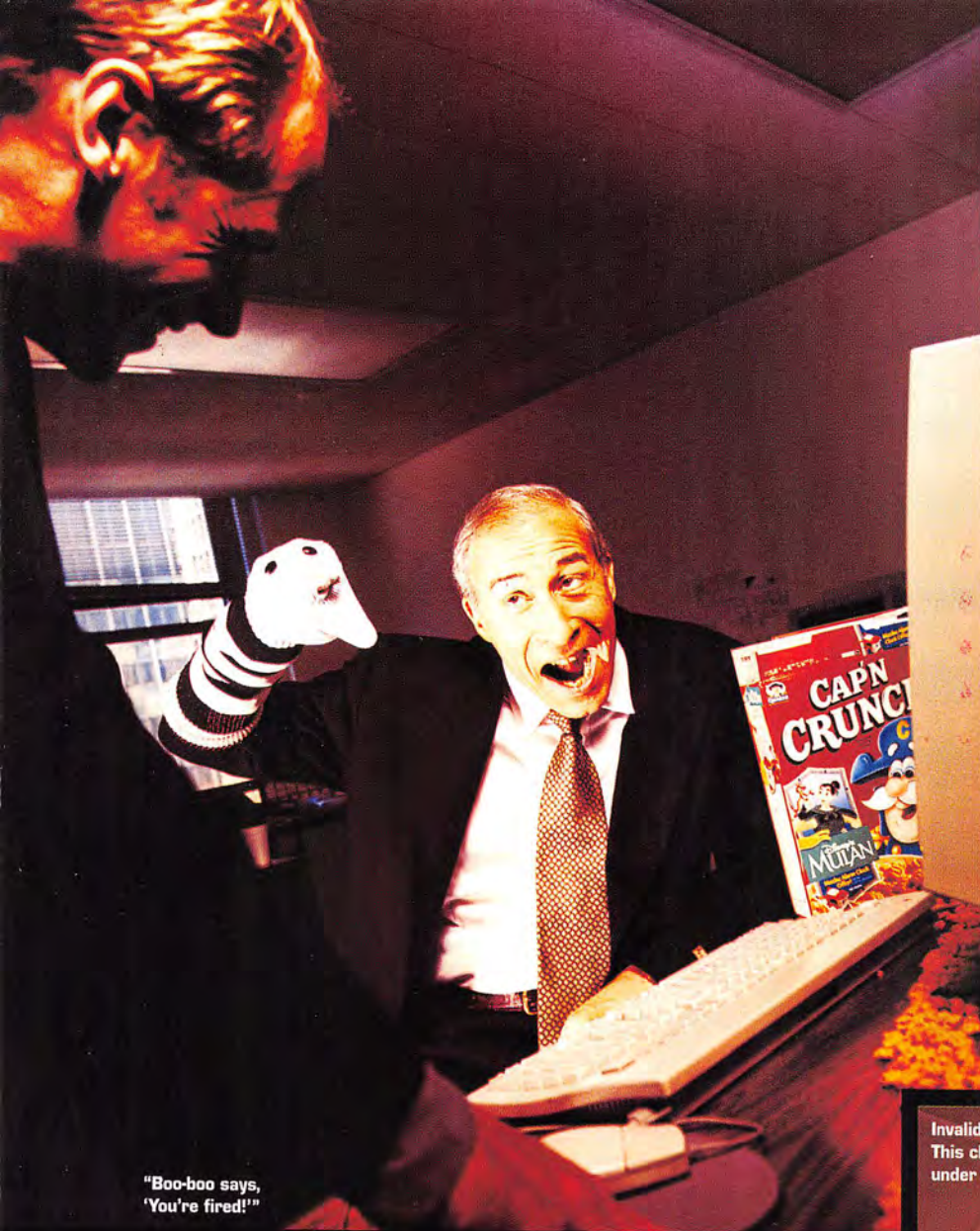
WEAR WOMEN'S PERFUME ALL DAY, REFRESHING IT WITH THE OCCASIONAL SPRITZ

trail of Cap'n Crunch leading from your boss' office to a fellow employee's door

- Input the lyrics to "Stairway to Heaven" on your computer, then send this document to print 666 times
- Jump on the table in the break room or cafeteria, holding a homemade sign that says UNION NOW!
- Post a fake and idiotic memo from the boss on the office bulletin board
- Walk into a Very Busy Person's office and, while he/she watches with growing irritation, flick the light switch on and off 10 times
- When shaking hands with someone in the office, pretend your hand has "seized up" and you can't let go
- For an hour, refer to everyone you speak with (even on the phone) as "Bob"
- Ask a female staffer if she knows any women's shoe stores that carry fuzzy pink high heels in, you know, really large sizes
- Lick your hand and, before the saliva dries, shake someone else's hand
- In a meeting, announce loudly that you



"Hey, Bob, your wipe called!"



"Boo-boo says,
'You're fired!'"

really have to "go number two"

- Grip a Barbie doll by the feet and bang her against your desk "in frustration," muttering, "Damn it, damn it, damn it!"

- In your cubicle, put up a big banner that says **CELEBRATE HUMP DAY!**

- In a meeting, announce that you really love to sleep with a pillow between your knees

- After every sentence, say *mon* in a bad Jamaican accent. As in, "The report's on your desk, mon." Keep this up for one hour

- Pass around a sheet of paper asking other staff members to sponsor you in a Bake-Off



THREE-POINT PRANK

STUFF A LARGE OBJECT DOWN YOUR PANTS AND LEAVE IT THERE FOR AN HOUR

- Rearrange the files in a coworker's drawer so they're backward (in reverse alphabetical order)

- Dial 411 and, within earshot of a coworker, ask for the number of one of the following:

The Hanson Penis-Enlargement Clinic

The George Michael Intimacy Foundation

Bedwetters Anonymous

- While an office mate is out, move his chair into the elevator

- In a meeting or other crowded situation, slap your forehead repeatedly and mutter, "Shut up, damn it, all of you just *shut up!*"

- Take a five-minute catnap on the conference table

- Outline a little square on the floor with tape and announce that this is your "personal space"



THREE-POINT PRANK

FOR AN HOUR, MAKE RACECAR SOUNDS EVERY TIME YOU MOVE YOUR MOUSE

- Ride the elevator wearing a cardboard FedEx envelope on your head

- At lunchtime, get down on your knees and shout, "As God is my witness, I'll never be hungry again"

- Bring a cat to work

- Write I NEED A SPANKING on 15 Post-its, then stick them on every available wall surface in a coworker's office/area

- In a colleague's datebook, write, "10 A.M. See how I look in tights" on a page for a day in the near future

- Repeat the following conversation 10 times with the same person:

"Do you hear that?"

"What?"

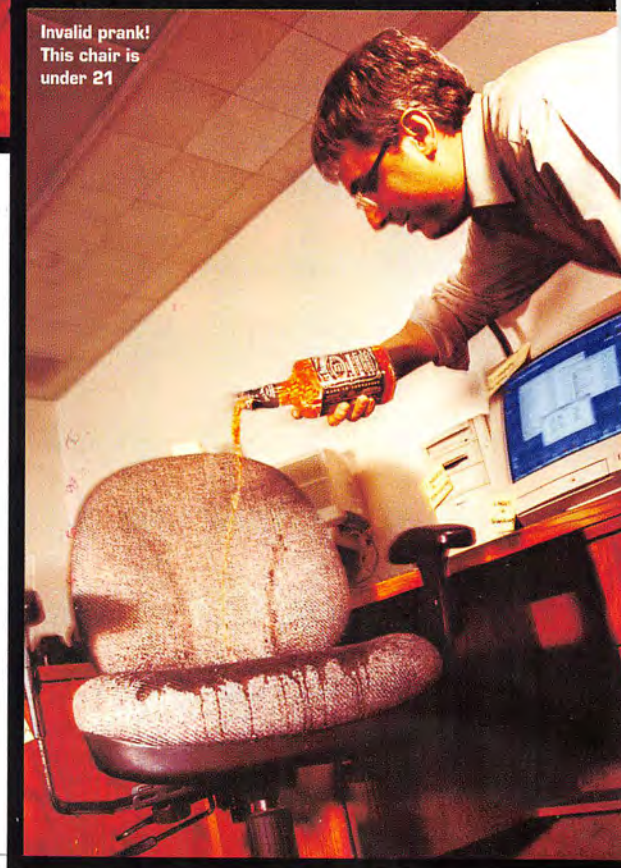
"Never mind, it's gone now"

- Carry your computer monitor over to a coworker and say, "Wanna trade?"

- Place a few half-eaten sandwiches underneath someone's desk

- Answer your phone by saying, "What the fuck do you want?"

Invalid prank!
This chair is
under 21





**MAXIM
BAG OF
DESTINY**



**MAXIM
BAG OF
DESTINY**



**MAXIM
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**MAXIM
BAG OF
DESTINY**

Mr1

25 points

WEAR ALL YOUR CLOTHES (INCLUDING TIE AND BELT) INSIDE OUT FOR THE REST OF THE DAY



Mr2

25 points

WITH A STRAIGHT FACE, CONFRONT YOUR BOSS AND SAY "I'VE BEEN WANTING TO SAY THIS FOR A LONG TIME... I REALLY LOVE YOU"



Mr3

25 points

PREPARE 40 'COUPONS' FOR FREE PIZZA - WITH A FELLOW EMPLOYEE'S EXTENSION AS THE "FREE DELIVERY" NUMBER - AND PASS THEM OUT ON THE STREET



Mr4

25 points

KRAZY GLUE THE BOSS' BRIEFCASE SHUT



Mr5

25 points

EAT SOMEONE'S PLANT



Mr6

25 points

DRINK HALF A COFFEE CUP OF WHISKEY BEFORE 3:30 PM. NO BREATH MINTS OR TOOTHBRUSHING ALLOWED



Mr7

25 points

COMPLETELY COVER A COWORKER'S WINDOW WITH SHAVING FOAM



Mr8

25 points

CARRY AN OPEN UMBRELLA AT ALL TIMES—WHETHER WORKING, WALKING OR ATTENDING A MEETING—UNTIL 5 P.M.



Mr9

25 points

SLIP 15 SLICES OF LUNCHEON MEAT INSIDE RANDOM FILES IN A COWORKER'S OFFICE



Mr10

25 points

DROP STAPLERS IN ALL THE TOILET BOWLS IN THE MEN'S AND WOMEN'S BATHROOMS ON YOUR FLOOR



№1

25 points

BORROW A PENCIL,
THEN RETURN IT
WITH THE POINT...
BROKEN!



№6

25 points

PHOTOCOPY YOUR
HAND... GIVING
THE FINGER!



№2

25 points

STUFF A COMPUTER
MOUSE... INTO YOUR
OWN MOUTH!



№7

25 points

ANSWER... SOMEONE
ELSE'S PHONE!



№3

25 points

START TO SHAKE A
COWORKER'S HAND,
THEN... DON'T!



№8

25 points

NEXT TIME YOU USE
THE BATHROOM
SINK, LEAVE THE
TAPS... RUNNING!



№4

25 points

BURN... A REALLY
BIG ENVELOPE!



№9

25 points

POUR A FRESH, HOT
CUP OF COFFEE INTO...
THE SINK!



№5

25 points

SNEEZE... WITHOUT
COVERING
YOUR MOUTH!



№10

25 points

SLAM... A DOOR!





MAXIM
BAG OF
DESTINY



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DESTINY

FIVE-POINT PRANKS

- While talking to your boss, pick your nose and eat the booger
- Remove all the items taped or pinned to some anal-retentive type's wall, then re-attach them facing the wall
- Stick an annoying bumper sticker on the women's bathroom mirror
- Order pizza for everyone in the office; give the boss' name
- Pretend to moonlight for a collection agency. Make long, fake phone calls at your desk, threatening to cut "messed-up bastards" off and destroy them
- Come to work wearing army fatigues and very tightly laced boots
- Wear sunglasses all afternoon
- With a felt pen, write SH in tall block-letters on a piece of paper, then tape it over the first two letters of an EXIT sign so that it reads SHIT
- Steal the receiver cord(s) from the receptionist's phone(s). Call him/her repeatedly
- Wrap a coworker's chair entirely in toilet paper. Tie a bow around it
- Arrange to have a contractor drop by to give you an estimate for installing a hot tub in your office
- Speak with an accent (French, German, Porky Pig, etc.) during a very important conference call
- Carry around a cream pie balanced on an upraised hand, as if you're about to throw it. Laugh maniacally
- Staple someone's shirt to his pants
- Get one of your coworkers to outline your body in chalk on the hall carpet
- Replace the photo in the frame on a coworker's desk with something you cut out of a magazine
- Find the vacuum and start vacuuming
- Wear a hand puppet and talk to your fellow workers "through" it
- Whip out a cell phone during a meeting and start making calls regarding a multi-million-dollar Hollywood project
- Climb a bathroom stall divider and cling to it like a koala bear for five minutes or until someone sees you, whichever comes first
- Hide an alarm clock (travel size) in your boss' desk. Make sure it's set to go off during his next meeting
- Steal five coats or jackets and, wearing all of them at once, stride purposefully through the office
- Posing as the maître d', call a colleague and tell him he won a lunch for four at a local restaurant. Let him go

- Hide under your desk for half an hour
- Heavily scent your office chair with an ounce or two of Jack Daniel's
- In a public area, clasp the hands of imaginary people on either side of you and sing: "We are the world. We are the children. We are the ones who make a brighter day. So let's start giving!"
- In a crowded elevator, face away from the door. Each time it opens, unbutton one button on your shirt
- Within 10 throws, spike a pencil into one of the ceiling tiles in your boss' office. (No points if it doesn't stick)
- Hang a two-foot long piece of toilet paper from the back of your own pants (you must act shocked and embarrassed when someone points it out to you)
- Answer your phone by screaming as loud as you can ☹

BONUS POINTS

BEG, BORROW, OR STEAL

Why stop at embarrassment? Try a little common theft—and boost your score—with That Damn Maxim Office Game Scavenger Hunt.

Man cannot win The Game by pranks alone. Sometimes he must also steal Garfield notepads and other people's birthday cakes. The Scavenger Hunt—a stealthy, low-key way to score extra points—is very simple. Just collect as many of the following items as possible from around your office, stash them away, and earn one point for each item at the end of the day:

- Someone's favorite/sacred coffee cup
- A bottle of Advil
- Moldy food from the office fridge
- Someone's window shade or blinds
- A package of Tums
- A smiley face
- A urine sample (can be your own)
- 200 photocopies of your

nose enlarged to 150 percent

- 8 staplers
- 3 wall calendars
- A coworker's plant
- 4 fluorescent tubes from ceiling fixtures
- Cleaning liquid or equipment from the janitor's cart
- Any object emblazoned with Garfield, Dilbert, Cathy, or an angel
- A stuffed toy (2 points for a Beanie Baby)
- A ceiling tile
- Something pink
- 10 highlighters from other people's desks
- One of the boss' business cards
- The key to any special locked room
- Junk food—chocolate,

- gum, etc.—from someone else's area (10 points if you abduct a birthday cake or giant birthday cookie)
- A troll doll
- A family or significant-other photo from a coworker's desk
- A tissue with a lipstick print on it
- A tampon from the women's bathroom
- 200 FedEx forms
- The coffee machine
- A female staffer's "extra" shoes
- A copy of an interoffice memo that contains *all* of the following words: *urgent, concerning, staff, therefore*
- Something dead (insect, fish, fellow player, etc.)

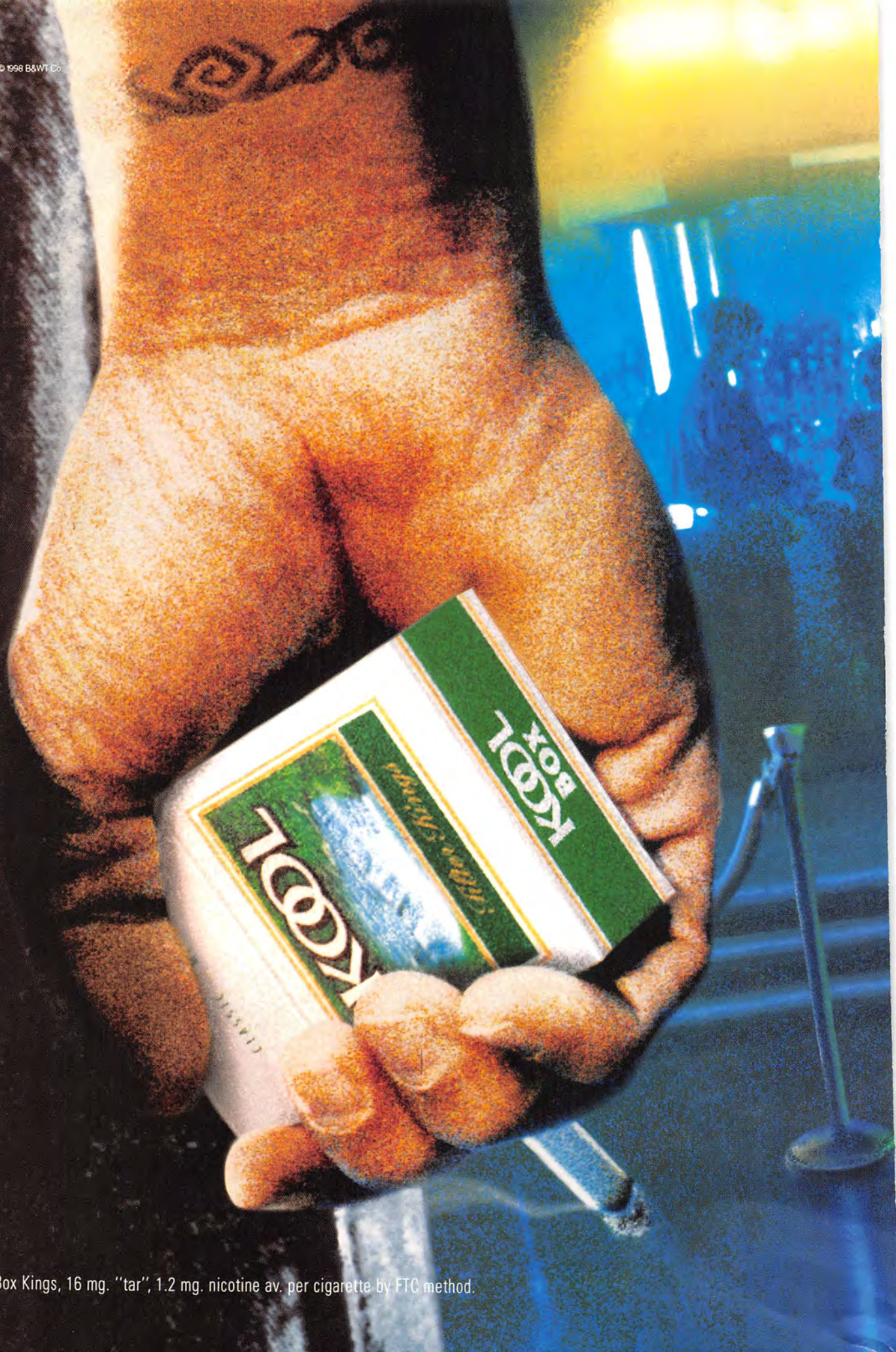


FIVE-POINT PRANK

BRING DIRTY DISHES FROM HOME AND LEAVE THEM IN THE OFFICE SINK



What to do with a dead intern

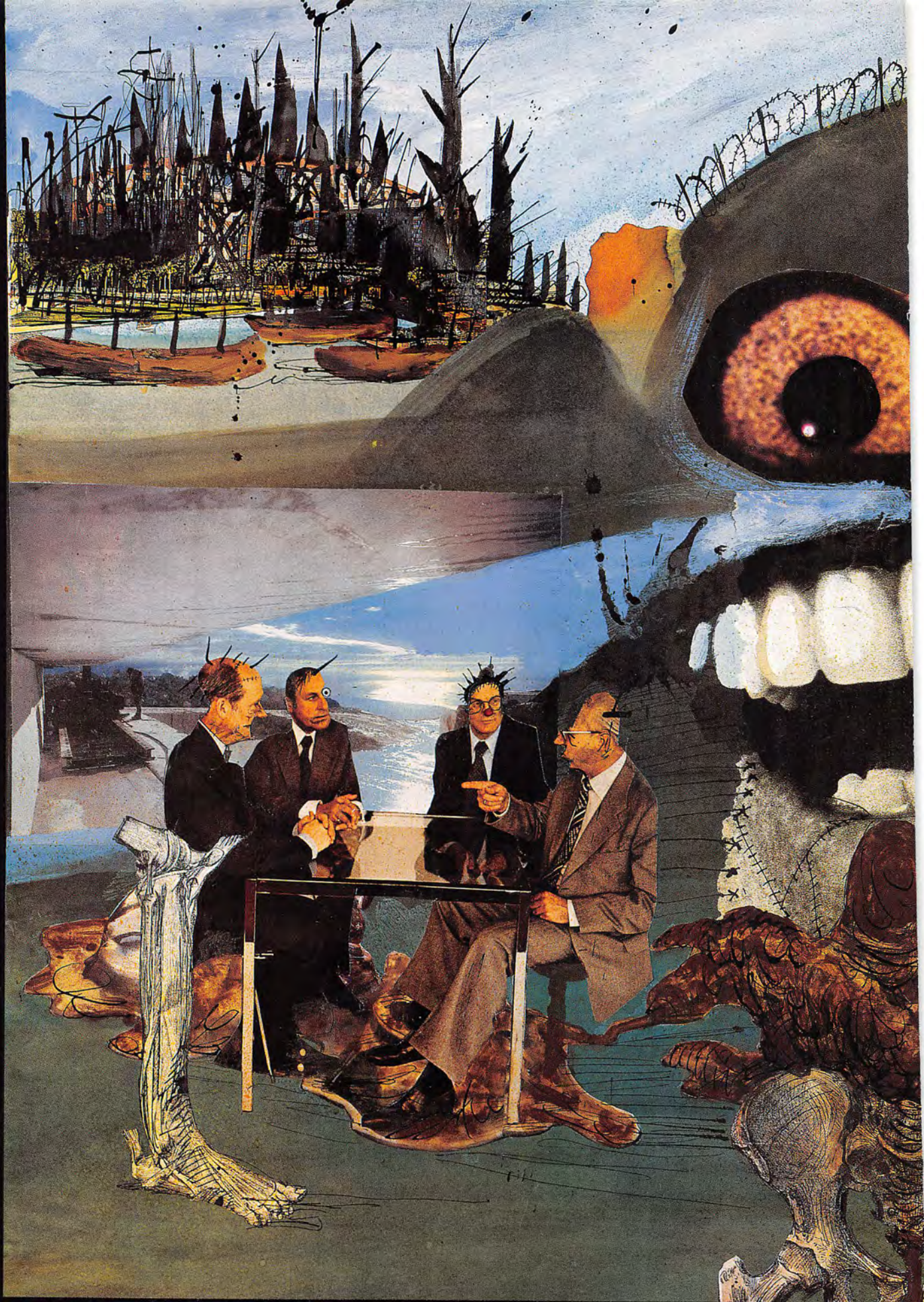


Box Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



B
KOOOL

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.





NEVER
MIND, DEAR
IT'S ONLY FOR
A MILLION
YEARS!

LIVING HELL HOTEL

GO TO HELL!

The hottest travel destination in the universe during the Halloween season is none other than Satan's stomping grounds. We sent an unsuspecting writer down to this fiery lakeside resort to check out the sights, sounds, and giant bloated flies.

Illustrations by
Ralph Steadman

Ralph STEADman

You want me to go where!?!”
I had been called to the *Maxim* editorial offices to do what they loosely referred to as a travel story. But the particulars, like where I was going, had not been mentioned until now.

“We’d like you to go to Hell and interview Satan,” the editor calmly repeated.

“But...but I’m not dead,” I argued. “Maybe you guys haven’t thought this through.”

The editor responded by picking up his phone and whispering, “Hold my calls.” Then everything happened really fast. One guy reached over, slammed my head down on the desk, and held me there. Another went to a closet and pulled out the biggest ax I’d ever seen, with the *Maxim* logo imprinted on its blade. They both started chanting something that sounded like the theme song from *The Patty Duke Show* backward.

Then the bastards cut off my head.

Hello! My Name Is Xghzqtk

The first thing I see when I wake up in the underworld is my headless body on the ground. Then I see who is holding my head. Neither is a pretty sight. “MY NAME IS XGHZQTK,” the demon says in a thunderous voice. “I AM SATAN’S PUBLICIST.”

Xghzqtk is nine feet tall, with Teflon scales and a head shaped like four megaphones pointing north, east, south, and west...each with a five-foot tongue hanging out of it. His other distinguishing feature is a right hand so large that when he makes a fist, it’s as big as a prize watermelon. He’s a little touchy about his name and threatens to punch me in the face every time I mispronounce it. Unfortunately, *Xghzqtk* is impossible to say correctly unless your throat is lined with fully opened Swiss army knives.

I expect to be punched quite a bit on this trip.

Me-owwwwwwwwwww

“LET’S GET YOU FIXED UP,” says Xghzqtk.

My headless body is lying on what, oddly enough, appears to be steaming-hot kitty litter. Darkness surrounds us, the only light a faint bloody glow emanating from the demon. In the background I think I hear the sound of cats meowing.

Xghzqtk picks my body up, sticks my head back on it, and, using his massive fist like a hammer, drives a three-foot nail straight down through the top of my skull with the expertise of a carpenter. He tells me that during the French Revolution, he was the busiest demon in Hell. Wistfully he asks if there is any chance the guillotine may come back into vogue as a means of capital punishment. To cheer him up, I lie and say that Texas is considering it.

With my head firmly (if somewhat painfully) in place, the next order of business is some light to travel by. It’s now that the mystery of the meowing

is solved. Xghzqtk stalks off into the gloom and returns seconds later with two cats skewered on poles. He quickly sets them on fire and hands me one of the poles, and we make our way across the kitty-litter plain by the light of their burning fur.

We walk for miles, heading toward a faint, distant light: the ferry port. It’s hotter than Death Valley and pretty damned smoky from those cats. There is an occasional breeze, but it smells so bad, you can hardly call it a relief. Xghzqtk informs me that to the north sits a demon the size of the moon who eternally feasts upon dark beer and baked beans. His name is Flatulus.

The closer we get to our destination, the more roadside vendors we see. One yells, “Last chance to buy aspirin before the Gates of Hell!” I stop for a quick purchase at Xghzqtk’s suggestion. Another offers to sell me racy photos of what my wife’s doing now that I’m dead. We pass a pathetic-looking Italian man dressed in aged, shit-stained medieval garb who holds a sign saying WILL RHYME FOR FOOD. Two burly guys in togas are giving him a wedge.

Slow Boat to Hell

Rush hour at the ferry port is hell...pretty bad. Millions of people, no information booth, 75-mile-long ticket lines, and there’s only one bathroom, which has been occupied for the last 2,500 years by a demon named Urinicon...the Bladder of Satan. Luckily, Xghzqtk knows which palms to grease with human fat, and before you can say “Ozzy Osbourne,” we’re boarding.

The boat is a human turd, two miles long, 100 yards wide, with some benches on top. I’m about to sit down when I notice that they are covered with six-inch spikes honed to the finest points possible.

“I can’t sit here,” I complain to the Ferryman.

“Damn right!” he exclaims. “This is first class.”

Xghzqtk leads me back to coach, where I immediately sink straight down to the bridge of my nose in the turd and remain that way for the 15 years it takes to reach the other side.

Free Willy is the in-voyage movie. It plays over and over again, 27,345 times.

As relaxing as I usually find boat rides, it is with some degree of relief that I sight the port of Pandemonium, Hell’s capital city. Xghzqtk is kind enough to agonizingly yank my head around so that I can see the statue of Charles de Gaulle standing on its own little island at the mouth of Hell’s harbor. Much like the Statue of Liberty, this monument was a gift of appreciation from the French people and is truly a magnificent sculpture. General de Gaulle stands a good 1,729 feet high, a Gallic sneer on his face as he lifts his middle finger skyward. The plaque at his feet is eloquent in its simplicity:

IF YOU THINK FRANCE TREATS VISITORS LIKE CRAP...JUST WAIT.

There’s millions of people and only one bathroom, which has been occupied for the last 2,500 years by a demon named Urinicon...the Bladder of Satan.



Hell 'n' Ready

I've been half expecting to see a huge three-headed dog guarding the Gates of Hell, but Xghzqtk says that when Satan succeeded the Greek god Hades, he got rid of the mutt because it kept humping his leg. Now a thousand-armed demon stands in front of the gates, passing out buy-one-get-one-free coupons and club passes. I score one for a free kick in the balls with every one purchased. "LUCKY YOU," comments Xghzqtk enviously.

The actual Gates are in reality a series of pillars 100 feet in diameter, stretching up to infinity, and composed entirely of mouths. Some mouths moan, some snicker, and some sing Helen Reddy tunes off-key. But, unfortunately, most of them just spit on you as you walk by.

Once we're through the gates, I just can't resist a souvenir photo. They have cardboard likenesses of Satan and Jesus, with a hole cut out where Satan's head was so your face can be on the devil's body. I choose the one where Satan is tying Jesus' shoelaces together, but the one where he's taping a KICK ME sign on His back is pretty funny, too.

"COME ON," says Xghzqtk impatiently. "WE'VE GOT A SCHEDULE TO STICK TO." Then he hauls off and punches me incredibly hard in the face...but

**One man tries
to sell me racy
photos of what
my wife's
doing now that
I'm dead.**

in a playful, good-natured sort of way. Who says that demons don't like to kid around?

Sin City

Although Hell is boundless, everyone who's anyone makes their home in Pandemonium. Satan's palace is here. Beelzebub, Mammon, Belial, and the other top-ranking demons all have mansions up in the trendy Canker Sore Canyon area. Pandemonium is also where you'll find Hitler, Stalin, Genghis Khan, Judas, and loads of other famous beasts from the past. Just about everyone in the music industry is here, too, as well as most New Yorkers...and the guy responsible for those annoying Mentos commercials.

It's a good thing I have Xghzqtk with me, because even the most experienced world traveler would find

WHO'S IN HELL

Even the underworld has its social circles. And according to 14th-century poet Dante Alighieri, there are nine of these circles, or levels, each one lower, hotter, and more torturous than the last. Here's a partial listing of who's frying on which floor. Anyone you know?

CIRCLE ONE:

Both Darrin Stephens
Fourth-grade gym teachers who made you shower even after square dancing
Benedict Arnold's mom

CIRCLE TWO:

Anyone who doesn't like pirates
Amish people who watch TV when no one's looking
Bosses who use nautical expressions like "Welcome aboard" and "I like the cut of your jib"

CIRCLE THREE:

People who take part in Civil War reenactments
Anyone named "Hans"
Men who, through no fault of their own, resemble Saddam Hussein
Abba (just the guys)

CIRCLE FOUR:

Anyone with a vanity plate
Jerry Springer
The younger of the two Brothers Grimm
Toto (the dog and the band)

CIRCLE FIVE:

The richest guy at your high-school reunion
Every "hombre" Clint Eastwood shot in *The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly*
Balloonists

CIRCLE SIX:

People who have consumed human flesh...more than once
Everyone who has ever appeared on *Jerry Springer*
The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band
Carpetbaggers

CIRCLE SEVEN:

Men who cry when they haven't actually been kicked in the balls
U.S. citizens who smoke Cuban cigars (they're illegal, you know)
John Philip Sousa

People who know their resting heart rate

CIRCLE EIGHT:

Anyone Charlton Heston doesn't really, really like
The guy who's always blatantly picking his nose at traffic lights
People who watch *Jerry Springer*

CIRCLE NINE:

Anyone who votes for Dan Quayle in the next election
People. People who need people.
Every person who ever had sex with Milton Berle
All the Whos in Who-ville
Readers of *Details*



The Gates of Hell are a series of pillars 100 feet in diameter, stretching up to infinity, and composed entirely of mouths.



Pandemonium challenging to navigate. First, since intersections resemble crosses, there are none. Roads stop, start, swirl, snake, and circle but never meet. It can take years to get somewhere no more than 200 yards away. The second problem is that every night, Pandemonium completely rearranges itself, so the next day even people who have lived there for centuries wake up totally lost.

Not that there is a next day. It's always night in Pandemonium, but it's hardly depressing, because the city is alight with the flames of a million burning-cat street-lamps. Everything is open all the time; misshapen people run naked through the streets, laughing psychotically, screaming in pain, and occasionally stopping to fornicate joylessly in huge orgiastic dogpiles or to hawk their souvenir THIS SHIRT HURTS T-shirts.

We are standing in an open-market square, but there's no time for shopping, as Xghzqtk is already hailing us a cockroach. We hop aboard the 20-foot-long insect and scuttle off to my lodgings.

Three hotel chains cater to the tourist trade here in Pandemonium. The Hellton is by far the best, offering amenities such as a wake-up whip for business travelers who need to make early meetings.

For the midrange pocketbook, Holiday Sin is not a bad deal. But they tend to book 60 to a room, and there's something of a giant-fly problem.

Unfortunately, *Maxim* has me booked into Motel 666: Hell's economy-class lodging.

We go to the front desk, and I reach for my wallet. But Xghzqtk stays my hand. "EARTHLY MONEY WILL BUY YOU NOTHING HERE, FOOL."

"Well, what form of currency do you use?" I ask. "THE SCREAM."

Before I can move, the manager hauls me over the counter and beats 70 screams out of me, the going rate for a room. Then the bellhop leads me to a wall with a tiny three-inch-wide crack in it.

"Your room, sir." He picks me up and shoves my entire body into the crack, headfirst.

HELL AT A GLANCE

- **Temperature:** .00000001 degrees hotter than you could possibly stand
- **Total square miles:** Never mind...there's always room for one more
- **Highest point:** The steel spike driven into Wilt "Hey, I'm Not Dead Yet" Chamberlain's head
- **Form of government:** Totalisadism
- **Legal holidays:** National "Your Balls Swell Up to the Size of Schnauzers but Remain Inside Your Sac" Day Festival of a Thousand Paper Cuts Shin-Bashing Week
- **Unit of currency:** The scream
- **Major exports:** Wet dreams, murderous thoughts, and novelty Valentine's Day candy
- **Major imports:** You



Everyone is here... including the guy responsible for those annoying Mentos commercials.

"Will that be all, sir?"

"Yes."

Saturday Night in Hell

Xghzqtk stops back a few hours later to pull me out of my room. "BAD NEWS," he says while bludgeoning my three-inch body back into shape. "THE MASTER CAN'T SPEAK TO YOU UNTIL TOMORROW NIGHT. HE'S GOT A GIG."

It turns out that despite all the unimaginably sick and decadent ways one could spend a Saturday night in Pandemonium, everyone in fact does only one thing: listens to Satan tell really bad jokes. It's mandatory...and it goes on all night.

On the way over to the AAAAAAAHmpitheater, we make one fast stop at a strip mall (and I do mean *strip* mall) to check out a few topless bars. The one we go into is called Ladies First. Onstage is a decrepit old woman dressed in Colonial-era split-crotch panties and tassels who looks disturbingly like Dolly Madison.

"NOTHING BUT FIRST LADIES OF THE UNITED STATES," chuckles Xghzqtk. "I JUST LOVE THESE THEME JOINTS."

We stay for a few minutes, but when the announcer asks us to give a very warm welcome to Eleanor Roosevelt, I look at my watch and tell a disappointed Xghzqtk that we'd better catch a cockroach if we don't want to be late.

Although admission to the show is a little steep (2,000 screams), the place is packed...because it's mandatory. We take our seats and I can't believe my good luck. Sitting to my right is Jim Morrison of the Doors. He's wearing a powder-blue tux and his hair is cut short, but it's definitely The Lizard King. Apparently *his* gig in Hell is to play in a bad bar mitzvah band for eternity.

The lights go down and the MC comes out. "Let's have a big hand for the guy that God Himself loves to hate. Your eternal tormentor and mine...SA-A-A-A-A-A-TAN!"

I'd love to say that it's the best show I've ever seen, but, again, that wouldn't be Hell. For the next 12 hours, the most evil entity in the universe stands up there and tells horrible knock-knock jokes.

"KNOCK, KNOCK."

"Who-o-o-o's there?" screams every last damned and tortured soul in Hell.

"LUCY."

"Lucy who?"

"LUCI-FER, YOUR LORD AND MASTER THROUGHOUT ETERNITY. HAHAAHAHAHA."

And then 5,000,000 volts of electricity run through every seat in the house...Satan's idea of an APPLAUSE sign.

My Dinner with Satan

Sundays in Hell aren't much better than Saturday nights. Everyone is forced to go to Our Lady of I-Told-You-So Cathedral for a nine-hour high mass in Latin that won't do anyone a bit of good, since they're already damned. Behind each infernal parishioner stands an enormous hairy demon in a nun's habit wielding a 17-foot-long concrete ruler, which it applies frequently.

But at long last the moment comes. I've been in Hell a little longer than I planned, and I'm eager to do this interview and get back to Earth. So here I am at a table for two in Satan's favorite bistro, the Mug o' Snot, waiting for Nick.

Suddenly the place is swarming with Infernal Service agents with one hand to their ears, speaking into tiny microphones. They secure the area for The Big Red One's imminent arrival.

He appears suddenly, impeccable in a dark pinstriped Brioni double-breasted. His handshake is firm, if somewhat scalding. Easing himself into a seat, he offers me a cigar and asks if I'm enjoying my stay in Hell. We make small talk about the

Sitting to my right is Jim Morrison of the Doors. He's wearing a powder-blue tux and his hair is cut short. His gig in Hell is to play in a really bad bar mitzvah band.

weather (it is currently raining feet) and the food (unfortunately, the name of the restaurant is also the menu). Then I hit him with my questions:

"So, was pride really why you got cast out of Heaven?"

"NOT AT ALL. THE TRUTH IS THAT WHEN WE WERE ALL LITTLE ANGELS, ME AND MY FRIENDS USED TO BEAT UP GOD'S SON ON THE PLAYGROUND. WHO KNEW DADDY WAS SO DAMNED PROTECTIVE?"

"A lot of actors have portrayed you in movies. Any particular favorites?"

"JACK NICHOLSON. HE'S THE ONE WHO LOOKS AND ACTS THE MOST LIKE ME... ESPECIALLY OFF-CAMERA. I'LL HAVE TO THANK HIM WHEN HE GETS HERE."

"You've had a lot of what you would probably consider successes in your career: the Garden of Eden, the Black Death. What are you most proud of?"

"CD CLEANERS. THEY DON'T REALLY WORK. HAHAAHAHAHA!"

"Why do bad things happen to good people?"

"I WISH I COULD GIVE YOU A PHILOSOPHICAL REASON...BUT HONESTLY? BECAUSE IT'S SO DARNED FUNNY."

"What's the worst torture you've ever devised?"

"DID YOU HAPPEN TO MEET JIM MORRISON WHILE YOU WERE HERE?"

"Uh, yeah. You're a cruel entity. How about Armageddon? Has Don King asked for pay-per-view rights when you and God finally duke it out?"

"LET ME PUT IT THIS WAY. HAVE YOU EVER SEEN ME AND DON KING TOGETHER IN THE SAME ROOM?"

"No. Do you mean...?"

"THAT'S ALL I'M GOING TO SAY ON THAT SUBJECT."

"Can you tell me when Armageddon will occur?"

Unfortunately, right at that moment one of Satan's assistants whispers into his ear.

"SORRY. SOMETHING JUST CAME UP, AND I'VE GOT TO GO."

"But I spent 15 years riding on a turd just to talk to you."

Satan turns to me, and his eyes begin to glow like two tiny Chernobyls. I decide not to press my luck.

"Well, thanks for your time. Maybe you could have Xghzqtk [Satan reaches over and punches me in the face] show me back to the boat, so I can get home to file this story."

"OH, YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE. MAXIM SAID I CAN KEEP YOU AS LONG AS THEY GET YOUR NOTES. HAND THEM OVER."

A couple of brawny demons then haul me off and install me in my own little slice of eternal damnation. But as they walk away, I just have to know:

"Will I be getting a byline?" ■



Screamers

In time for Halloween, *Maxim* compares nine ear-busting horror stars and separates the grade-A shriekers from the merely gorgeous squeakers.

Every slasher film worth its weight in gore features a very vocal girl who can howl her head off—usually right before she's decapitated. We're talking toe-curling screams. Masterful moans. Skillfully timed yelps. And if this sounds like Meg Ryan performing her famous orgasm in *When Harry Met Sally...*uh, what an intriguing coincidence! Quality hysteria is no walk in the dark, however. To our ears, few actresses, even talented ones like these, have the scream presence of, say, Jamie Lee Curtis (whose work in *Halloween* was so audible). Luckily, God also gave us eyes.

Neve Campbell

Screamed as: The jaded tough-gal victim who survives more attacks than a Rock'em Sock'em Robot in *Scream* and its sequel.

Shriek style: Bait-and-switch. The movie's called *Scream*, but the closest Neve comes is a jittery gasp. Lets looser in the sequel.

Screech rating (on a scale of 1 to 10): 2. The so-called new scream queen couldn't shatter a Pringle's Potato Chip.

Scary fact: Neve has one brother named Christian and another named Damien. Shades of *The Omen*!

Up next: Learns the value of sharing in 1999's love-triangle comedy *Three to Tango*.





Rebecca Gayheart

Screams as: The college student who gets folked up in this month's campus thriller, *Urban Legend*.

Shriek style: Handicapped. Though her years as the Noxzema girl have likely left her face pliant, Rebecca once endured "painful jaw disorder"—in any case, expect lots of flying hair.

Scary fact: Was once described as "a cross between Cheryl Tiegs and George Washington"—because of her inability to lie.

Up next: Tries a liquid diet as a va-va-voom vampire in next year's *The Hangman's Daughter*, a prequel to *From Dusk Till Dawn*.



Katie Holmes

Screamed as: The bleak bombshell who'd rather be ostracized than lobotomized in the high-school thriller *Disturbing Behavior* (1998).

Shriek style: Piercing. Imagine Cyndi Lauper having sex with Minnie Mouse while their heads are stuck in an industrial winch.

Screech rating: 5. Unsafe; could kill dogs. Before Katie, we had functioning ears.

Scary fact: The sets for *Dawson's Creek*—Katie's WB television series—were once used to tape *Matlock*!

Up next: Majors in teacher torture in *Killing Mrs. Tingle*, a black comedy (written and directed by *Scream*'s Kevin Williamson) due out early next year.



Jennifer Love Hewitt

Screamed as: The busty bookworm battling a psycho fisherman in *I Know What You Did Last Summer* (1997).

Shriek style: Apellike. With major facial distortion (squinty eyes, disappearing lips) and sky-high pitch, the screaming Jennifer resembles a baby spider monkey recently separated from its mother.

Screech rating: 8. A passionate, risky performance: *Terror is not pretty.*

Scary fact: At times Jennifer refers to her breasts as Thelma and Louise.

Up next: In the November sequel, *I Still Know What You Did Last Summer*, gets victimized by someone who's obviously proud of his memory.

Courteney Cox

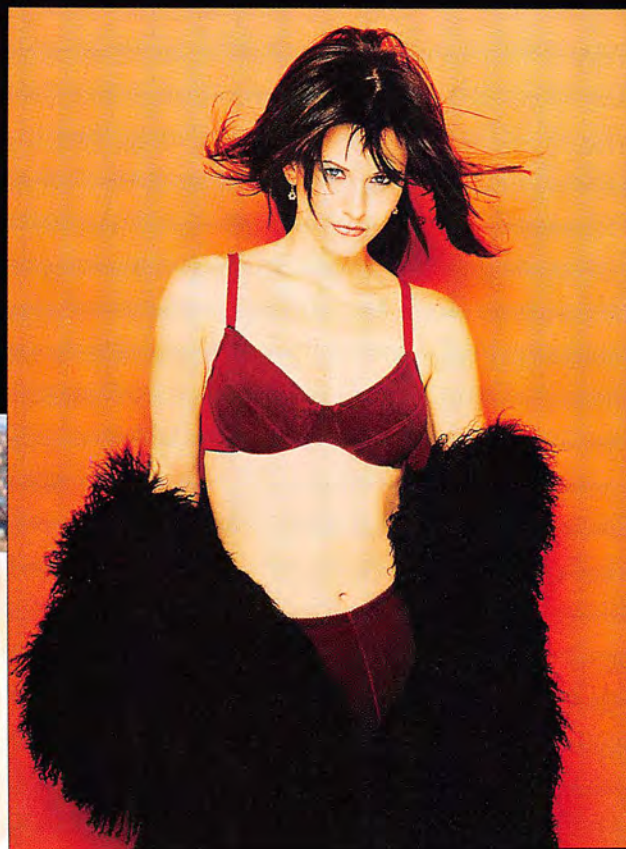
Screamed as: Gale Weathers, the tabloid-TV reporter who'll do anything for a story, in *Scream* and *Scream 2*.

Shriek style: Classical. Though given few chances to scream, achieves near-perfect form, pitch, and nuttiness.

Screech rating: 7. Bonus for dentists: Her gaping, dewy mouth offers a rare opportunity to study her molars.

Scary fact: Was the first person to say "period" (as in menstruation) on television.

Up next: In 1999's *Alien Love Triangle*, is revealed to be a male creature from outer space. We're in denial about this.



Patricia Arquette

Screamed as: A teen with a very active REM cycle in *A Nightmare on Elm Street 3: Dream Warriors* (1987).

Shriek style: Operatic. Her impressive range extends from soprano wails to extremely sexual mid-tempo moans—plus precision yips, yaps, and yelps.

Screech rating: 10. A fantastic no-holds-barred performance, much of which takes place in bed!

Scary fact: When cleaning her house, Patricia loves "to dress like a cowgirl."

Up next: Although it sounds like an ABC Afterschool Special, her spooky thriller *Toby's Story*, (due out next year), is not about a quadriplegic teen with a drug problem.





Rose McGowan

Screamed as: Neve Campbell's noticeably nipped, lippy pal in Wes Craven's *Scream* (1996).

Shriek style: Wimpily orgasmic. While squeezing through a cat entry built into an electric garage door, delivers a crescendo of so-so screams—as the rising door strangles her.

Screech rating: 4. We love Rose, but she later admitted that the director had to yell at her to make her scream at all.

Scary fact: As Marilyn Manson's girlfriend, Rose has presumably had sex with him/it.

Up next: Speaks at normal volume in *Southie*, one of several indie flicks she has lined up.



Renee Zellweger

Screamed as: The ugly duckling who endures prom night in *The Return of the Texas Chainsaw Massacre* (1995).

Shriek style: Repressed. Her start-and-stop method delivers no payoff; occasionally sounds like Beavis and Butt-head (*huh-huh-huh*).

Screech rating: 3. Though Renee rocked in *Jerry Maguire*, she sucks as a screamer.

Scary fact: Faye Dunaway once said, "Renee's got *the shine*." Stephen King had no comment.

Current role: Takes one giant step for mankind by allegedly murdering Meryl Streep in *One True Thing*.

This spread from top left: Everett; Neil Davenport/Outline; Frank Ockenfels 3/Outline; Norman Jean Roy/Outline.

Sarah Michelle Gellar

Screamed as: The beauty queen who worships her own hair in *I Know What You Did Last Summer* (1997); also a sorority casualty in *Scream 2* (1997).

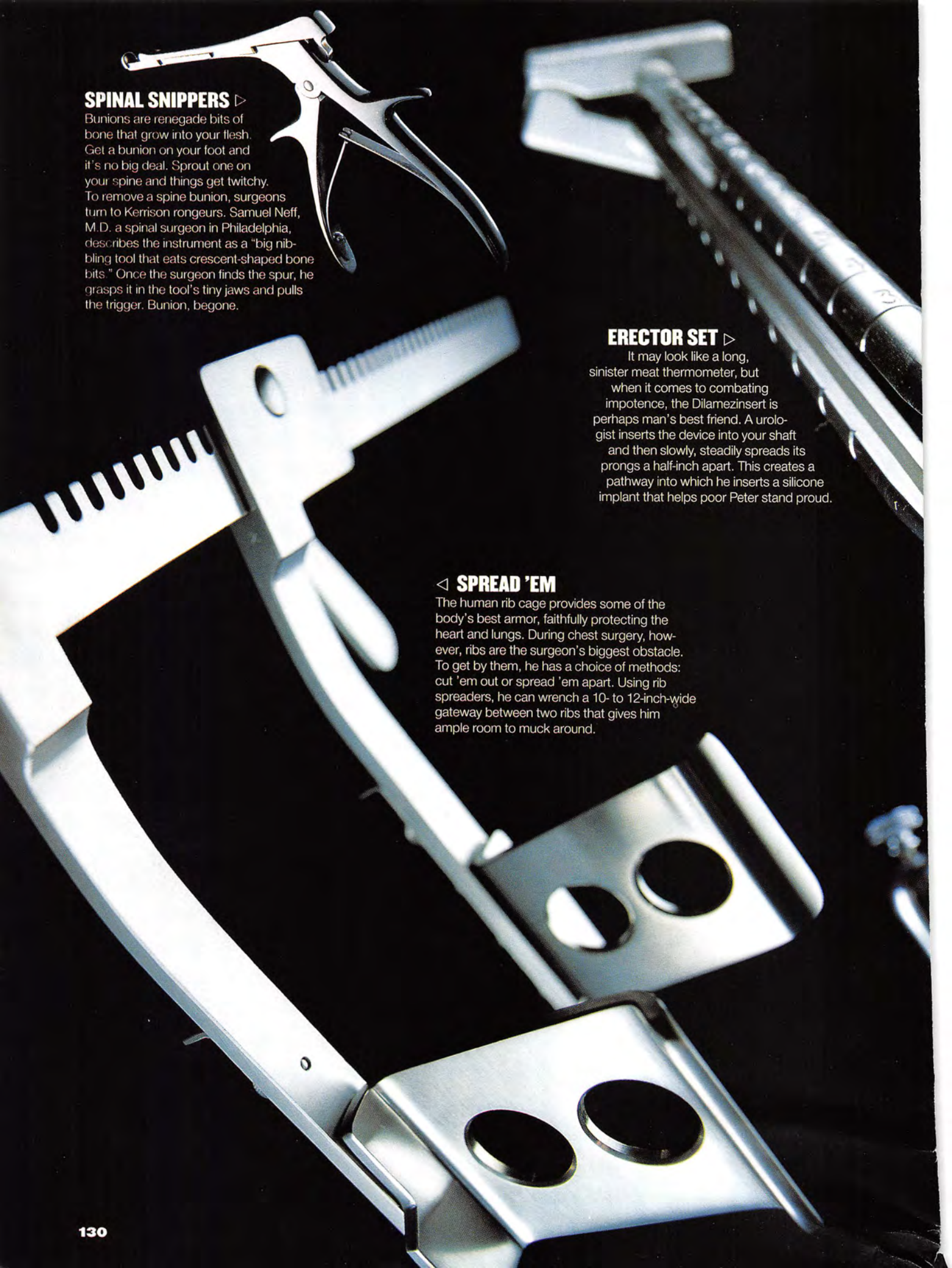
Shriek style: Cheerleaderesque. Never actually uses the phrase *Go team!* but has a tendency to bob up and down while screaming. Also good at dying-cocker-spaniel sounds.

Screech rating: 6. Good jaw extension, excellent midrange pitch. Docked points for style: Death scenes should not be *perky*.

Scary fact: Reportedly, Sarah's favorite song is "Making Love Out of Nothing at All," by Air Supply.

Up next: Toys with rich Connecticut teens in *Cruel Intentions*, an update of *Dangerous Liaisons* coming in January.





SPINAL SNIPPERS ▷

Bunions are renegade bits of bone that grow into your flesh. Get a bunion on your foot and it's no big deal. Sprout one on your spine and things get twitchy. To remove a spine bunion, surgeons turn to Kerrison rongeurs. Samuel Neff, M.D., a spinal surgeon in Philadelphia, describes the instrument as a "big nibbling tool that eats crescent-shaped bone bits." Once the surgeon finds the spur, he grasps it in the tool's tiny jaws and pulls the trigger. Bunion, begone.

ERECTOR SET ▷

It may look like a long, sinister meat thermometer, but when it comes to combating impotence, the Dilamez insert is perhaps man's best friend. A urologist inserts the device into your shaft and then slowly, steadily spreads its prongs a half-inch apart. This creates a pathway into which he inserts a silicone implant that helps poor Peter stand proud.

◁ SPREAD 'EM

The human rib cage provides some of the body's best armor, faithfully protecting the heart and lungs. During chest surgery, however, ribs are the surgeon's biggest obstacle. To get by them, he has a choice of methods: cut 'em out or spread 'em apart. Using rib spreaders, he can wrench a 10- to 12-inch-wide gateway between two ribs that gives him ample room to muck around.

NASAL DESTROYER ▷

These are, essentially, sophisticated nose pickers able to boldly go where no finger has gone before. When a sinus surgeon suspects there's trouble brewing deep in Schnozland—cancerous tissue or a nasty infection—the nasal forceps get the call. The arm reaches into your nostril; when the surgeon finds the tissue he's looking for, he grabs it in the three-millimeter teeth and takes a bite. And, as any medical student will tell you, nasal forceps also make killer roach clips.

REAR VIEW ▷

Consider the anus: a deep, dark place of mystery, and most of us prefer it that way. But it is a fact of life that there are times when light must be shed on the anus. Enter the proctologist (gently, please), whose job it is to illuminate and preserve all things anal. When duty calls, Dr. Sphincter inserts the long end of the cold stainless-steel anoscope five inches into the back door. As he peers through the other end, he can increase his view by widening the cylindrical portion by an inch...or more if you can't resist cracking a proctologist joke.

Body Shop

With these instruments, highly trained medical professionals slice you, dice you, and get medieval on your ass.

By Jason Kersten

◁ BRAIN DRAIN

Neurosurgeons have ingenious tools for getting into your head without messing with it. The cranial drill, for instance, automatically stops burrowing the instant it pierces the cranium. After drilling several minute holes in your nut, the neurosurgeon cuts from one to the next with a tiny saw. Once he's connected the dots, he can remove a four-inch section of skull—just like you'd take the first slice from a pie.

▽ VEIN-O

The longest vein in your body is, believe it or not, expendable. Called the saphenous vein, it runs the entire length of your leg; if the valves become congested, the vein gets swollen and painful. To fix the situation, a vascular surgeon uses his trusty vein strippers to simply extract the offending vein. He inserts the plastic wire into the saphenous vein through your foot, then pushes it up, up, up, until it comes out the other end, in your groin. Next he attaches a serrated head to the end of the wire and yanks, removing the wire and rolling it up like a garden hose; the vein slides out with it.



WILD, WILD WEB

Orgies, wife swapping, and '70s-style swinging are back. But thanks to the Internet, now they're happening at the speed of light. By Philip Werber

Mark, a.k.a. MASMAN, is a single, 42-year-old multimedia designer who lives in Manhattan. He is articulate, works out regularly, and doesn't drink or do drugs—he's just a regular, hardworking guy trying to find success and love in the city. But when Mark cruises the Internet, *he cruises the Internet*. His personal ad on <http://www.adult.friendfinder.com> is typical: Look it up and you will find him there nude, erect, and proud for all the world to see. (For obvious reasons, *Maxim* strongly advises against doing so.) Nude personals are an extreme twist on an old concept, and they work like a charm: Mark's has earned him sex with dozens of women of all ages and kinks, from all over the nation. Not cybersex...real sex. Sweaty, sticky, underwear-balled-up-in-the-dog's-bowl-with-a-cigarette-chaser sex.

Last weekend, for example, Mark stayed in Houston with Franny9416*, a 31-year-old mother of two and a finance manager in a government office. They had never met. Franny picked him up at the airport in her Mercedes and took him to her split-level suburban home. "We had good sex, but not great sex," according to Franny.

But Franny's husband liked watching—and the two of them definitely liked being watched.

So the next night, Mark and Franny, without her husband, went to a local swingers' club Mark had researched on the Net. It was packed to the rafters with 20-somethings through 50-somethings. Franny went off with a 45-year-old high school teacher; Mark wound up in an orgy room, mounting a 24-year-old cowgirl from behind in front of

a spellbound crowd. The young lady did not take her boots off. In the morning, Franny drove Mark to the airport, where they hugged and fondly promised to keep in touch.

Next weekend Mark heads for Springfield, Missouri. What the *hell* is going on here?

The Swinging '90s

In the 1970s, swinging—loosely defined as couples having sex with other couples—was a quiet, almost hidden activity: Groovy suburban parties in shag-carpeted living rooms, with bowls of Acapulco gold perched on hideous coffee tables and Steely Dan blaring on the speakers. It was free love's twilight, and the U.S. had an estimated one million swingers.

Now, after a long period of anti-hippie consumerism, the Internet has brought swinging back in a big way. "There are about three million swingers in North America today," says Robert McGinley, Ph.D., president of The Lifestyles Organization, a network for swingers and nudists, and founder of NASCA International (www.nasca.com), one of the largest swingers' groups in the nation. And with at least 100 profit-making swingers' clubs across the country and Lifestyles conventions sponsored by airlines, travel agencies, and hotels, swingers are a major economic force. "They like buying their cars and life insurance from other swingers. They trust each other," says McGinley.

And thanks to the Internet, the once hairy task of finding other swingers has become a no-brainer. With just a modem and a horny ▷

"There are about three million swingers in North America today."

*Some names have been changed, but occupations, experiences, and sexual appetites are real.



"I don't usually do this...just kidding."



"I've been waiting for a user like you..."

"It's a short leap from chat rooms to real-time sex."

dream, swingers can easily locate nearby swing parties, introduce themselves to local couples, or, like Mark, find swingers to hook up with whenever they travel out of town.

A Nation of Sex Addicts

Swinging used to be relentlessly face-to-face; it required you to jump in with both feet, a major turn-off for the less adventuresome. But the Internet lets you test the waters—say, by lurking in a chat room—

before committing yourself. And that brings up a big chicken-or-egg question: Does easy Internet access simply free us to investigate the wild sex we've always wanted, or does it actively coax us down the path of perversion?

The latter, says David Greenfield, Ph.D., a Connecticut psychologist who studies sex on the Internet and who claims it's a short leap from chat rooms and E-mail to cybersex, in-person meetings, and "real-time sex," to exploring sexual roads you never thought you'd travel. "The Internet is a perfect petri dish for the creation and growth of a sex addiction," he says. "It provides worldwide accessibility and instantaneous feedback, it's relatively inexpensive, and, best of all, it offers complete anonymity."

SweetBeth77, a divorced 26-year-old working for a Manhattan publishing company while she completes her doctorate, seems a textbook case of a good girl led astray. "The Internet showed me a whole new world that intrigued me," she admits. "I never even knew I would be turned on to this scene, let alone want to try it myself." Beth had tried traditional dating avenues—bars, blind dates—and then discovered what the Internet could do for her sex life. "I stumbled onto a chat room

on America Online, and that was the beginning," she says. Chat-room conversations led to real dates, and then Beth moved on to the personals (her choice: www.cupidnet.com/cyberconnect/manhattan), where she could find men with specific sexual interests. "The sexual content is more lurid in the personals, but it turns me on," she says. "It lowers my inhibitions, because it's all anonymous."

Beth answered an ad from a guy who seemed "literary and sensitive" but who also shared her fascination with dominance and submission, and she gave him her phone number. He's helping her explore her submissive side, and Beth says the sex is "the best I've ever had." They are planning a special date at an S&M restaurant they found on an alternative-sex site, a place where spanking is on the menu and the logo features a kneeling woman with an apple in her mouth.

Why Swing? (Besides the Obvious)

Swingers will tell you that what they do is a reaction to the repression and fear of the early '90s. "It's part of the normal progression of relationships," says McGinley. "We are not meant to be sexually exclusive." Suzanne9812, a 40-year-old ex-prostitute from Belgium, agrees. "People like to swing because they like to have sex," she says with adorable candor. "Many people, many ways. It's what we like to do." Suzanne and Mark have been having cybersex for the past few months through an Intel Internet Video Phone. According to Mark, Suzanne is beautiful; she likes to

OHGODITHINKIMGOINGTO.COM

Ready to try it? Hot sites, still swinging at press time, for you to check out.

- www.adult.friendfinder.com
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- www.personalsonline.com
- www.alt.email.net
- www.webpersonals.com
- www.cupidnet.com/natsites.html
- www.cupidnet.com/cyberconnect/manhattan

- www.carolcox.com
- www.stwd.com/ss
- www.swinging.com
- personals.yahoo.com
- www.webguinea.com/swingers

(Maxim assumes no legal responsibility for readers' carnal satisfaction.)



Photographs: Tim Rich for Trulse, Inc.; hair and makeup: Timothy Montgomery for Trulse, Inc.; top by AX, skirt by CK, suit by Wilke Rodriguez, bag by J.P. Gaultier; (last page), Jeffrey Krain.

pose nude and play with dildos while they chat. She's planning to visit the U.S. next summer and will spend a couple of weeks with him. Until then, Suzanne is keeping busy with a couple from France, both 23, who visit her frequently. "The guy likes older women, and I enjoy younger women," Suzanne explains.

For the most part, men and women into cyber-swinging ain't in the market for romance. Says Suzanne: "Eighty percent of the folks I meet aren't looking for love or a relationship: They want to find someone to do." It's commitment-free fantasy sex...and the Net's broader conceptual horizons (alt.broomstick-up-the-butt.com) help turn people's wildest notions into bedroom realities. If you persevere, cyberswinging provides you with exactly the kind of sex you're seeking.

"On one New York City site alone, they list more than 1,000 couples looking for other couples and about 800 women looking for men," says Mark. And though most of the "young, impossibly attractive single women" listed are fakes—spammers trying to lure men over to their pay services—some are real, basking in the incredible attention they receive on the Net.

Which doesn't mean they're all gems, of course. "Many of the women you actually meet turn out to be very average," says Mark. "They look like anyone you'd see walking down the street. A few do look like models, but then, some of them weigh 300 pounds." Seeing pictures of potential partners and interviewing fellow swingers beforehand, however, helps keep the unwelcome-surprise factor to a minimum. You don't want to find out too late that CyberJulie comes equipped with a floppy.

Real Sex: The Messy Truth

These rebels bucking conventional relationship wisdom are apparently rebellious when it comes to safe sex too. Mark claims he always uses condoms, although the women he has sex with don't always ask him to. Says California-based swinger and psychologist Stephen Mason: "We don't talk about safe sex; it implies that sex is dangerous. We don't believe that." Mason's not very scientific reasoning: "AIDS and STDs are less of a problem now. Also, we are into heterosexual sex, so there is little chance of transmitting AIDS." Willfully uninformed...and further proof you don't need brains to have sex.

Female swingers have their own safety concerns. Internet sex has been linked to increases in some types of sex-related crimes, and many women leave the telephone number of their destination with someone they trust, have call-in codes with girlfriends ("If I mention fish, call the police and rescue me"), and devise other escape plans. Others aren't overly concerned. Says Veronica, a 37-year-old real estate agent in San Francisco: "I talk to the men on the phone many times before I meet them, and they always turn out to be what they have told me in our conversations."

The real problem is that the Internet's faceless

HOW HARD IS YOUR DRIVE?

Have you got the balls to go cyber-swinging, or should you stick with www.big.tits.com for now? Check your commitment level.

Level 1: Porn Web sites

Pros: You'll find explicit photos to serve your most twisted fetish.

Cons: High-tech masturbation is still jerking off.

Level 2: Newsgroups

Pros: Newsgroups like alt.sex.female generally offer better, more frequently updated photos than the generic on the World Wide Web.

Cons: For each quality picture posted, you have to sift through 20 ads that make you feel pathetic. ("Click Here for Hot Girls Licking and Sucking Just for You!")

Level 3: Chat rooms

Pros: At last, you're "speaking" with human beings.

Cons: If you just lurk, they'll ignore you; if you speak your mind, you open yourself up to being flamed.

Level 4: Cybersex

Pros: Exchanging sexy, real-time conversation one-on-one in a private room offers no-strings intimacy.

Cons: There's no telling whether NanCGrl19 ("I'm taking off my panties now") is a 19-year-old woman or a 50-year-old man.

Level 5: Phone sex

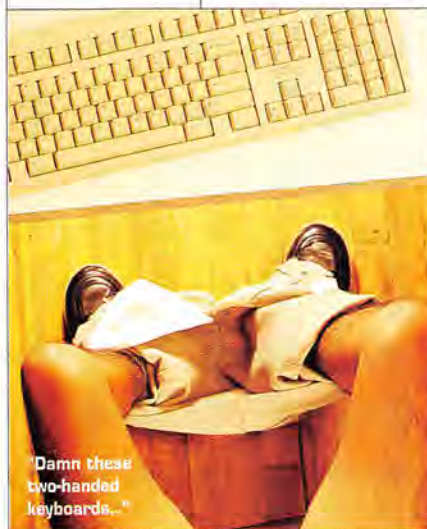
Pros: A sexy female voice is a bigger turn-on than erotic text, no matter how well the latter's been proofread.

Cons: Big, ugly phone bills to explain to pregnant wife, five kids, congregation.

Level 6: Real sex

Pros: Ain't nothing like the real thing, baby.

Cons: STDs, pregnancy, free trip to hell.



interchanges bypass traditional social boundaries—*Is she frowning? Maybe I should shut up*—making it all too easy for strangers to dig deep before they're really close enough to handle it. "The Internet creates a sense of accelerated intimacy," says Dr. Greenfield. "It makes everything seem easier, when everything should be suspect." He knows of a mother of two in her late 40s who found her way onto a bondage-and-discipline site, became a slave to a male master...and contracted HIV.

Which brings us back to the big question: Is Internet anonymity coaxing people into ethically hazy, physically risky activity they'd never get into otherwise, or a social tool freeing people from uptight Victorian inhibitions? Ah, who cares: You probably stopped reading this article as soon as you saw all those Internet addresses on the previous page. **M**





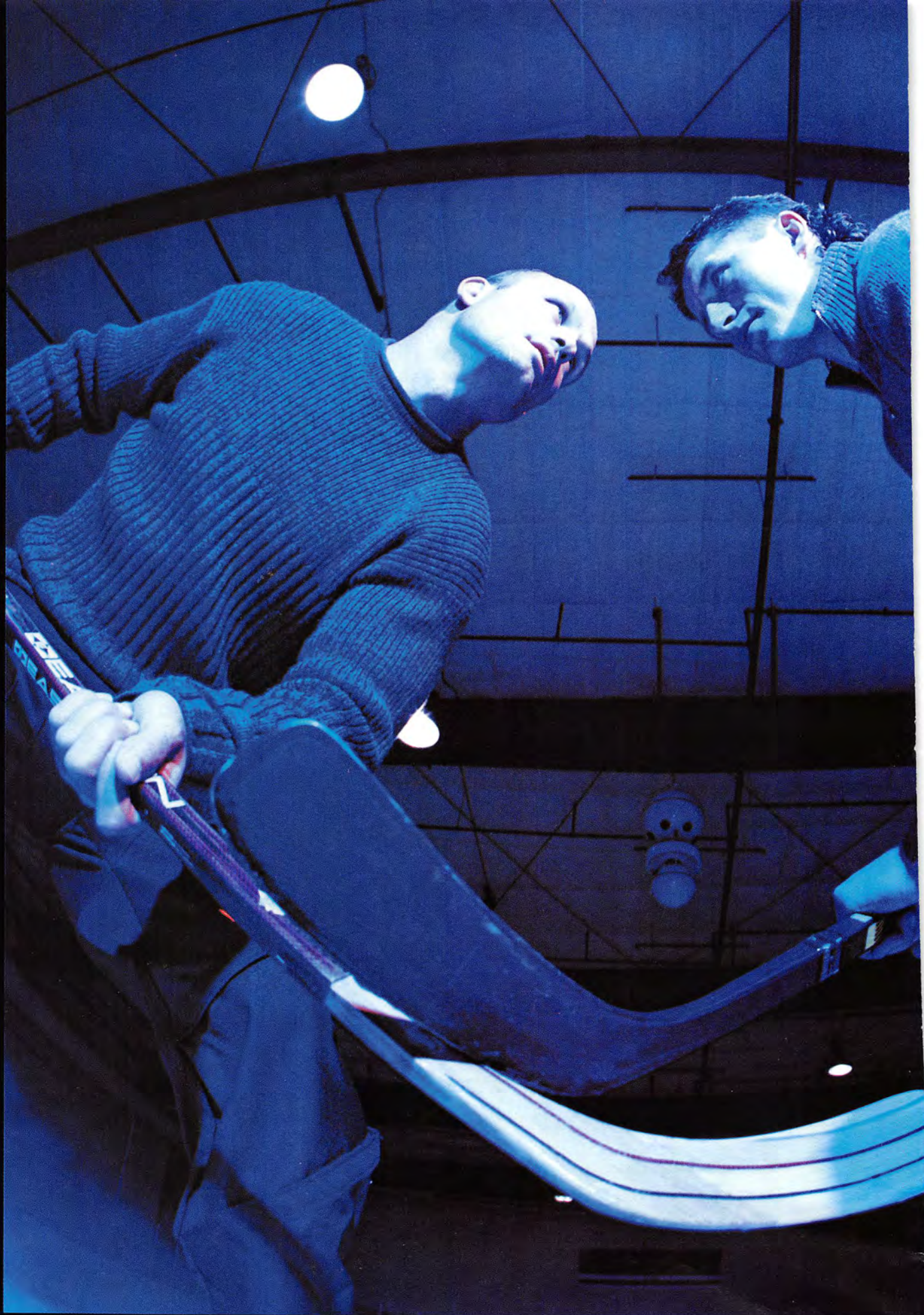
Sheldon Souray
Defense

As a motivated minor-leaguer, averaged 163 penalty minutes per season from 1993 to 1997; showed slightly more restraint last season, his first in the NHL. Crew neck, \$135, by Tommy Hilfiger

WOOLLY BULLIES

A few of the more satanic New Jersey Devils get warm—if not exactly cuddly—in this season's top-scoring pullovers. (Scowls not included.)

Photographs by Christian Lantry
Styling by Karen Shapiro





Ken Daneyko, Defense

(far left) The last of the original 1983 Devils, Daneyko leads the team in career penalty minutes (2,178). Ribbed sweater, \$225, by Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni

Krzysztof Oliwa, Right Wing

(near left) The spirited Oliwa led the league in fights last season.

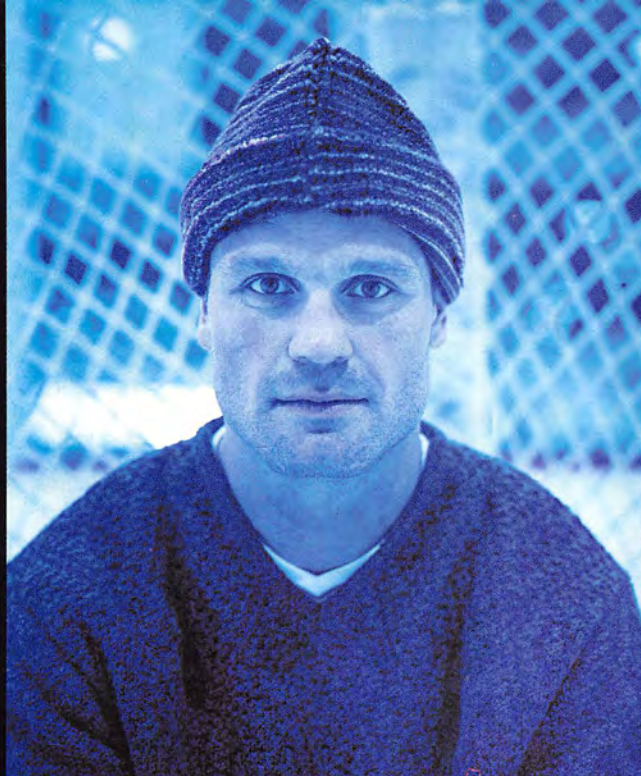
Zip-neck sweater, \$165,

by Tommy Hilfiger

Brian Rolston, Left Wing

(below right) In 1996-97, set career highs in goals and assists, doubling his points (45) from the year before. Striped sweater, \$375, by Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni. The Devils gave up three draft choices to grab Souray (below left), who's half Native American, by the way. Cable-knit turtleneck, \$98, by Mossimo





Daneyko

(left) Though the 34-year-old defenseman eats a bowl of oatmeal for good luck three hours before game time, he's still injured or broken his hip, shoulder, wrist, knee, and leg.

Nubby sweater, \$155, by Joseph Abboud. Knit cap, \$28, by Bleecker Street New York

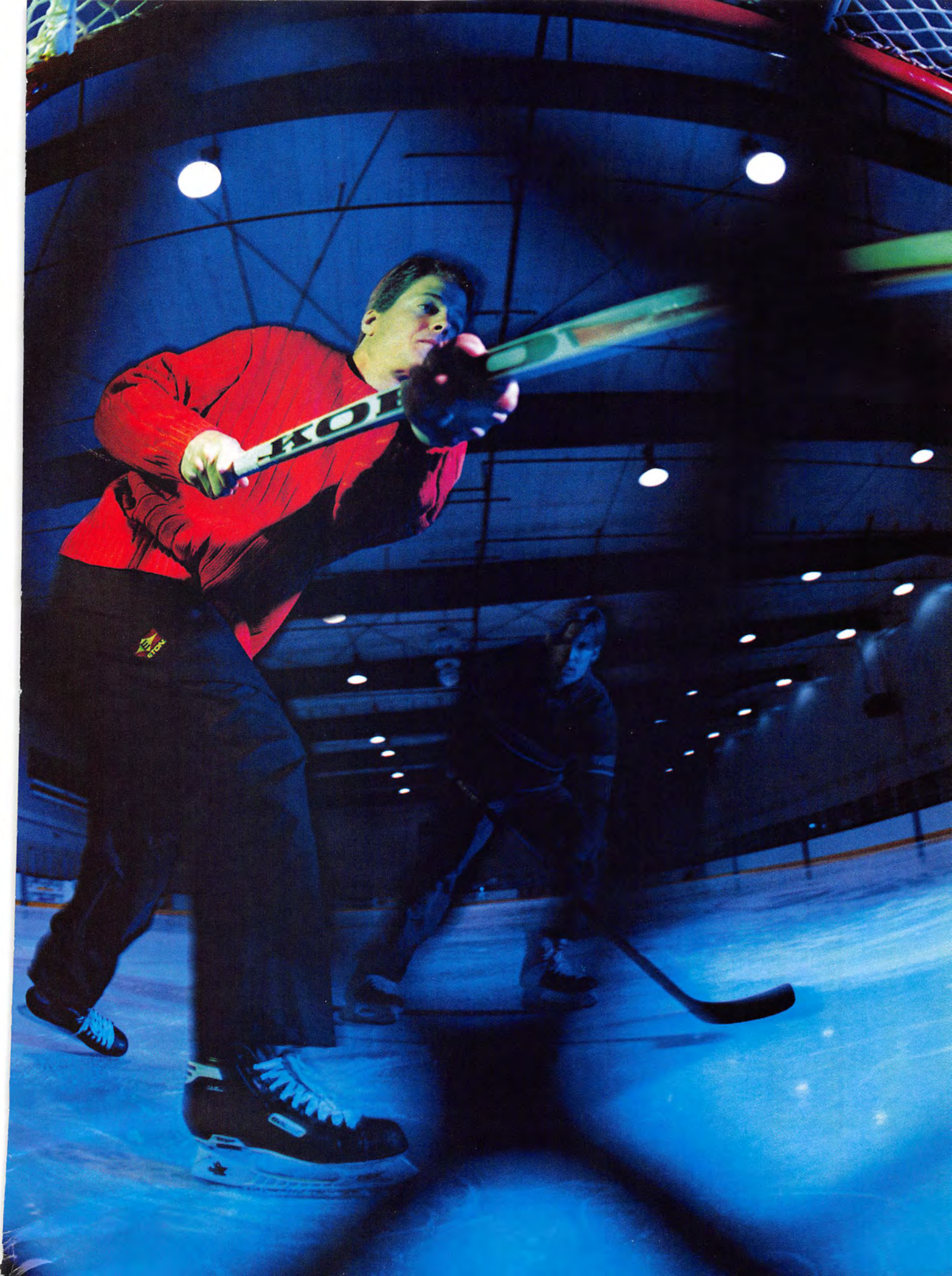
Kevin Dean Defense

(right) Schooled at Culver Military Academy in Indiana, Dean was well prepared to face the draft like a man. Chenille crew neck, \$145, by Tommy Hilfiger

Rolston

(below) Picked eleventh overall in the 1991 entry draft, Rolston is the 14th Devil to wear the number 14, the team's most popular number. Striped cotton sweater, \$39.50, by Gap





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JENNIFER ESPOSITO

Spin City's resident spitfire is one of Maxim's picks for the hottest breakthrough actresses of 1999.

MEN OF HONOR

Maxim presents these Congressional Medal of Honor recipients' tales of absolutely awe-inspiring bravery under fire.

THE WILD, WILD EAST

The Communists may be gone, but this report on Russian black markets and sex clubs shows that the party is far from over.

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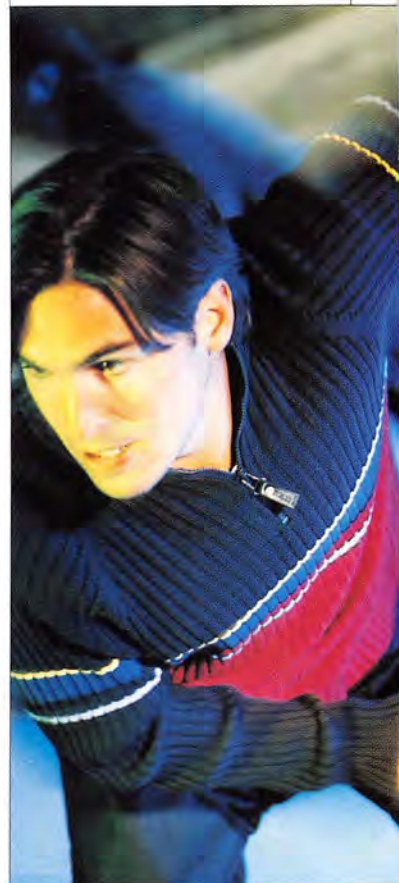


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
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Week 5 - 750mg/day
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Week 7 - 750mg/day
Week 8 - 500mg/day
Week 9 - 500mg/day

BUYING GUIDE

WOOLY BULLIES

Page 136: Sweater by Tommy Hilfiger, \$135, at Macy's West, Marshall Field's, and Parisian's.

Pages 138 - 139: On Daneyko, sweater by Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni, \$225, available at Nordstrom, Barneys New York, and Bloomingdale's. On Oliwa, sweater by Tommy Hilfiger, \$165, at Macy's East and West, and Marshall Field's. On Souray, sweater by Mossimo, \$98, at Dr. J's, New York; ZCMI; and Mossimo Supply, Costa Mesa, CA. On Rolston, sweater by Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni, \$375, available at Saks Fifth Avenue and Macy's West.

Pages 140 - 141: On Daneyko, Joseph Abboud, \$155, at Bloomingdale's, Dayton's Hudson's, Marshall Field's, and select Saks Fifth Avenue stores; cap by Bleecker Street New York, \$28, at Bloomingdale's, Urban Outfitters, Anthropologie, Von Maur, and Gadzooks. On Rolston, sweater by Gap, \$39.50, at Gap stores nationwide. On Dean, sweater by Tommy Hilfiger, \$145, at Macy's East.

Photographs, (clockwise from the top left): Steve Azzara/Gamma Liaison; H. Armstrong Roberts; Christian Lantry for Exposure NY; (for additional credits, please see corresponding feature).



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Demon brews: Good enough for Satan, good enough for you

666 PACK

Screw that Pete guy: Here's a coven of *truly* wicked ales to serve at your Halloween party.
By Jeffery Lindenmuth

OLD DEVIL

Wychwood Brewery (England)

The evil label (a demon gleefully spearing an angel like it was a toasted marshmallow) hides a sinfully beautiful amber ale brewed with a dose of honey. Chewy malt and dark fruit flavor; bitter finish. This English entry is just the thing to wash down your blood pudding.

HOBGOBLIN

Wychwood Brewery (England)

What's *Fantasy Island*'s Hervé Villechaize doing in the afterlife? This label's bloody-axe-wielding dwarf dancing in the mushrooms may give the answer. But the English ale inside is no novelty beer: With 5.5 percent alcohol, it's a good strong draught with a fruity ale aroma and a flavor haunted by apples, chocolate, and Middle Earth-y English hops.

LUCIFER

Riva Brewery (Belgium)

An effervescent, champagne-like Belgian golden ale with a highly alcoholic aroma and a zesty herbal zing; best of all, there's yeast in the bottle, so the beer'll improve with age. Throw down six of these and you'll be convinced you and your boys can take on the armies of heaven itself. (Um...better not.)

EVIL EYE

Pittsburgh Brewing Co. (Pennsylvania)

This beer's dark origin is shrouded in the mists of time...oh, wait, here it is in the press release. Back in 1818, its inventor used to give his beers the evil eye as he appraised them. Yawn. No gypsy curse: just your basic American lager, a little sweet but a good counterpoint to Hot Tamales, Atomic Fireballs, and other spicy trick-or-treat swag.

BLACK RAVEN PORTER

Rock Creek Brewing Company (Virginia)

From Richmond, longtime home of Poe, comes a sweet ebony elixir you'll still be raven about at last caw. (Sorry.) Black Raven pecks at your nose with toffee, molasses, and chocolate and has a sweet flavor with a

roasty finish that lingers like a campfire.

Quoth the Raven: "Ordermore!"

CRIMSON VOODOO ALE

Dixie Brewing Co. (Louisiana)

Lighter than its label-mate Blackened Voodoo, Crimson has what it takes to chase bad mojo away. Made in Louisianan swamp-cypress vats, this brew has a nice fresh-grain aroma and a crisp, dry taste—the perfect antidote to Cajun hellfire. Fun fact: In 1991, Texas banned Blackened Voodoo Lager, claiming that it had ties to the occult; Louisiana retaliated by banning Texas' Lone Star beer for no reason at all.

DEAD GUY ALE

Rogue Ales (Oregon)

Get stinky and bloated with this monster 22-ounce bottle. Dead Guy, bold and malty, has the spice and citrus bite of the Pacific Northwest. "Dedicated to the skeletons in each of our closets," this beer boasts a glow-in-the-dark skeleton on the label: Take it into the closet with Mary Jo to update that old "sparkling Life Savers" scam.

PUMPKINHEAD ALE

Rock Creek Brewing Co.

(Virginia)

Pumpkin beer doesn't go with dessert—it *is* dessert. Despite Washington Irving's Headless Horseman on the label, Pumpkinhead, brewed with real pumpkin meat braced with cinnamon and nutmeg, is fairly balanced and mellow. But can you drink a pie?

YOUNG'S OLD NICK

The Ram Brewery (England)

Old Nick is what the Brits call Satan, and this barleywine, at 7.2 percent alcohol, is strong enough to fork your tongue. Nick is ruby-red and thick as a good 10W-30, and it tastes heavy, sweet, and satisfying, like a tall mug of devil's food cake. When you're ready to get ugly as sin, this should do the trick.





SOME LIKE IT HOTTER

From bell peppers to hell peppers, there's a big bad batch of endorphin-boosters to mainline. Throat-blistering capacity ranges from a limp 100 Scoville Units (hotness units) for cherry peppers to a crisp 300,000 S.U. for habaneros. What's hot and what's hotter:

CHERRY

So named because its pod resembles a cherry, this pepper is typically pickled and served with Italian deli sandwiches.

Heat: 100–500 S.U.; very mild to mild.

NEW MEXICAN

New Mexico's state vegetable accounts for more than 50% of U.S. chilies, and is critical to America's so-called Mexican cooking.

Heat: 500–1,000 S.U.; mild.

POBLANO

The name means "people chili"; it's the primary ingredient in chiles rellenos.

Heat: 1,000–1,500 S.U.; mild but flavorful, especially roasted (see sidebar).

ANCHO

The dried version of poblano; here the name

means "wide chili." Great for adding smoky flavor to dishes without searing any tongues.

Heat: 1,000–1,500 S.U.; mild, smoky.

PASILLA

This fella's mostly used in sauces, in its dried form. The name means "little raisin."

Heat: 1,000–1,500 S.U.; mild.

JALAPEÑO

Perhaps the most famous chili pepper in the world—without it, Texas would wither and die.

Heat: 2,500–5,000 S.U.; fairly to very spicy.

CHIPOTLE

The smoked, dried version of the jalapeño. Excellent in pastes and marinades.

Heat: 2,500–5,000 S.U.; fairly to very spicy.

SERRANO

Used mainly in *pico de gallo* and *tomatillo*

HOW TO

ROAST A PEPPER

With a stovetop and a fresh poblano, you can kick-start any bland dinner.



1 Place one firm, shapely, label-free pepper on a gas burner and char over medium flame, 7–10 minutes each side. Use tongs to turn.



2 When sides, top, and bottom are charred, remove pepper and seal in paper or plastic bag to steam for 10–15 minutes.



3 Carefully remove pepper from bag and rinse with cold water, peeling the skin away with your fingers. Mix into meal; jam into face.

sauce—feel free to substitute jalapeño.

Heat: 5,000–10,000 S.U.; very spicy to outrageously hot.

TABASCO

Its name is derived from the Mexican state. The lion's share are puréed and bottled; you know the sauce.

Heat: 30,000–50,000 S.U.; heap big hot.

CAYENNE

Very spicy. Grown more for heat than for flavor, this Cajun specialty is usually ground into a powder and used to up the ante in gumbo and seafood dishes.

Heat: 30,000–50,000 S.U.; hot, hot, hot.

PEQUIN

Mexicans use 'em to relieve acid indigestion; Texans carry 'em around as a snack food.

Heat: 40,000–70,000 S.U.; can fry the tail off a cat at 12 paces.

HABANERO/SCOTCH BONNET

The real deal: hottest peppers in the world. Primarily found in Caribbean jerk sauces.

Heat: 200,000–300,000 S.U.; hotter than the surface of the sun.

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An intelligent consumer's guide to hair regrowth issues.



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2 Is the medication really safe? What are your risks in using it? Are you willing to take those risks? DR. LEWENBERG'S FORMULA®, when used as directed, should have no side effects.

3 Does the medication grow normal hair? Will it grow hair where you want it? How long will it take? DR. LEWENBERG'S FORMULA® is the only medication proven to grow **normal, strong, beautiful** hair all over your head, **including the frontal area**. Most patients begin to see results in just three months.

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** These results were reported in TV news stories across the U.S. and around the world and were the basis of a feature on the TV news show "EXTRA."*

Stuff

WHAT GOOD IS LIFE WITHOUT IT?

Scared Stiff

These “lifelike” corpses would scare the crap out of Bela Lugosi. Imagine what they’ll do to your friends.

By John C. White

Photography by Eran Offek

We know what you’re thinking: The *Maxim* trolls have been out robbing graves again. (In fact, the terms of our parole explicitly forbid it.) Actually, what you’re looking at is the handiwork of carcass-craftsman extraordinaire Jaime Di Stefano, who fashions deteriorating corpses from latex, burlap, and cheesecloth. Does Di Stefano, a 38-year-old computer programmer by day, create the cadavers to be used in movies? Nope. Does he build them for the despondent Deadhead who’s hoping to turn his bedroom into some kind of dopey living album cover? Uh, no. Di Stefano creates these corpses because, in his words, “I like to work with my hands.”

Whatever the lad’s dark predilections, there are plenty of ways a clever practical joker such as yourself can make use of such realistic remains. After all, there’s no better way to get a buddy to shit an enormous brick than by pulling the old decomposing-body prank. Place a putrescent cadaver in his office chair while he’s out for coffee, borrow his keys and wedge it in the trunk of his car, stick it on the goddamned toilet—this ain’t rocket science. Just remember, we take no responsibility for your victim’s coronary.

INGREDIENTS

The average Di Stefano stiff stands about six feet, tips the scales at 30 pounds, and appears to have been decaying anywhere from two weeks to two months. What goes into a realistic corpse? A gallon of latex, a square yard of burlap, eight feet of pinewood, 10 feet of PVC pipe, and the requisite two square feet of cheesecloth.

SPARE PARTS

Although a full-body corpse gives you plenty in the verisimilitude department, it does present some practical constraints. How, for instance, are you going to set up the time-honored dead-man-in-the-fridge gag without displacing half the food? Luckily, Di Stefano has come up with a rotting body part for every occasion: A decaying head sells for \$225, and—attention, bargain shoppers!—a detached arm is a steal at \$125.



CARE

Minimal. Simply keep away from extreme heat, maggots, and vultures.

CLOTHING

Each male corpse is dressed in a suit and comes complete with polished loafers. The female arrives dolled up in a dress, nylons, and high heels as well as earrings and a necklace. The threads come from a thrift-shop, so it's probably not the first time the garments have been seen on a stiff.

PRICE

A complete cadaver will put you in the hole for \$550. That's not a lot, considering it takes Di Stefano about three weeks to detail the wormy skin, decayed teeth, bony fingers, and vacant eye sockets. (To order, call 302-993-0149.)

Hang Time

ENTERTAINMENT MADE EASY



Movies

Previews	Film	Stars	Story	We say
	A Night at the Roxbury (Paramount) Release date: October 2	Will Ferrell, Chris Kattan, Molly Shannon	The coked-out, head-bobbing Butabi brothers (you know, from <i>Saturday Night Live</i>) hit trendy nightclubs and try to score with the foxy ladies—in their patented “Let’s mob her!” way.	Nightmare. This past-its-prime <i>SNL</i> skit was tortuously long at three minutes, so we’re not about to get molested by these losers for two freaking hours.
	Ronin (United Artists) Release date: October 2	Robert De Niro, Jean Reno, Jonathan Pryce, Natascha McElhone	De Niro leads a motley crew of out-of-work Cold War spies, assembled to heist a mysterious briefcase. Just for fun, they double-cross the crap out of each other.	The Raging Bull with a license to kill? Unless they’re double-crossing us, the password is “Ticket, please.”
	Clay Pigeons (Gramercy) Release date: October 2	Vince Vaughn, Joaquin Phoenix, Georgina Cates, Janeane Garofalo	A backwoods gas-jockey (Phoenix) fends off a nympho widow (Cates), hides corpses, and goes fishing with a psychopathic cowboy (Vaughn).	Give it the bird. You might think this indie combo of sex, violence, and psychopathic cowboy humor would add up to sheer joy. You’d be wrong.
	Urban Legend (TriStar) Release date: October 9	Alicia Witt, Rebecca Gayheart, Jared Leto, Joshua Jackson	A bookworm coed (real-life genius Witt) suspects that campus deaths are the work of a folklore-obsessed serial killer. Too bad her classmates are partying too hard to notice.	We’ll gladly shit our pants for this. The cooler-than- <i>Scream</i> premise and a high goddess quotient make this our Halloween scare fare of choice.
	American History X (New Line) Release date: October 16	Edward Norton, Edward Furlong, Fairuza Balk	A skinhead on parole (Norton) tries to atone for his violent, pinhead past and stop his kid brother (Furlong) from following in his goose steps.	X-cellent. Likely to be preachy, but given the cast and compelling subject matter, we doubt we’ll fall asleep during the sermon.
	Living Out Loud (New Line) Release date: October 16	Holly Hunter, Danny De Vito, Queen Latifah	Hunter’s rich doctor husband dumps her for a younger woman. After the requisite crying jag, she braves a new life and learns to...blah, blah, blah.	Chickiest Flick in History. Watch this movie or have our toes ripped off one by one with needle-nose pliers? You gotta ask?
	Soldier (Warner Bros.) Release date: October 23	Kurt Russell, Jason Scott Lee, Connie Nielsen	A star warrior (Russell) explores space, but when it comes to planets, he’d rather nuke than look. After he’s left for dead, he recovers his sense of honor and tries to save a remote outpost.	At ease. Russell’s a solid sci-fi guy, but we didn’t get a kick out of watching the Terminator develop a conscience, either.
	Apt Pupil (TriStar) Release date: October 23	Brad Renfro, Ian McKellen	A high-schooler obsessed with the Holocaust (Renfro) discovers that an elderly bus passenger (McKellen) is a Nazi war criminal. Then the kid has the nads to blackmail him.	Reich’n’roll! Nazis—even geriatric ones—make great monsters. Based on a Stephen King story, so you know someone’s going to get a swastika to the head.

Illustration, Brian Hughes; Photographs, (this page, per movie, top to bottom): Ellen Matthews/Paramount Pictures; Patrick Camboulive/United Artists (x2); Bruce Birmah/Gramercy Pictures (x2); Bruce Macaulay/Columbia TriStar; Peter Sorel/New Line Cinema (x2); M. Morton/New Line Cinema (x2); Ron Phillips/Warner Bros.; John Baer/Phoenix Pictures; (next page clockwise from the top left): Deanna Newcomby/Warner Bros.; George Kraychik/Universal City Studios; Everett Collection; Neal Peters Collection; Illustrations, James Silvani.

Maxim recommends

Home Fries

(Warner Bros., October 23)



Wilson (foreground): "Baby, could I get fries with that shake?"

An unwed mother. A psychotic brother. A son in love with his dead stepdad's knocked-up mistress. No, this isn't *Jerry Springer—The Movie*. It's *Home Fries*, a romantic comedy you can take your girlfriend to see with no fear of lapsing into a vegetative coma. Drew Barrymore stars as the preggers drive-through waitress, going through life surrounded by all kinds of twisted shit (in one scene, gung-ho National Guardsmen buzz a civilian to death with a Cobra helicopter). SCTV's Catherine O'Hara scores nervous laughs as a vengeful widow, while newcomer Luke Wilson's slow-witted charm almost makes us believe we could have a shot at Drew, too. We generally avoid comedies involving childbirth, but this script was penned by an *X-Files* vet, so the chuckles are dark enough to do the Coen brothers (*Fargo*) proud.—**Steven Russell**

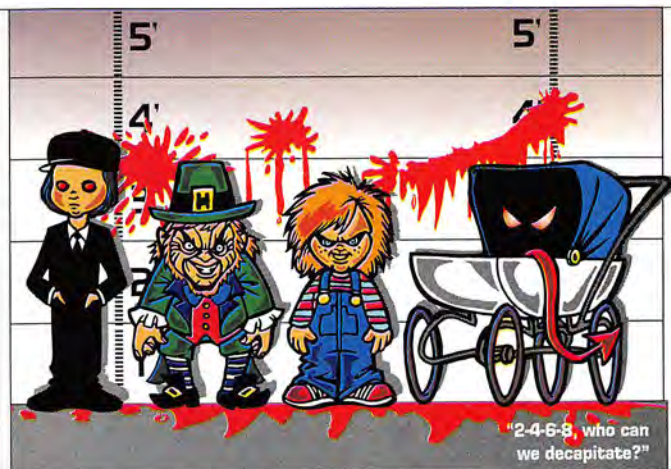
The Exorcist, 25th Anniversary Special Edition

(Warner Home Video, \$19.98)



The young Celine Dion rehearses

Scream, Hellraiser, I Know What You Did the Arbor Day Before Last... all so-called horror movies. But if you compare them with *The Exorcist*—a bloodcurdling classic that leaves grown men like us in a fetal position—they're about as scary as an episode of *Scooby-Doo*. And as this new video edition proves, the 1973 chiller about a young girl unpleasantly possessed by Satan hasn't exactly mellowed with age. Included in this special (if somewhat self-congratulatory) package: an introduction by creepy director William Friedkin; a 30-minute BBC documentary on the film's making (with bizarre outtakes); and a digitally restored, audio-remix version of the movie (crucifix masturbation scene and all) that was nominated for 10 Academy Awards, including best picture. Why spend \$19.98? *The power of Maxim compels you!*—**D.W. Barr**



Tiny Terrors

Demented dolls. Rotten tots. Lunatic leprechauns. Evil is even spookier when it can hide in your sock drawer.

In this month's *Bride of Chucky*, the height-challenged doll is up to his old homicidal tricks. In fact, some of our all-time favorite feature creatures would need a highchair just to dine at Denny's, but that doesn't mean they can't chew you up and spit you out. How do these short-tempered runts stack up? Here's our guide, rating them on a scale of one to five pacifiers:



Chucky

You know him as: The devil-worshipping psycho trapped in the chubby plastic body of a Good Guy doll from the *Child's Play* movies

Don't call him Shorty: Clings to victims' heads with a kung-fu grip G.I. Joe would die for; wants to be "your friend to the end" (i.e., two minutes from now)

Kill-o-meter: Boasts a double-digit body count. Weaknesses: Could melt if left on a dashboard; runs like a Diaper-Me Debbie girly doll

Rosemary's Baby

You know him as: The cloven-hoofed, cat-eyed spawn of Mia Farrow and Satan in the spine-chilling classic *Rosemary's Baby*

Don't call him Shorty: His daddy wouldn't like it, plus eternal damnation can really put a crimp in your vacation plans

Kill-o-meter: Has a kickass family tree. However, as one of Mia's brood, could easily fall prey to Woody Allen's advances

Leprechaun

You know him as: The unhinged Irish imp who beats a pre-*Friends* Jennifer Aniston with a broom in *Leprechaun* (was it her hairdo?)

Don't call him Shorty: A truly versatile killer; steal his pot o' gold and he'll attack you with anything from a pogo stick to a kiddie car

Kill-o-meter: Lethal, but any three-year-old can incapacitate Lep by throwing shoes at him (he's compelled to drop everything and clean them)

Damien

You know him as: The spoiled-rotten offspring of Lucifer and a jackal bitch, who is adopted by an American diplomat in the apocalyptic flick *The Omen*

Don't call him Shorty:

Strong underworld connections; as the Antichrist on a political fast track, will eventually be almost as powerful as Bill Gates

Kill-o-meter: Foretold to command armies. Of course, the fact that his mother is a dog may keep him out of prestigious kindergartens





Music



Kiss

Psycho-Circus (Mercury)

■ Since the lucrative success of their 1996 reunion tour, it's clear that Kiss are still ready to rock'n'roll all night—as long as they get to party every payday. Now the legendary fire spewers introduce a new revenue stream with *Psycho-Circus*, the first studio album on which all four original members of the band have appeared since 1979. In their new incarnation they fulfill every Kiss freak's wet dream by repackaging their saggy mugs with *Destroyer*-era makeup, but does the new music measure up to Kiss classics like *Love Gun*? Well, no. All the trademark ingredients are here: demonic Gene Simmons rockers ("Within"), spacey Ace Frehley yarns ("Into the Void"), and the obligatory "Beth"-like Peter Criss ballad ("I Finally Found My Way"). The problem is that all this by-the-numbers nostalgia doesn't add up to anything better than the umpteen greasepaint-free Kiss albums you've somehow managed to live without for the last 18 years. For fanatics only.—**Tom Lanham**



Hole

Celebrity Skin (Geffen)

■ When Courtney Love traded her slutty slips for Versace gowns and foul-mouthed antics for big-screen theatrics, even hardcore fans fretted. Had Her Hole-iness gone Hollywood for good? Apparently not; four long years after her last album (and hubby Kurt Cobain's 12-gauge trip to nirvana), *Celebrity Skin* proves she's still got her punky edge. Not that *Skin* doesn't

stage-dive in some new directions: While the title track rocks like vintage Joan Jett, much of the album alternates between acoustic melodies ("Malibu") and swelling, orchestral rock ("Northern Star"). Yes, Billy Corgan of Smashing Pumpkins had a hand in writing the music, but what really holds the album together are Love's familiar ragged vocals and up-yours attitude. When she concludes the epic "Reasons to Be Beautiful" with lyrics

that echo Cobain's suicide note, you can't tell whether she's being ironic or deadly serious. Either way, it's a mesmerizing performance which clearly shows that Love is more than just music's wackiest widow.—**Dan Catalano**

Hootie and the Blowfish

Musical Chairs (Atlantic)

■ It's got to blow being Hootie. Critics rank the band below the Archies in rock-history importance. They attract golf-playing college guys instead of sex-crazed teenage girls as groupies. Of course, earning zillions can ease a lot of pain, so it's little surprise that on their latest, *Musical Chairs*, they stay put stylistically (and lyrically). When they do stretch their shtick—on the country-inflected "Las Vegas Nights" and the sorta sexy Marvin Gaye homage "What's Goin' on Here"—they generate a blip of interest. But most of the album gets bogged down by that patented Hootie earnestness. Even a promising track such as "I Will Wait," which approaches the sing-along catchiness of past megahit "Let Her Cry," gets ruined when singer Darius Rucker grandly vows to "...be there through the lies and all/I'll be standing like a soldier." Hey, is that a promise or a threat?—**D.C.**



Allison Moorer

Alabama Song

(MCA Nashville)

■ Meet Allison Moorer, the latest graduate of the Shania Twain "If you've got it, flaunt it" school of Nashville sex appeal. You may already know Moorer—a

stunning redhead whose soaring voice recalls the Grand Ol' Opry in its heyday—from "A Soft Place to Fall," her soulful single from the soundtrack for *The Horse Whisperer*. This debut album is even better than that. Filled with country ballads awash in pedal steel guitar, it explores country's tried-and-true terrain of heartbreak, hard drinking, and, well, more



Illustration: Rian Hughes; Photographs: eds. Robert Fishman; Kiss, G. de Roos/Sunshine/Reina; (next page from the top): London Features Int'l USA; Neal Peters Collection.

SOUR NOTES

Sing Along with Satan

Play "Stairway to Heaven" backwards and you'll hear "satanic" messages. But are these revelations *evil*—or just misunderstood?

Ever since the Beatles screwed around with backwards masking (the recording of messages you only hear by playing the song in reverse), religious freaks, paranoids, and potheads have been obsessively "exposing" these disguised mutterings as Satan's favorite hobby. Here are some of their finds, which—unless we're mistaken—suggest that the devil is really not such a bad guy after all.

LED ZEPPELIN'S "STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN"

Original passage: "If there's a bustle in your hedgerow, don't be alarmed now. It's just a spring clean for the May Queen."

Played backwards: "He will skin the door with newt, fantastic! And all the lizards and the snakes they will suffer, Saint Satan."

What the secret message teaches us: Satan enjoys interior design—and loves to finish ordinary surfaces with exciting reptile textures.

**THE EAGLES' "HOTEL CALIFORNIA"**

Original passage: "And I was thinking to myself, *This could be heaven or this could be hell*. Then she lit up a candle, and she showed me the way. There were voices down the corridor, I thought I heard them say..."

Played backwards: "Yeah, Satan. Oh, how he organized his own religion. Yeah, well, he knows he should...how nice! It was delicious. And he cooks it in a vat he fixed for his son, who he gives away."

What the secret message teaches us:

Like many harried people, Satan relaxes in the kitchen, whipping up hearty one-pot stews.

"MISTER ED THEME"

Original passage: "That is, of course, unless the horse is the famous Mister Ed!"

Played backwards: "...sings this song for Satan."



Zeppelin models hell's fall fashions

What the secret message teaches us: Satan extends his arms to those in society who are ostracized because they do not fit the norm (talking horses, for example).

ENYA'S "ORINOCO FLOW (SAIL AWAY)"

Original passage: "Sail away, sail away, sail away, sail away, sail away, sail away, sail away, sail away..."

Played backwards: "Sail away, sail away, sail away, sail away, sail away, sail away, sail away, sail away..."

What the secret message teaches us: Like many an honest soul, Satan can't tell whether Enya's coming or going.

heartbreak. Admirably, Moorer overcomes these clichés with grit and honesty, giving an emotional performance that would make Patsy Cline put down her highball in heaven and take note. This is one country songbird who flies high on more than just her looks, but we appreciate the glossy photos on the CD cover just the same.—**David Peisner**

Bruce Hornsby

Spirit Trail (RCA)

■ It's getting tough to remember, but Bruce Hornsby—better known today as the Grateful Dead's touring keyboardist—was once a recording artist in his own right (notable for the 1986 hit "The Way It Is"). It's a surprise he's still around at all, much less assailing us with this double album. A more unnecessary collection this side of Sony Bono—*The Congressional Years* would be hard to imagine. Cheesy songs such as "Shadow Hand" sound permanently stuck in the over-produced music of the '80s, while Bruce's attempts to



mix it up with the vaguely Celtic "Great Divide" and Dead-sampling "Sunflower Cat" fall flatter than your sixth-grade girlfriend. In "Swan Song," Bruce sings: "This is no fond farewell/You can be sure I could wish it was no farewell at all." It is as far as we're concerned, pal.—**Todd Bridges**

Lyle Lovett

Step Inside This House (MCA)

■ For the two years he was hitched to Julia Roberts, Lyle Lovett was a hero to every geek who dreamed of boinking the prom queen. After the Pretty Woman jumped ship, Lyle's fans felt his pain with 1996's *The Road to Ensenada*. This new album, more upbeat and less confessional, serves as a reminder that Lovett was cool way before he landed Roberts. With tunes penned entirely by illustrious Texas songwriters such as Guy Clark, this two-CD set spotlights Lovett's extraordinary range; he tackles folk, country, blues, and even rock arrangements with all his trademark wit and dexterity. Of course, his voice has always

dripped more Memphis soul than Nashville twang, so the bluesy laments fare better than the gritty country ballads. But even if he's not consistently brilliant here, it's sure good to see country's high-haired troubadour stepping out again.—**D.P.**

Cypress Hill

IV (Columbia/Ruffhouse)

■ This less-than-stellar album from those nasal-voiced, pot-loving rappers, Cypress Hill, finds them more insane in the membrane than ever. Mining familiar ground, they shout out their disdain for authority ("Eye of the Pig") and pledge their allegiance to the wacky weed ("Dr. Greenthumb") so frequently you'll be begging Domino's to deliver a pepperoni-and-potato-chip pizza. Feisty enough on the surface, this blurry brand of hip-hop just lies there in its rut and rambles—sort of like your average everyday stoner.—**David Wollock**





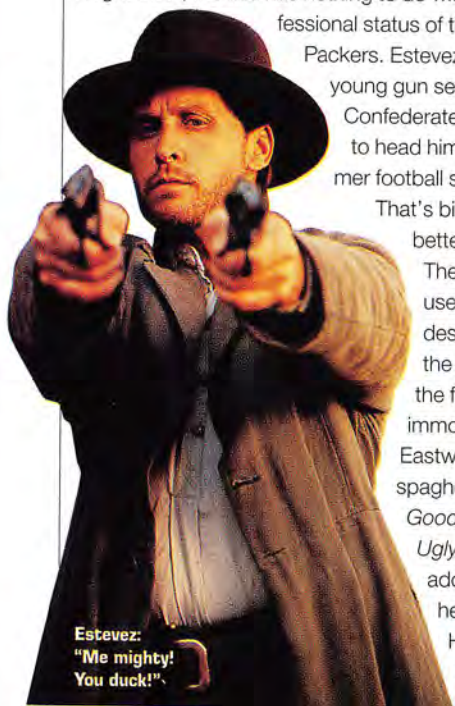
Television

A Dollar for the Dead

(TNT, October 11, 8 P.M.)

■ This western stars Emilio Estevez, and contrary to what you might think, the title has nothing to do with the salary or professional status of the former B rat Packers. Estevez plays a not-so-young gun searching for a lost Confederate fortune; attempting to head him off at the pass is former football star Howie Long.

That's bizarre, but here's a better reason to watch it: The film's producers used the same Spanish desert sets and crew as the late Sergio Leone, the famed director who immortalized Clint Eastwood in classic spaghetti westerns like *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly*. Estevez as desperado? OK, but if we hear he wants to play Dirty Harry, he'd better head for the border.



Estevez:
"I'm mighty!
You duck!"

streets of The Big Apple. In this new telepic, the signature gumshoes (Scott Glenn and Courtney B. Vance) investigate the case of two fully clothed tourist gals from Ohio who come to Manhattan, hire a sleazy limo driver, and wind up as suspects in a drug-dealer's murder. (We'd convict them and sentence them to hard labor: 10 years of watching Broadway musicals.)

New York Friars Club Celebrity Roast

(Comedy Central, October 28, 10:30 P.M.)

■ Bratwurst-fed comedian Drew Carey has been fattening up for years, so it seems only appropriate that the New York Friars Club

should stick him on the spit for their famed celebrity roast. Adding to the dubious honor: This is the first time in the brutal barbecue's 94-year history that TV cameras have been on the



Carey:
"Free food?"

guest list. While the nasty ribs are sure to singe, Carey can take some comfort in the knowledge that jokesters such as Johnny Carson, Richard Pryor, and Chevy Chase all have been the Friars' main course—and survived. *Bon appétit*, beer-belly boy!



Sheedy:
Haunted spouse

The Fury Within

(USA, October 28, 9 P.M.)

■ A dysfunctional family haunted by hobgoblins? Think *Ordinary People* meets *Poltergeist*. Ten-year-old Jimmy Hanlon becomes a magnet for paranormal activity after his father leaves his mom, and the aging next-door neighbor is devoured by a vicious pooch. Nobody believes Jimmy, though, until bodies start stacking up. So who ya gonna call? A ghost-busting physicist, of course, who studies the freaky family and suspects that the suddenly single mom (Allie Sheedy) is projecting demons from her subconscious. Further proof that hell hath no fury like a first wife scorned.

John Leguizamo: Freak

(HBO, October 10, 10 P.M.)

■ Sure, Leguizamo minced as a disturbingly realistic drag queen in *To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything, Julie Newmar*.



Freak: Need to take a leak?



The Naked truth: "We ain't naked."

Naked City: Justice with a Bullet

(Showtime, October 4, 8 P.M.)

■ Because of a recent crackdown on peep shows and strip clubs, New York City hardly qualifies as a *Naked City* anymore. That didn't stop Showtime from reworking the 1948 Academy Award-winning movie (and 1958-63 TV series) about cops on the



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THEY'RE BA-A-ACK!

Queasy Riders

The *CHiPs* hit the fans again when those swinging cops reunite for a new TV movie. A *Maxim* Q&A.

Starsky and Hutch had street smarts. Crockett and Tubbs had flashy clothes. But no TV buddy cops frisked more foxy ladies than Ponch and Jon, who reunite this month in TNT's new movie *CHiPs '99*. Since the motorcycle-cop series hit the off-ramp 15 years ago, Larry Wilcox (Jon) has become a movie producer and technology executive, while Erik Estrada (Ponch) has appeared in a Mexican soap opera and...a psychic hot-line infomercial. *Maxim* interviewed the boys recently and discovered that—despite Larry's success and Erik's, uh, longevity—they still have a few chips on their shoulders:

Maxim: Given your psychic connections, Erik, do you have a feeling this reunion movie is going to be a big hit?

Estrada: Of course! It's going to be huge. I also know the reviews are going to be very good. Most critics are guys who grew up with the show.

M: How did the reunion come about?

E: I was the one who really got this going. TNT did some polls, and my marketability was fantastic. I'm not blowing any horns, but people love me all over the world.

M: Can there be a *CHiPs* reunion

Paunch
and Jon



without a funky disco soundtrack?

E: The music will be like the script—updated and better. There'll be lots of chases, stunts, carjackings, and, um...babes.

M: Back then, who got more chicks in real life?

E: That was the one area where we were more than happy to share the wealth.

Wilcox: Yeah, sometimes in the same night.

M: Do your gun belts still fit?

W: I really started exercising and dropped 20 pounds, saving everyone some embarrassment.

E: I dieted a little.

M: Given your age, did you ask for bikes with better shocks for the new movie?

E: We're going with BMWs. They're fast and wild, but also more comfortable.

M: What's a favorite *CHiPs* memory?

W: One time I asked a writer friend what he really thought of the show. He said, "Well, when it comes on, my wife and I get really stoned and it's funny as shit."

M: What was the dumbest moment in the history of the show?

W: Any episode where Erik actually sang. That was brutal. I smirked through those scenes so everyone would know I wasn't an idiot.



tradition for us. Last Halloween, fatally accident-prone Kenny didn't just get killed, he rose from the grave as a brain-eating zombie, while ever-sensitive Cartman waddled to school dressed as Hitler. And in a very special Yuletide episode, the spirit of Christmas took the smelly form of a talking turd. Now, as the kids don costumes for another night of potty-mouthed trick-or-treating, the question becomes: Where the %#@\$ do they go from here? We bet half our M&Ms that the answer will be scarier than finding a razor blade in your candy apple.

Universal Soldier III: Unfinished Business

(The Movie Channel, October 3, 9 P.M.)

■ In this third installment of the *Universal Soldier* action-movie franchise (Jean-Claude Van Damme and Dolph Lundgren crossed thick European accents in the original), former NFL line-backer Matt Battaglia battles the next generation of mercenary cyborgs. When not blowing shit up, he struggles to find his lost humanity. Burt Reynolds returns as Mentor, the ruthless creator of the gangrene berets. One question: If Burt can bring soldiers back from the dead, why can't he regrow his own hair?

Reviews by Mike Hammer

And, granted, this one-man HBO show was filmed at some artsy-fartsy theater. Ignore all that. What you get here is freaking funny stand-up from a comedian with more guts than the entire cast of *Saving Private Ryan*, and more characters than the Chinese alphabet. In this "semi-quasi-pseudo-autobiography," he channels laughs from his child-

hood on the mean streets of Queens, riffing on everything from the gangs who welcomed him with open arms and closed fists to the time he was busted mastering his own domain. Forget what Mom said—this time it's OK to laugh at the *Freak*.

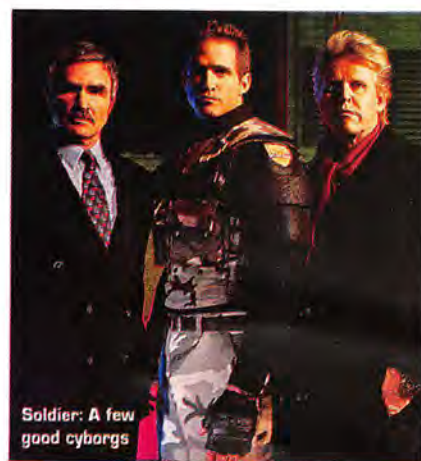
South Park Halloween Episode

(Comedy Central, October 28, 10 P.M.)

■ Along with festive decorations and constant family bickering, *South Park* is fast becoming a holiday



Pumpkin punks



Soldier: A few good cyborgs

The Sex Education Videos That Increase Sexual Pleasure For Both Partners

Ordinary Couples, Extraordinary Sex is an all new video series from the Sinclair Institute, America's premier producer of exciting sex education videos for adults. Developed by Dr. Sandra Scantling,* one of America's most renowned sex educators and counselors, *Ordinary Couples, Extraordinary Sex* is an astonishing combination of visual excitement, sexual intensity, and emotional intimacy.

Each hour-plus video illustrates a path to sexual pleasure as revealed by loving couples who permit us to view the intimate details of their private lives. Many couples find that their interest in each other increases substantially after watching these videos. And Dr. Scantling shows how to transform that interest into life-long sexual pleasure.

Here are some comments from people who have pre-viewed these videos:

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Books



Road Swing

by Steve Rushin (Doubleday, \$22.95)

Ah, the sportswriter's life! Getting paid to watch games, scour stats, and blab your World Series prediction to any dope who'll listen. Sounds great, but for *Sports Illustrated* scribe Steve Rushin, it just wasn't enough. So shortly before his 30th birthday, he hit the road to visit an odd array of sport shrines and stars—with surprisingly funny results. At the Basketball Hall of Fame, he learns that Jewish Americans were once kooks for hoops, with teams such as the Philadelphia Hebrews schlepping all over the Cleveland Rosenblums. In Kentucky, he discovers that the parents of the top U.S. high school football player fear their neighbors' wrath should their son opt to play college ball out of state. At the end of this long, strange, and fascinating trip, Rushin concludes that the world of sports, despite all its recent excesses, still offers a real bonding experience (and Sunday afternoon time killer) for millions of Americans who have zip in common. A home run.—Aaron Roston



To the Limit

by Marc Eliot (Little, Brown; \$25)

The only thing worse than an unauthorized biography is a wussy unauthorized biography. *To the Limit*, about '70s music phenoms the Eagles, claims to tell the "untold story"—from their early days as Linda Ronstadt's back-up band to the smash success of 1976's *Hotel California* to their nasty breakup in 1980. Problem is, Eliot takes nothing to the limit, instead wimping out with standard before-they-were-famous stories and wallowing-in-excess anecdotes. He delivers the odd laugh—revealing, for instance, that Joe Walsh carried his own chainsaw on tour to simplify hotel-room demolitions—but the news that Glenn Frey once gave guitarist Don Felder an onstage count-down to an ass-kicking ("Three songs from now, pal, get ready... Two songs from now...") is hardly the stuff of rock legend. If the

band's yuppified 1994 reunion tour didn't ruin the peaceful, easy feelin' you get from their music, this dipshit book will, desperado.—A.R.

Tomcat in Love

by Tim O'Brien (Broadway, \$26)

We've all asked the question, "Hey, babe, what's the harm in looking?" Here's the answer, in a comic novel about extramarital lust gone wrong. Its antihero, Tom Chippering, is a professor and Vietnam vet who's kept a journal of every low-cut outfit worn by his nubile students. Then one day, his flirting compulsion is laid bare, and his wife walks out on him. Still obsessed with her, he tries to break up her new marriage using every demented trick he can devise: He spreads rumors about an incestuous relationship with her brother and even whips up homemade napalm bombs. O'Brien, widely regarded for his more serious Vietnam fiction, takes a wry left turn with this book without losing an ounce of mastery over plot. This stray cat struts.—A.R.



The Demonic Comedy

by Paul William Roberts

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$24)

Ever wondered what Saddam Hussein pops in the VCR after a long day of executing palace underlings? If so, this gonzo nonfiction read is for you. When magazine writer Roberts headed to Egypt to write a book in 1990, he never dreamed he'd be reassigned to interview the Iraqi leader on the eve of Hussein's invasion of Kuwait. Maybe that's why Roberts is so hilariously unprepared. On the day of his meeting with the Saddamster, he wakes up with the Mother of All Hangovers (thanks to Turkmenistan brandy) and gobbles what he thinks is aspirin; it turns out to be ecstasy. Needless to say, the trippy interview reveals little about Hussein's despotic rule, but we *do* learn that his favorite video is *The Godfather*. Mysteriously, Roberts isn't



BETWEEN THE COVERS

Something There to Remind Me

Think pop music hit a high note with A Flock of Seagulls? Here's a quiz book right up your '80s alley.

In the trivia quiz book *Who Can It Be Now?* (Fireside, \$9.95), authors Peter T. Fornatale and Frank R. Scatoni dare to discover how much of your brain is clogged with cheesy '80s songs. To test their expertise, *Maxim* recently questioned them, with one hitch—all their responses had to be in the form of lyrics from rock's dark decade:

Maxim: So, are you guys up for this?

Frank Scatoni: [loosens his narrow vinyl tie] Hit me with your best shot. Fire away.

Peter Fornatale: [kicks off his checkerboard sneakers] Say you, say me.

M: Uh, OK. Why are you qualified to write this book?

PF and FS: We got the beat!

M: What were you doing back in the '80s?

PF: I was in Tijuana, eating barbecued iguana.

M: And you, Frank?

FS: Suckin' on a chili dog outside the Tastee-Freez.

M: How would you compare '80s music with what's on the radio now?

PF: [sighs] Next phase, new wave, dance craze, anyways, it's still rock'n'roll to me.

M: Is the decade that gave us Rick Springfield really worth remembering?

FS: [clenches his fist dramatically] Don't stop believing. Hold on to that feeling.



M: Did you ever wear parachute pants?

FS: I can't go for that. No can do.

M: Do people think you're nut jobs to immerse yourselves in cheesy retro music?

PF: Let 'em say we're crazy, what do they know?

M: What are you going to do if *Who Can It Be Now?* becomes a bestseller?

PF: We gonna celebrate and have a good—

FS: [interrupts] I'm turning it loose. Footloose.

M: Is there any truth to the rumor that you're working on a book of dialogue from John Hughes' teen movies?

FS: Our lips are sealed.

PF: Hush, hush. Keep it down, now. Voices carry.

M: What do you think of this month's *Maxim* cover girl, Rebecca Gayheart?

PF: I'm about to lose control...and I think I like it.

FS: She's a very kinky girl—the kind you don't take home to Mother.

M: Can you guys excuse me for a second? I've got to take a leak.

PF: Wake me up before you go go.



beheaded, and later he further proves his testicular fortitude by sneaking back into Iraq as Desert Storm's bombs start falling. Though parts of his account wander off into more conventional analysis, you're never going to see this sort of reckless yet topnotch reporting on *Dateline*.—A.R.

Rude Behavior

by Dan Jenkins (Doubleday, \$24.95)

Today, everyone knows the NFL is the kinkiest subculture since the British royal family, but when Dan Jenkins wrote his comic pigskin novel *Semi-Tough* in 1972, he scandalized America by suggesting that football players were actually spoiled jocks who blew their inflated salaries on drugs and strip-

pers. In *Rude Behavior*, a sequel to *Semi-Tough*, Jenkins goes further, focusing on corruption in the NFL's corporate ranks. Politically incorrect in all the right ways, *Rude Behavior* reintroduces Billy Clyde Puckett, the former halfback who now manages the mythical West Texas Tornadoes. Jenkins surrounds him with a team of good ol' boys who practically live in a bar called He's Not Here and call women "rack-loaded wool drivers."

Funny stuff, but at more than 400 pages, the plot soon starts to run a fade pattern of its own. Our call:

Too many dull visits with Puckett's movie-star wife, not enough outrageous locker-room antics. Ultimately, *Rude Behavior* is only semi-good.—A.R.



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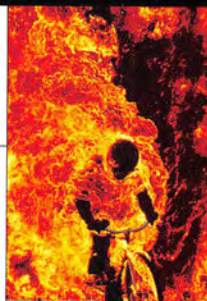
The Two Paperboys of the Apocalypse
Devon Suter, E-mail, wins a *Hamilton* watch

"Jeez!! All the other guy had to do was get breast implants to get in the magazine!"

Dave Sedlin, Dallas, TX, wins nothing

"Due to the limited budget on *Terminator 3*, we have decided to cut corners on the chase scene."

Andrew Herdeg, E-mail, wins nothing



Photographs: (top), Greg Baker/AP Wide World Photos; (bottom), John Osborne/Sipa-Press.

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